THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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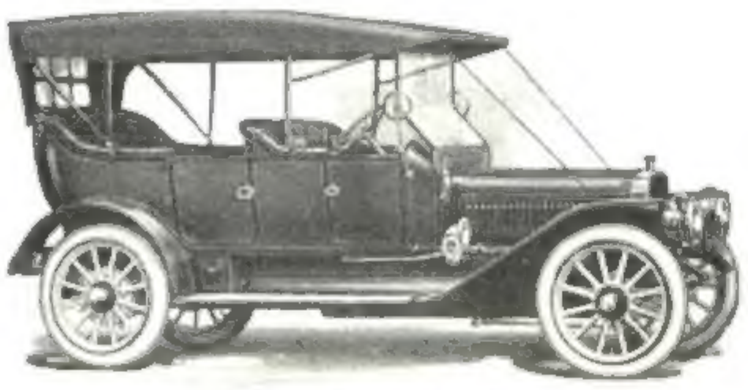
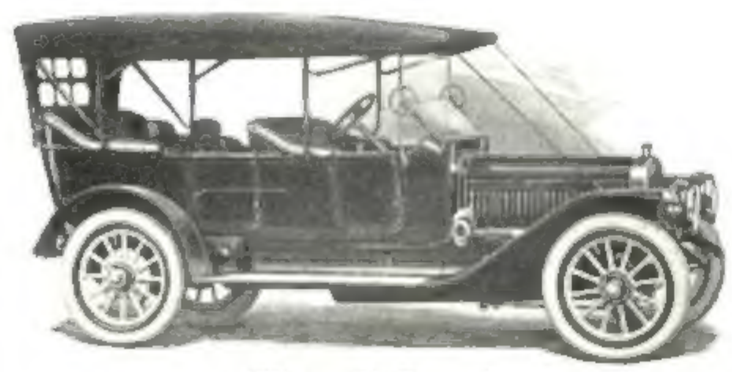
MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

WINTON SIX

Winton Six Touring Car



Winton Six Touring Car



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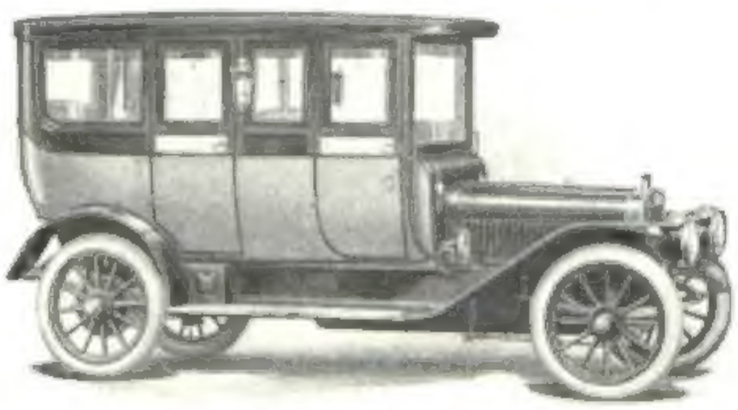

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Send catalog mentioned in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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To The Winton Motor Car. Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

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FOR the most part our buyers are men and women who want their cars to have a degree of individuality.

We cater to this individual taste because the distinctive car denotes a discriminating buyer, and it is to such buyers that we owe our success in overcoming six-cylinder opposition and placing the Six in top position among high grade cars.

Good Work Requires Time

Sometimes individual requirements are elaborate. Often the special desire is only for a distinctive bit of striping, a touch of gunmetal plating, or the radiator nickeled. But whatever it may be, we coöperate with the buyer to the fullest extent. And, since special requirements demand time for their proper execution, we suggest to Winton Six buyers the desirability of making their wants known to us as far in advance of the desired delivery date as possible.

This is important chiefly because of the Winton manufacturing policy.

How We Maintain Quality

Winton Sixes are made with the utmost care. We give them plenty of time in the making.

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Extra long days also tend to lower the quality of work, and for that reason we avoid overtime labor whenever possible.

And, in order to maintain the highest efficiency, we employ the same men steadily year after year. Most of our men have been Winton men for many years.

Limiting the Output

Under these ideal conditions, with competent and contented workmen, and a great factory splendidly equipped and fully manned (for there isn't an idle machine or an empty bench on our acres of floor space), our output is 150 cars per month.

That is *the top limit* of our production, with every man working his level best.

And we do not intend to increase the limit at the risk of rush periods, night shifts, and Sunday labor, with their slackening of attention and lowering of quality.

To Insure Prompt Delivery

By pursuing this manufacturing policy, we assure each buyer of a Winton Six that he or she will get the highest quality that can enter into a motor car.

It is this quality that makes the Winton Six relatively easy to sell.

An output of 150 cars per month tends to keep sales ahead of available cars.

Therefore, it is not always possible for us, especially in cases where the buyer desires to express individual taste, to make as speedy delivery as it would under a slap-'em-out manufacturing policy.

These points considered, you will realize why it is mutually advantageous that you let us know your individual wants as far ahead of the desired delivery date as possible. Should you plan to get a Winton Six on spring delivery, it is none too early right now to send in your specifications.

The $3000 Winton Six has a 48 H. P. self-cranking motor (fifth year of success), ball-bearing multiple-disc clutch and four-speed transmission, 130-inch wheel base, spacious and comfortable four-door body with operating levers inside, electric dash and tail lights, Booth demountable rims, and 36x4½-inch tires all around.

Shall we send you our library-size catalog?

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For Christmas—The Pianola Piano

A Gift That The Entire Family Will Enjoy

THE head of the family is often puzzled to know what his wife and children most desire for Christmas—what gift above all others they would select if they had their free, untrammeled choice. Sometimes he solves the problem by giving money and letting them select their own presents.

It is most significant that in former years it has sometimes happened that the sale of the Pianola Piano has been greater the week *following* Christmas than the week *before*. The Christmas checks have been used to purchase this instrument, showing conclusively the real preference of the recipients.

The Pianola Piano is an ideal gift, because each and every member of the family derives real personal pleasure from it. All can play it without any previous knowledge of music and thus participate in one of the keenest forms of human enjoyment—the *fascination of personally producing music.*

For the wife

THE Pianola Piano gives the wife the pleasure of renewing her acquaintance with the pieces she "used to play," and also of performing many compositions that were beyond her ability even when her technique was at its best.

For the daughters

IF there are daughters in the family taking music lessons, the Pianola Piano is a perfect piano for hand-playing. It is the highest type of piano for keyboard playing and in addition, they have the incomparable enjoyment of immediate access to all music.

For the sons

THE Pianola Piano provides a new and powerful interest in the home. Evenings which might otherwise be less profitably spent, will be occupied in playing over the latest and brightest of the current music—the light opera hits, college songs and newest dance music.

For the children

THE Pianola Piano is of supreme importance in teaching children appreciation and love of music. It arouses an interest in *music-lessons*, by first arousing an interest in *music*. It shows what perfect technique is, trains the ear and encourages them to keep up their practice.

The Pianola Piano

The Only Instrument Containing The Genuine Pianola

SUCCESS has always called forth imitation. In view of the world-wide prominence of the Pianola Piano and the rapidity of its adoption by music-loving people in every quarter of the globe, it is not remarkable to find many other instruments upon the market claiming to produce similar results.

It is important, therefore, to know that leading musicians such as Paderewski, Grieg, Hofmann, Debussy, Strauss, Rosenthal, Moszkowski and many others have unequivocally stated that the Pianola Piano is the best instrument of its type.

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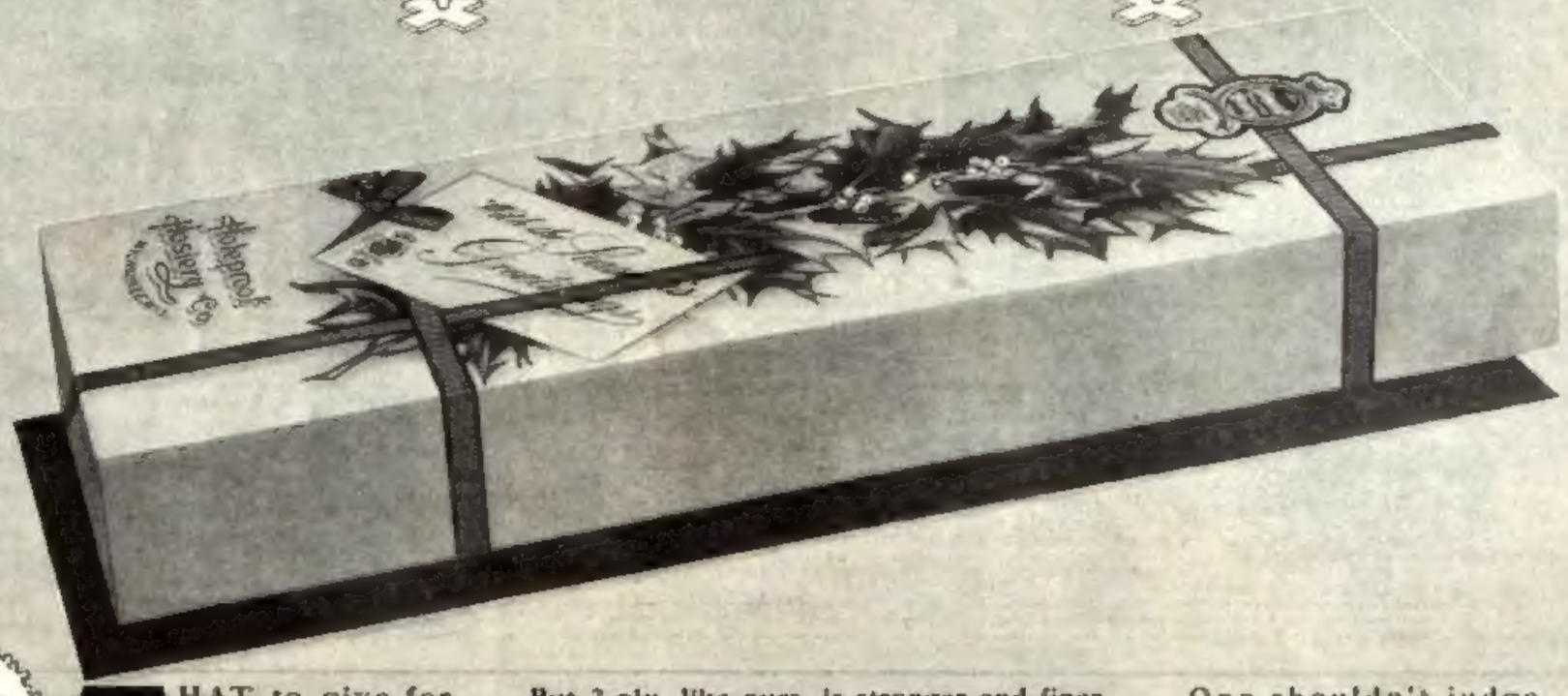

WHAT to give for Christmas should be decided on *now* and bought now. Then you'll avoid the rush and be comfortable.

Holeproof Hosiery for men, women and children not only means hosiery comfort and style for the recipient, but means *freedom from holes and darned places until next July.*

There's a great range of colors, ten weights and five grades to choose from. Our dealers are showing our new *Silk* Sox in addition to the regular line. They guarantee three pairs of these silk sox *three months* and sell the three pairs for $2.00.

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Carl Freschl, Pres.

Don't judge "Holeproof" by other brands. Get the genuine "Holeproof" with the signature "Carl Freschl, Pres.," on the toe.

"Holeproof" are light, soft and attractive; not heavy, cumbersome and coarse.

We pay an average of 70c per pound for 3-ply Egyptian and Sea Island yarn. 2-ply common yarn can be bought for 30c.

But 3-ply, like ours, is stronger and finer. The hose can be, therefore, thinner and lighter.

Cotton hose any better than "Holeproof" cannot be made today.

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THE CALL

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

HER first stage experience was at the age of six, when she appeared as a fairy in a Chamboro Christmas cantata. She wore a crown of cardboard covered with gilt paper, a frock of white muslin spangled with gilt stars; and in her hand she carried a gilt-papered wand ending in a gilt-papered star.

So intoxicating was this apparel and so raptly did she tread the seventh heaven of histrionic ecstasy that, at the supreme moment when the curtain went up—and only at that supreme moment—she became conscious of the fact that she had forgotten to take off the rubbers that covered her white satin slippers.

She wept silently during the entire first movement of the cantata, knowing only too well the cause of that ripple of laughter which eddied and reëddied through the audience in front of her. The rubbers themselves she flung through an open window, with a passionate sob that startled her sister fairies. From that night forward, galoshes of any form or color became a thing of odium to her.

Her second invasion of that realm of mystery known as the theater occurred two years later. It came, like so many of life's great moments, unexpectedly. She had, in fact, been crying all morning with a toothache. At dinner-time her misery so appealed to the idle and ungodly boarder temporarily domiciled with her stepmother that he induced a postprandial visit to the dentist on the promise of a later visit to the theater, the angular and avaricious stepmother sacrificing a fixed moral attitude on the altar of commercial expediency.

The ailing tooth having been extracted and proudly wrapped in a piece of tinfoil, and her rotund deliverer having been joined by an equally rotund comrade who smelt of cigar smoke and cloves, the momentary ordeal of the dentist's chair was soon submerged by the bright lights and grandeur and movement of the Chamboro Opera House.

"Emma, Haven't I Told You to Keep Those Nuts Out of My Dressing Room?"

There, with her tinfoiled tooth held tightly in her hand, she sat on a pair of fat knees and watched with wide and staring eyes the first act of her first play. The second act she watched from the equally fat knees of the man who smelt of cloves and tobacco. The third act found her back on the boarder's knees again; but of this basic instability of position she grew oblivious, just as she grew oblivious of the cigar smell and the cloves and the tooth in her hand—and time and place, and the world itself! She began to sob in sympathy with the lovely and queenly lady whom an evil and dark-browed man seemed to be persecuting. She shook and wriggled with excitement at some adventure of vast moment which she could not quite comprehend. She even cried out at some vague peril which seemed to threaten the lovely and queenly lady in the bedroom scene.

For this she was rewarded by a sudden cataclysmic opening of the fat knees on which she sat, dropping promptly and obliteratingly to the floor. During the last act, indeed, she sobbed and shook with a nervous chill so uncontrolled that she was led dazed and reluctant from the theater, to be guided indignantly home through worldly streets and sent off to a worldly bed, with nothing but her memories, and her tinfoiled tooth under her pillow. During all that long and feverish night she dreamed of queenly and lovely ladies, of throbbing orchestras and glaring lights, of a world that seemed a world of unalloyed splendor.

She dreamed of that world, in fact, month by silent month. She passed its portals wonderingly, pausing to stare in at its highly colored lithographs, at its huge-lettered announcements, at its ever entrancing photographic groups. She secretly asked questions and cross-examined more worldlywise companions. When she learned that Beansy Wachsteter's father was the printer from whom many of the Grand Opera House's handbills emanated she promptly curried favor with that shy and illshapen youth. The apparently accidental result of this was that four months later she divided with the subjugated Beansy the labor of distributing the handbills for an Uncle Tom's Cabin company, and with that youth surreptitiously shared two seats among the gods at the first Saturday afternoon matinée, where again the mere sound of a braying orchestra and the mere sight of a rising curtain brought on a quivering of the limbs and a chattering of the teeth that both disconcerted the casehardened Beansy and obliterated in a gush of foolish tears the first moments of the stage spectacle.

That performance, however, from the transfiguration of its heroine in the pinkest of pink lights, from the Little Eva whom the calcium sought out as assiduously as the bloodhounds sought out Eliza, to the antics of Topsy and the tyranny of a Legree uncomfortably reminiscent of home conditions, remained a glorious if somewhat acidulated dream. For months and months she lived on it and brooded over it in secret. It grew into something as beautiful as Heaven itself. It planted deep in Una Carberry's small brain the seed of a great determination. She would be an actress. She did not know how—but at some time, in some way, she was going on the stage.

News of her moral lapse crept back to her home, however, and Beansy's father was duly warned. There came no second chance for a glimpse of that promised land. The months came and went; one big-lettered announcement was displaced by another—photograph group followed photograph group; but Una could feed only on the crumbs that accident swept to her. From papers and magazines she secretly clipped a gallery of jewel-laden actresses. She selected her favorites, clinging to them with a blind tenacity, even though she marveled that so much of their bodies could go undraped. The godlike actors sprawling in acrobatic poses over furniture did not appeal to her; it was her own sex only that interested her.

She found a new motive for study, a new hunger for the mastery of letters, a craving for the power to read of the exploits of those pictured heroines. She developed a passion for masquerade, draping herself with nets and scarfs in front of mirrors, posing and grimacing in her playmates' borrowed dresses; depicting, to the bewilderment of those uncomprehending playmates, horrors and woes that they could not fathom. Whenever she came to a soft surface—a bed of leaves, a sandpile or a haymow—she would practice fainting. "Catch me, King Carlos!" was her usual cry, the alliterative apostrophe appealing strangely to her ear, though she had no idea who Carlos might be or where the words had come from.

She became, in fact, the best "fainter" in Chamboro. She even designed dramas that were enacted in neighboring barns and carriage-sheds; but again her perfidy was discovered and punished. And during the solitary confinement which that punishment assumed she pondered over the lack of romance in that humble name of Carberry, and engineered romantic situations which implied the possibility of her being a changeling, a lost child of noble parents, a personage of regal importance hidden away for state reasons.

It was the following spring that a new lease of life was given to her unstifled aspirations. Convalescing from scarlatina, she was sent for a fortnight's visit with an older cousin, a cousin named Aggie Mumford, who lived in a town much larger than Chamboro. For two weeks, with that more emancipated cousin, she reveled without fear in moving-picture halls and cheap stock plays. Her starved imagination laved in romance. That crowded, delirious fortnight, with one ecstatic memory obliterating another, was touched with only one shadow: Una, after seeing Leah the Forsaken, incessantly stabbed herself with her cousin's mother-of-pearl paper-knife, collapsing on the bed in death-throes of varying intensity. One day a doorweight, in the shape of a huge iron frog, was left unnoticed on the coverlet. This weight the dying Leah struck with her head. She lay there several minutes, stunned by the blow. When she returned to the dullness of Chamboro she carried home with her imperishable memories of Camille and The Danites, Frou-Frou and The Banker's Daughter, The Two Orphans and Spite of All.

By the time Una was sixteen she knew the die was cast. Only those things which in some way impinged on her future career could altogether arouse her interest. She became more silent, more secretive; but by the time she was seventeen she was plotting and planning how she might effect her escape from Chamboro. It was no longer a matter of uncertainty. It was not an impulse—it was an obsession. She seemed dominated by a force as implacable as the migratory passion that sends a bird

northward in spring. Twice that winter she saved nickels and dimes and crept secretly to matinées, where she sat tingling and rapturous through a second performance of Frou-Frou and of Camille. These only added fuel to the burning fire of her resolve. She even fell to nibbling chalk and tealeaves and slatepencils, convinced that no beauty could approach the white-faced charm of a languishing Camille. She even at a respectful distance dogged the steps of the Armand whom she had seen, an hour before, showering his faithless love with money, to behold him enter a grocery store and emerge with a frugal armful of eatables done up in paper bags.

On another occasion, drawn by that magnet of romance, Una took money not her own. Her theft and her presence in that place of sin known as a theater being discovered, she was sent supperless to bed by an all but speechless step-parent, who meted out to her an artful and assiduous campaign of punishment. Yet no loneliness and no indignity of those punitive weeks could shake her sullen resolve.

The months dragged on and she fed on the paltry crumbs of theatrical news that could be gathered from stray Sunday papers with picture supplements. She treasured any inkling of stage activities. She gradually came to learn that New York was the home of all things theatrical. From the day of that discovery the mere sound of the words "New York" stood for something resplendent, something above the sordid actualities of Chamboro. It suggested palaces and courtly ways, gardens and music, vague grandeurs, bewildering and vast adventures.

She felt the call of it, as an exile feels the call of his own kingdom. She studied it on the map; she treasured every word as to its ways and as to the paths that led to it. She became cunning and circuitive in her quest of knowledge. She brooded over her actress gallery, studying the gowns of her favorites. She secretly purloined and paraded about in the apparel of others. And when a volume of Shakspere came into her possession she plunged into it as a heat-nettled boy plunges into the cool and assuaging waters of a swimming-hole. Much of it she could not understand—some of its situations she could only guess at; but she wandered into it deeper and deeper, as a child wanders into a twilight garden, knowing that at every turn vague beauty is hidden and beyond every shadow a fairy may lurk. She even fell into the habit of weaving her own dramas, of imagining her own vast exploits; but in every dream and every adventure she finally resolved herself into a queenly being, bowing before the plaudits of a vast and clamoring audience. She began to chafe under the thought of inactivity; but the idea neither faded nor altered—she continued to nurse it with the calm and all-effacing resolution of a Crusader. The events of life flowed by her as they do with young and old, but they flowed by with a misty and dreamlike indistinctness. Her memorable moments were those when some stray word came from her Promised Land, when some new knowledge of her kingdom reached her. She was happy only when accident or intrigue seemed to bring her a step nearer that one end on which her first and last thought was concentrated. She went about her homely duties blankfaced and self-immured; but all the while that taloned bird of ambition was clawing at her vitals.

Then her moment came; and she faced it, not as a shy and ignorant girl, but as a woman of will and experience, steeled to exacting movements.

II

UNA'S moment came with the discovery that The Merry Stranger company, then playing at the Chamboro Opera House, held a leading woman who years before had been a church singer in Chamboro—a happy incident of which the ever-active press agent was not altogether neglectful.

To a certain portion of Chamboro, it is true, this one-time church singer had sunk to unspeakable depths of degradation; but this did not deter the resolute Una from seeking out the demi-goddess of The Merry Stranger in a shabby room on the third floor of the Commercial Hotel, where the goddess was surrounded by the material evidence of having consumed several gin rickeys. Una, scarcely discomforted by the faded eyes and the skin like a smoked lamp-chimney, calmly told her mission and asked her for information.

The faded eyes stared at the ardent and innocent ones. The stare was so prolonged that a flush covered the freckle-spangled pink and white of Una's thin face. Then the older woman lighted a cigarette and laughed.

"Stagestruck, eh?" she heavily inquired. Yet beneath her sneer she envied something about that younger and quieter girl. What it was she could not quite fathom, but in the end she felt that it was the other's youth, her possibilities, her sense of promise.

The consciousness of this touched the older woman into a quick and unreasoning impatience.

"Why are you rubes so nutty about stage life?" she angrily demanded, staring at the girl with the white poplin dress and the opalescent hazel eyes.

The girl calmly explained that she was not stagestruck and not nutty. She had thought it over. She knew that her only chance to succeed was on the stage. She knew it would be hard work; but she would do anything—anything at all—if she could only get a start.

The woman looked at her and laughed.

"If that's the way you feel you'd better go down and see Bob Steger. He'll soon put you wise to what stage life is!"

Una calmly inquired as to who and what Bob Steger was.

"He's our manager," the woman answered.

"Where can I see him?" Una asked.

"The only way I know is to go down and dig him out o' the bar for five minutes!" And Una knew the movement of the other woman was a conscious signal of dismissal.

She was neither shocked nor disillusioned. She was too concentrated on the issue at hand to waste time on other problems.

Three minutes later she found herself staring into the puffy face and the veiled eyes of Bob Steger. She disliked him—she mistrusted him from the start; but that, too, was a mere side issue.

"So you want t' get a start on the stage?" he repeated as he continued to stare down into that youthful and ardent face with the hazel eyes that were as melting and limpid as an animal's. As he stood there staring down at her he became suddenly thoughtful.

"Got any folks?" suddenly asked the man. Then, in answer to her quick look, he added: "Anybody to beef and chew about your tryin' to break away?"

Una explained to him that she had none who counted.

"Got any money?" was the next practical demand.

Una, pink up to the eyes, confessed that she had only eight dollars. What the possession of that sum had entailed—the minute frugalities, the denials, the craft and guile—she did not think it necessary to mention to the manager.

"Ever been to New York?"

"Why Are You Rubes So Nutty About Stage Life?"

"No," admitted Una; but her heart leaped at the mere mention of that magic name.

"Willin' to go?" suggested Steger.

Go! She would have swum through lakes of fire to go. Her voice shook a little as she murmuringly acknowledged that she was willing to go.

Steger felt through his pockets and counted his money. He seemed to be thinking deeply.

"Then I'll have to advance you fifteen dollars on your first week's salary," he said with a large carelessness as he folded some bills lengthwise and put them into the girl's hand. "You see, this show's closing in two days and we won't hit Broadway till Monday morning."

He took out a card, thought for a moment, restored the card to its case, and from another pocket took out a small scratch-pad. On this he scrawled an enigmatic line or two, with an equally enigmatic initial or two appended to it.

"You'd better go straight through to New York," he explained as he handed Una the slip of paper. "I'm givin' you a line to this house o' Mrs. George's. She'll look after you till I get there. She's all right. You just do what she says. Then I'll get you the right sort o' job with one of the Broadway people."

The girl stared down at the card. On it she saw inscribed a Thirty-third Street address. Had it been a passport to Heaven she could not have held it more hungrily; but behind it all, above and beyond anything she could define, was some small cloud. There was the shadow of something which her thought could not penetrate.

"And I can depend on you?" her puffy-eyed liberator was half quizzically inquiring.

"I'll be in New York tomorrow night," was the girl's placid reply; but under that crust of calmness was the glow of a creeping and burning volcano.

"And in three days' time I'll have a job for you," was Steger's even more inflammatory declaration. Then he suddenly looked up. "By-the-way, what's your voice?"

"My voice?" echoed the girl.

"Yes; what d' you sing? What are you?"

His jaw dropped as he noticed the look of utter perplexity on her face.

"For the love o' Mike!" he gasped. "Ain't you even got a voice? Ain't you even been doin' concert work or amateur theatricals—or nothin' like that?"

She met his eyes bravely enough, though she saw Heaven receding from her like a shoreline sinking under its engulfing waters.

"I've—I've never sung in public. I've never done anything on the stage. But I'm willing to learn. I'd go through anything to learn!"

Steger, watching those opalescent and limpid eyes, once more became contentedly thoughtful.

"Well, I'll fix you up some way," he told her, letting his gaze dwell on the pale and budlike glow of her girlish cheeks. He patted her on her narrow shoulder.

"You stick to me, little one, and I'll see you come out on top!" he averred. "I'll make you an actress if it breaks me!"

Una compelled her gaze to meet his. Again she was aware of some remote, small trouble, no bigger than a man's hand.

"How can I ever thank you?" she murmured. And Steger, who thought she might possibly be going to cry or make some sort of scene, led her to the door, with a self-deprecatory "That's all right!" Then he looked guardedly about to make sure the interview had passed unobserved from other quarters. When she had gone he stood there with his hands in his trousers pockets,

She Was Led Dazed and Reluctant From the Theater

contented and meditative, with an anticipatory and not unexultant smile on his lips.

Una herself stumbled out into the open sunlight a little dizzy with the sense of something climacteric, a little drunk with the thought that her first step had been taken. Then she compelled herself to think calmly and severely of just what she would need, what she would have to buy, what she would have to leave behind. Her relinquishments, she knew, would not be great. She even looked about the maple-shaded streets of Chamboro with a vague sense of condescension; it was a cocoon that her expanding spirit had outgrown. And never, during the rest of that busy day and the long night that succeeded it, did she experience one qualm of doubt or one moment of hesitation.

All she thought of was to get away without detection. She condoned her coming flight with the claim that no one would miss her, that she was no longer wanted there, that even to make them understand was out of the question. Nor did it rest with her. It was something beyond the trivialities of daily existence, something beyond the clothes and blankets and bread and butter of life. These, she felt, would in some way take care of themselves. And the thought of her solitude did not oppress her; for practically all of her self-contained and wistful childhood she had been alone in spirit.

When, early the next morning, she slipped silently down through the quiet house she knew she would have fought like a wildcat with any unforeseen figure that sought to bar her way. As she lugged her large and plethoric rattan suitcase down through those walls which had once meant home to her, she knew no tightening of the throat and no sinking of the heart. She merely knew that it would be two hours before her flight was discovered; and by that time she would be miles away from Chamboro, well on her way to New York.

The thought of that unknown city did not overawe her. She was possessed by a vague yet great ache of eagerness, a blind and unreasoning passion to reach the new world awaiting her, the world that she was to conquer. She could no more have turned back than a spawning salmon, once intent on the headwaters of its river, could have been deterred by rock or rapid or waterfall. The wisdom or the unwisdom of it she debated as little as do the vineleaves that climb toward the light.

She had heard the call. Before her, dim and alluring, she saw some far-off road of glory. And every inch of her eager and active young body responded to its appeal. Her veins, pulsing in time with the hurrying carwheels on their rails, sang with the lightest of all wines—the wine of youth.

III

IT WAS almost night when Una reached New York. Nine hours in a day coach had wearied her body and stupefied her mind. Her food, too, had been both inadequate and ill-chosen. With ebbing vitality had come a change that bewildered her—the first vague apprehension as to the future; the first gnawing nostalgic uneasiness of spirit.

The vastness of the great vaulted trainshed took her breath away. In and out of this trainshed, like snakes in and out of a cave, crawled train after train, every car seemingly filled with people, every traveler seemingly intent on unknown tasks and unknown destinations.

Una's mind had never before wrestled with such immensities. The mere thought of such crowds, of such countless hordes, made her shrink in on herself and filled her with a creeping sense of her own insignificance. The smoke, the clangor, the sheer intricacy of movement suggested something underworld, intimidating, indecipherable. And every passing face she could see was sufficient unto itself, immured in its own thoughts, taken up with its own ends.

Yet, as she emerged from the station to the deck of the North River ferryboat, she found herself confronted by that panorama of Manhattan, by that vision of a man-made city unparalleled in all the world. She stood at the boatrail, blinking at it. She saw the silhouetted towers of steel and stone rising tier by tier into the sky, already spangled with lighted windows, crowned here and there with floating plumes of steam and smoke. She saw these banks of human abodes, like the serried homes of cliff-dwellers, stretch away as far as the eye could see. Already, above them, electric sky-signs began to glow and flare in the twilight.

Roofs and watertanks, lofts and chimneys, towers and steeples—they seemed to the gazing girl the domes and minarets of a wonderful dream city.

What overcame her, however, was the vastness of the panorama, the seeming illimitability of the shouldering building-tiers, the suggestion of countless millions, so stupendous that the sheer contemplation of it ended with a sudden mental choke. When she tried to think of those uncounted millions, each with a claim on life as urgent as her own, reason itself seemed to turn away and hide its head.

The heavy afternoon rains had left the air sweet and clean; but through its clarity, on that ferrydeck, rose the smell of engine oil and steam, the sound of bells, the call of whistles, the tink-a-link of the iron ratchets where the ferries nosed into the slipends. Yet more penetrating than all was the ammoniac odor from the driveway for horses, running the full length of the ferry. Never again did Una sniff that stablelike odor without remembering her first hour in New York.

As the ferryboat swept out into the North River and plowed up against the running tide, she began to notice the people about her, the newspaper-reading toilers and the gayly dressed couples moving cityward for their evening's entertainment. The richness of the women's apparel filled her first with wonder and then with envy. They seemed of another world, engaged in interests that were not earthly interests, touched with mystery, wise and self-contained, and unimpressed by the city that loomed and glimmered before them.

Una, with the resilience of youth, struggled to reorganize her emotions. That impending skyline still oppressed her, but she refused to be frightened by it. She remembered the slip of paper in her pocketbook. She told herself that she would, at least, not have to wander about, a homeless stranger. She basked in the thought that a place had been made ready for her; that she, too, would soon become a member of that complex organization, a worker in that busy hive. She would make it receive her. She would do more—she would make it acknowledge her and bow down to her.

"Ever Been in New York B'fore?"

The fire of this feeling in some way burned itself out by the time the disembarking throngs were carrying her along into a second clamor of cabdrivers and porters and expressmen. She pushed through that barking and yelping crowd, lugging her overfilled suitcase at her side. She tried to set her face and make a pretense at unconcern. Her arm ached, but she was determined to reach Thirty-third Street without help. For this she had two reasons. One was that no trail might be left behind her; the other was to save her money. She knew little of the extent of the city; she was too inexperienced to think of street cars.

In ten minutes' time she was both tired out and hopelessly at sea. She put her suitcase down on the curb, against a lamp-post, with no longer any sense of direction, fighting back the tears of exasperation that kept rising to her eyes. As she stood there a dilapidated one-horse cab drew in at the curb beside her. A solicitous voice was calling out to her: "Keb, lady—keb?"

Una looked up and saw a fat man in a faded green overcoat and a faded green plug hat. His face, as ruddy as the meat of a blood-orange, was offhandedly contented and bland. It struck her as more companionable than any face she had yet seen in all that strange city. It brought an echo of courage to her drooping spirit.

"Yes, please," she said with a sudden wave of audacity.

"Where to, m'm?" inquired the green-coated figure as he swung a hand back to the knob of the cabdoor.

Una, consulting her slip, read the address out to him. He pursed up his lips and sat staring at her as she lifted her suitcase into his musty-odored vehicle. Then she stepped inside after her bag. She was so excited that the cab-driver had to call back twice to her to swing the door shut after her.

Yet she felt, as her tired body leaned back in the worn-cushioned seat, that her troubles were over, that the last move was being made. It would take more money than she had counted on, but it would get her safely to her new home. It would also, she felt, create a more favorable impression there.

She stared out at the passing streets, the white glare of electrics, the illuminated saloon-fronts, the inexplicable and never-ending streams of people. She sniffed the moist, warm night air eddying in on her hot face. That air seemed heavy with something exotic, as though laden with spice, drowsy with its humid September heat, unlike any odor she had ever before encountered. She was startled by the sudden stopping of the cab. A hand groped back, turned the knob and let the door swing open.

Una stepped out and lifted her heavy suitcase after her. Her first foolish impression, as she looked up at the blank-walled five-storied house, was that it stood in a street where there were no yards, where every building elbowed close against its neighbor, as though the entire square had been cut from a solid block of brownstone and then scratched with lines and stippled with windows and doors. Then she remembered the cabman, who sat looking down at her without moving from his seat but with his head turned about, cranelike.

"How much is it?" she asked, opening her pocketbook. She tried to speak casually but her fingers were trembling.

Instead of answering her question, the ruddy-faced cabman asked her one of his own.

"You ever been there b'fore?" he inquired with a wag of his great head toward the silent housefront.

"No," answered Una, still holding her pocketbook.

This time he turned bodily about in his thronelike seat. He was becoming uncomfortably interested in her affairs.

"Ever been in New York b'fore?" he next inquired.

"No," was the girl's reluctant answer.

"Got friends here?" he demanded, lowering his head so as to see under her hatbrim.

"N-no!" faintly admitted the frightened girl. The cabman meditatively sucked his lip. It made his guileless ruddy face look even more guileless.

"Why'd you come here?" was his next question.

A fear of detection, of frustration, began to take possession of Una. She hesitated. Though she moved and walked alone, dark forethought, like a Nubian nurse, was forever at her side.

"To study," she equivocated.

Her heart sank as she saw the green-coated figure swing down from the cubseat. He startled her by suddenly flinging her suitcase in through the still open door of the carriage.

"You ain't goin' in there," he said quite without emotion.

"I've got to!" cried the girl.

"Oh, no, you haven't," was his placid retort.

"I tell you I've *got* to," was her reiterated blind cry.

"I tell you you haven't," answered the cabman.

"Why haven't I?" demanded the girl, wondering for one weak moment if she had fallen into the hands of a highwayman.

"Never you mind why," he said as he made a motion for her to reënter the cab.

"But I've got to!" repeated the obdurate girl. "I was sent here."

"Then you got your numbers mixed," calmly asserted the cabman. He was again sucking his lip. "Get inside and I'll take you to a house where you c'n git a two-dollar room—to a decent house."

The girl drew back. She was openly afraid of him, even though some inward intuitional voice was proclaiming him honest—as honest as the day.

"But Mr. Steger said I had to wait for him here," she weakly persisted. She felt a huge and fatherly hand on her shoulder as she clutched at her suitcase.

"Who's Mr. Steger?"

(Continued on Page 47)

Bulwarks of Business Policy

The Straight Track—By James H. Collins

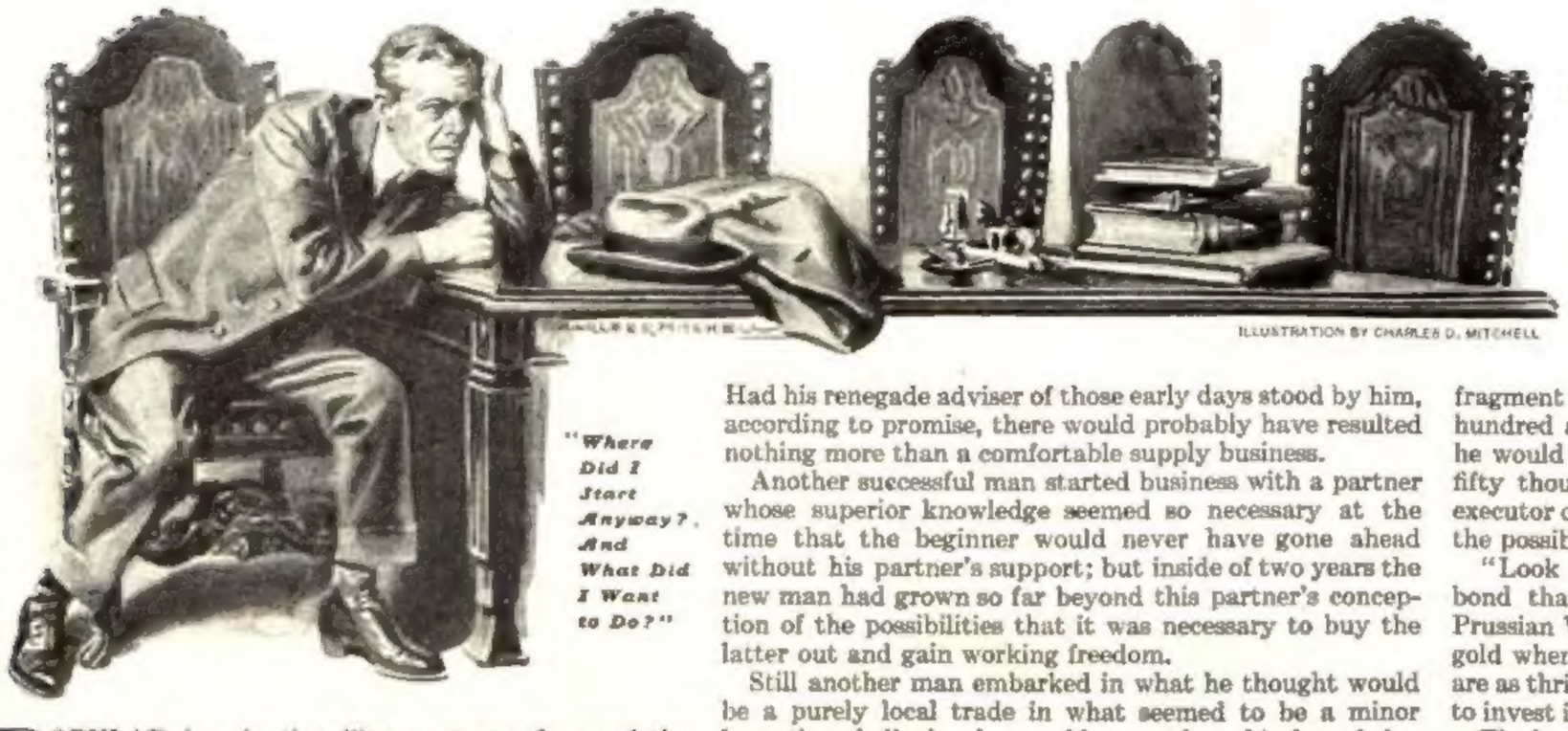


ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"Where Did I Start Anyway? And What Did I Want to Do?"

POPULAR imagination likes a strong flavor of the dramatic in a business failure. When a house or an enterprise comes to grief people look for something picturesque in the circumstances—a panic or bank suspension; the running away of a crooked partner; the discovery of some deep plot laid by competitors, or the merciless rebating of a wicked Trust. There is a universal, healthy human hunger for action and color, which demands that when a business is smashed it be smashed by head-on collision.

Head-on collisions, however, are not so common in business as is generally supposed. Wrecks are more often due to the fact that the business simply ran off the track; and one of the most precious qualities in the man who lays down the policy of a concern, large or small, is the ability to distinguish the main line from the sidings and to keep the business on it.

Business has a way of running off the track very soon after it starts, for the shrewdest men seldom clearly see the true path for a new enterprise or the real human uses of a new commodity. An early conception of the railroad, for instance, was that of a public highway like the wagon road—anybody with a vehicle fitted with flanged wheels of the proper gauge being free to use it, driving old Dobbin ahead of the cars drawn by steam engines. With the telephone, it was thought that the chief profit lay in renting instruments and wires; while service, as embodied in the work of making the required connections at a central station, was looked upon as a mere detail—something to be done by a boy at slight expense. As the industry developed, however, it was seen that this little side issue relegated to the boy was really work for a man; and today most of the ability in a telephone organization is centered upon it.

How Business Makes its Own Future

THE head of a large Eastern house is a man keenly interested in matters of business policy because the laying down and working out of the right course have been very important in his own experience. Whenever he talks with a man who has succeeded in business he asks a couple of questions:

"What was your idea about what you wanted to do at the start?"

"How near right were you?"

He says that few men find the main track at the outset, and most of them were so far wide of the real mark that it is amusing to go back and recall what their ideas, ambitions, motives and plans actually were.

One man started in business because the purchasing agent of a large company urged him to and promised him fifty thousand dollars' worth of orders the first year. The buyer for another company advised against it on the ground that this man would be far better off in his present salaried position. The prospect seemed so promising that he set up for himself. His encouraging buyer never sent him a dollar's worth of orders, while the other one became a steady customer from the start. Instead of falling into the comfortable, automatic business that he had counted on, he was forced to hustle for orders to keep himself going. That led to invention, the development of new markets and the building up of a strong concern along original lines. Had his renegade adviser of those early days stood by him, according to promise, there would probably have resulted nothing more than a comfortable supply business.

Another successful man started business with a partner whose superior knowledge seemed so necessary at the time that the beginner would never have gone ahead without his partner's support; but inside of two years the new man had grown so far beyond this partner's conception of the possibilities that it was necessary to buy the latter out and gain working freedom.

Still another man embarked in what he thought would be a purely local trade in what seemed to be a minor invention, believing he would succeed on his knowledge of selling. Within five years, however, that invention had become worldwide in scope. He had formed companies to make it in this country, England, France and Germany, and had established selling organizations in South America and the Orient. Instead of becoming the prosperous little manufacturer he pictured himself at the outset, he was handling financial details of a magnitude that would have appeared utterly beyond his ability when he started.

All business men who investigate matters of policy have seen like discrepancies between plan and performance when the enterprise was launched. The project conceived as one thing turned out to be something else altogether when actual demand and trade conditions came to bear upon it.

And this necessity for finding the straight track never ceases. The larger and more active a business, the more forces seem to be at work to divert and dissipate it. The public and the trade demand that side issues be tried, while partners, directors and employees plead for the longest way round as the shortest way home. It is an eminently level mind that can sit in the executive seat and keep everything going straight ahead by a clear, consistent policy.

All this takes foresight.

During the past few years the American public has taken a new attitude toward public-service corporations, and the idea of state regulation is strong everywhere. Men at the head of such corporations have fought the idea and are still fighting it. Lobbying has been tried, and evasion and various tricks of organization. Yet the idea persists. The president of one great public-service corporation looked into state regulation to see what it might do for his company, instead of striking out against it in blind fear. He found that it was something to be utilized—that it would relieve the company of much popular suspicion and criticism, bring stability and do away with foolish competition. So, while other executives had been hiring lobbyists and press agents, he was busy with readjustments. That company's organization covers two-thirds of the United States. For two years men have been transferred, territory rearranged and centers of supervision readjusted.

The full program will probably require several years more for its working out. Subordinates do not always know why they are ordered to move to another town, or why the territory supervised by one office was doubled or part of the plant managed in another office transferred to an adjoining state; but when the program is fulfilled the organization of that company will be ready for state supervision everywhere. It may come quickly or be delayed. Some states are bound to be more advanced than others and each state will have its own methods of regulation. No matter—whenever or wherever it comes, the organization of that company will split apart in clean, self-contained units, ready not merely to conform to the new idea but to take the utmost advantage of its numerous benefits.

Hindsight is needed in business too.

The sales manager of a Wall Street bondhouse began hearing a good deal about the small investor and the possibilities for marketing sound securities among people of moderate means. Though he sold bonds in big blocks to bankers, trustees and other experienced investors he studied the small investor; and the more he investigated the warmer grew his interest. With bonds in fifty and one-hundred dollar denominations, he believed the house could build a profitable trade lying quite outside its present market, selling to people who could not buy bonds of the standard denominations. Every sale of that sort would safeguard the little surplus of some man or woman who might otherwise sink savings in the worthless schemes of fraudulent promoters.

By-and-by this sales manager grew so full of his idea that, if there happened to be an odd fragment of a bond in the safe, which could be sold for a hundred and twenty-two dollars and seventy-eight cents, he would work harder finding a customer than in selling fifty thousand dollars of a new irrigation issue to the executor of an estate. From time to time, too, he spoke of the possibilities to the president of the bond company.

"Look at France!" he would say. "It was the small bond that made it possible to raise the huge Franco-Prussian War indemnity. See how the old stockings yield gold whenever Paris floats a new bond issue. Americans are as thrifty and earn more; they have never been taught to invest in the same way—that is all."

The boss would listen sympathetically and then send the salesman out to call on some big merchant who was buying bonds that week to strengthen his reserve capital. The sales manager came back again and again, however; and finally the boss saw that the subject was occupying too much of his attention.

The Narrow Path to Profits

"WHEN I was a young man," said the president, "a chap in Chicago had this same idea. He issued bonds in denominations of fifty and a hundred dollars, and built up a fine trade in them. That part of the idea is all right. It worked then and would work again; but people who bought these small bonds were chiefly savings-bank depositors who were in the habit of drawing out money when they needed it. To create confidence in his little bonds, this dealer assured purchasers that their savings would be just as available—all they needed to do if money was needed was to sell the bonds. Everything went well until there was a panic. His thousands of small bondholders instantly rushed to sell, because they were frightened. Savings banks could check such a run. The bond man couldn't. It put him out of business in a jiffy. Now, some day we shall undoubtedly sell lots of small bonds to the small investor—probably we could sell them now; but before we go into that line the small investor must learn to hang on to his little bond after he has bought it."

This Wall Street executive laid the foundations of his business at a period when bonds were just beginning to be handled by themselves, apart from other securities. He has worked nearly a generation to develop a clientèle among large investors and create confidence in new varieties of bonds. That has been the straight track for him. Every year it leads to greater possibilities. So he sticks to it.

The straight track often lies in keeping close to the real development of a growing demand.

Some years ago half a dozen small concerns began making a certain kind of machine-parts for other manufacturers. The line was new and so were the machines in which these parts were used. All the makers except one sought to widen the field by adding other goods, selling supplies, and the like; but one manufacturer stuck doggedly to the original line. His two salesmen often came in with gloomy reports—a big order just gone to a competitor because, handling other stuff yielding fat profits, he had been able to quote prices on parts near bare cost; or an order lost because a customer found it convenient to purchase from a house carrying everything he needed in supplies; or an important customer lost because he had decided to make those parts himself.

"Widen our line!" begged the salesmen; but the boss refused—he maintained that properly making those parts was a business in itself; that it was bound to develop and would ultimately take all the energy of a first-rate organization. Nothing would shake him.

"Smith's salesman got the order because he was able to throw in a sure remedy for chilblains," said one man.

"Why, our gears are so well made that you can use 'em to cure chilblains," said the boss. "Best thing you ever saw! Why didn't you tell the customer that?"

By-and-by, as the industry developed, the straight track began to lead somewhere. The machines in which these

parts were used grew into an unforeseen demand and this manufacturer kept pace with them. His whole attention being centered on those parts, he made them of superior quality, and with an exactness and uniformity that lowered manufacturing costs for his customers. He had taken out more patents on such parts than all the rest of the trade put together, and his factory was equipped for making them with refinements and finish not possible to competitors. Today he has three-fourths of the business.

The straight track may lead to the adopting of a policy five or ten years in advance of trade usages.

When the automobile was new, for instance, a certain manufacturer laid down the rule that there must be no price trickery in selling his cars. In those days all sorts of price concessions could be obtained by the purchaser who knew conditions—and the trade thought he had made a mistake. His salesmen were sure of this when the prospective customer, failing to get a reduction, a commission or allowance on his old car, had gone away angry and bought from another maker; but after a time such customers didn't go away angry—they came to that manufacturer because he had demonstrated his squareness.

"In every trade," says a manufacturer whose own business has been built largely on advanced policy, "there are things that can be done, things that cannot and things that ought to be. If you want room for an original, far-reaching policy that will remove you from most of the competition, just lay it out in the field of 'ought to be.' The other fellows won't bother you much so long as you are there, for they are always busy scheming schemes and splitting hairs between what can be done and what can't. And the public will meet you at least halfway, for it is usually that far ahead of the average business house in its standards and requirements."

A young man with the practical training picked up on a farm wanted to get into business for himself. He liked contract work and began by taking the job of building a stretch of country road for a merchants' association that wanted to make it easier for farmers to come to their town. This job was quickly finished and the prompt payment furnished capital to continue along the same line. He took one contract after another—building roads, sewers, water systems, and the like; and in a few years he was making good money. Three personal characteristics lay at the bottom of his success: First, he had a knack of handling men. Second, he could organize a job in such a way that, though arrangements were made more or less roughly by rule-of-thumb, they would work out right under his own supervision. Finally, he was square and had a way about him that inspired confidence; so that when he assured a town council that its disposal plant would be built in a certain period—and that it would do its work—the town fathers believed him. He had no capacity, however, for keeping books. His office details were chaos and his financing of a job was carried on as a week-to-week gamble.

After some years of successful business he was persuaded to take a partner—and at that point began going off the track. The new member of the firm was an office man all through. He knew nothing about driving a ditching gang or landing a contract, but soon had the accounting organized and costs figured down to a penny. There were some excellent economies effected; but with two to share the profits a greater volume of business had to be handled. The office partner organized a sales department to get additional contracts. The volume of business was increased without difficulty; but that involved a salary list and selling expenses and not a little double-dealing between the officials who placed contracts and the salesmen who landed them. It also threw a burden of undigested work upon the field partner, so that very often he carried out a job without meeting the people he was working for. Then, by way of relief, the office partner proposed that the business be made a corporation. This necessitated getting outside capital, and brought in a board of directors. Soon the field partner was spending half his time at the company's offices. Not a week went by in which he did not have several conferences with the directors. Most of his vim was damped down by a cautious old bank president who represented the bulk of money on the board and took a typical Wall Street view of the business.

One day, after a long conference in which nothing seemed to have been accomplished, the field partner sat down and looked back over the track.

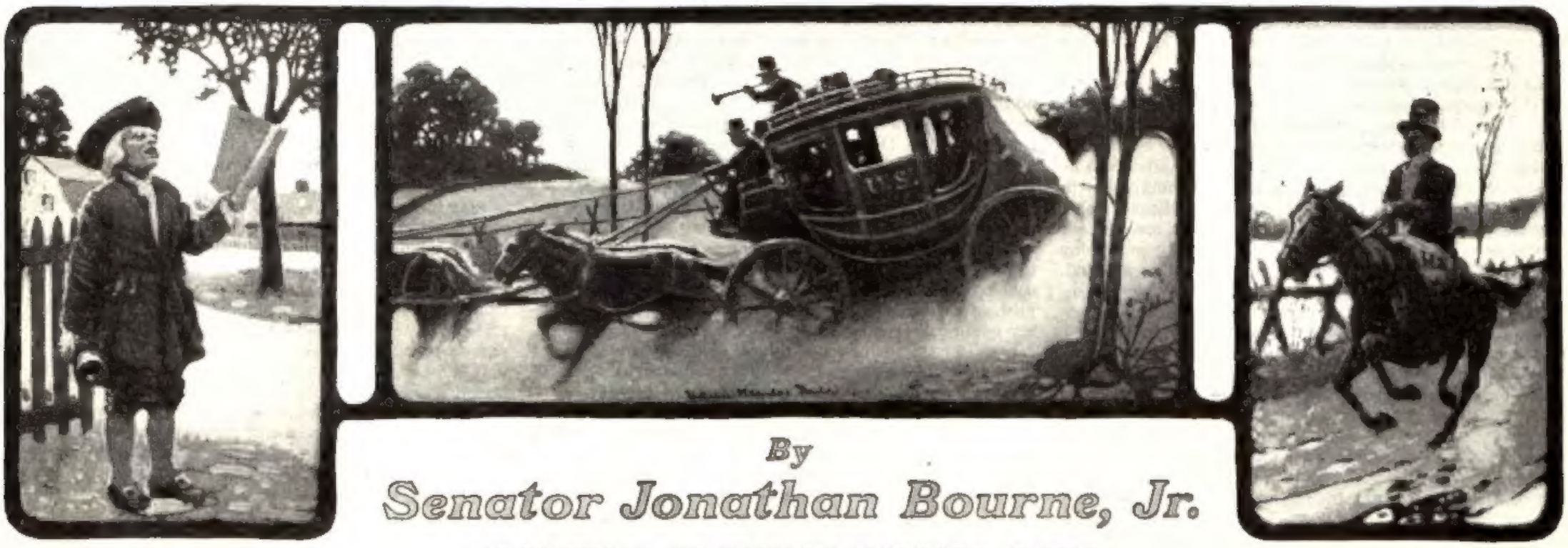
"Where did I start anyway?" he asked himself. "And what did I want to do?"

The pleasure that came with payment for his first job came back, and the satisfaction in his work in the old days when he landed a contract through one broad-minded man on the town council, carried it through obstacles himself, and lived with his work and his men. Now, with half a dozen different jobs under way, he hardly knew all the foremen. Many contracts were carried out successfully on this corporation system and he was making money by it himself; but it wasn't what he had started out to do, and he decided to go back to the beginning and commence all over again. So within three months he disposed of his interest in the company, went after a single contract on the old basis and put a gang on it in the old way. He was back on the old track. It might be only a narrow-gauge line, but it was his.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The third will appear in an early issue.

A PRACTICAL PARCELS POST

Why it is Needed and Why it is Opposed



By

Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr.

DECORATIONS BY WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER

THE greatest issue before the country is the substitution of general welfare for selfish interest as the motive power of government. This must be accomplished primarily by the adoption by the states of the popular government laws—the initiative and referendum, efficient direct primary, corrupt practices act, Presidential preference law and the recall. The next greatest problem is that of insuring the greatest coöperative efficiency between labor and capital, with equitable proportionate returns to each. The next, the better regulation of the activities of combinations of wealth. Then the next most important agency for the attainment of general welfare is the establishment of a desirable and practical general parcels post.

Though the discussion of this subject has been going on for years and there has been wide demand for this extension of the postal system, yet no definite results have been accomplished in the way of legislation. Almost every European country has had a parcels post for many years, and in this country we have had the opportunity to observe the practical operation of a limited parcels post, yet up to the present time we have been unable to draft a bill that seemed satisfactory and practical. In addition, we have had before us the organization and management of express companies which conduct a business closely related to a parcels post. To me it seems a sad commentary upon American enterprise and ingenuity if we cannot now enact a parcels-post law that is general in its scope.

By the adoption of a resolution that I introduced at the last session of Congress, the Senate ordered the Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads to conduct an inquiry into this subject, and in pursuance of that authority I have spent the greater part of the past summer collecting data for submission to the committee when it meets in December. The information is not yet complete, nor should I feel at liberty to make it public at this time and in this manner if it were. However, I desire to present a few facts of a general nature that will, perhaps, increase the general understanding of the subject and dispel some misapprehensions that have aroused opposition to this improvement in public service.

The United States already has a limited parcels-post service, packages of merchandise being handled with a weight limit of four pounds and at a general nation-wide rate of one cent an ounce. These packages are handled in ordinary mail-sacks. The character of articles that can be mailed is also limited to such commodities as will not be injured by the necessarily rough methods of handling. For instance, we should not think of shipping eggs by mail in the United States even within the four-pound limit, though such commodities are shipped by the parcels post in some foreign countries.

The United States fairly scintillates as an international philanthropist. Under the existing law Postmasters-General are authorized, with the advice and consent of the President, to make international postal conventions. The result is that the inhabitants of the principal foreign countries enjoy the right to send packages at an average of twelve cents or less a pound and up to eleven pounds in weight from their own countries to any part of the United States; whereas all packages originating in and delivered to any portion of the United States are restricted to four pounds' weight limit and the rate of one cent an ounce or sixteen cents a pound.

I can think of no more striking exhibition of international philanthropy with gross injustice to our own citizens. A Japanese residing in New York can send an eleven-pound package across the continent to San Francisco and thence to Tokio for twelve cents a pound; whereas if he wishes to send the same article to Jersey City or any other post-office in the United States he must divide the package into three parcels with a four-pound limit and pay sixteen

cents a pound. The discrimination against domestic transportation and in favor of international commerce is twofold—first in the weight limit, and second in the rate. It would be some advancement, although not at all satisfactory, if in this country we should increase the limit to eleven pounds or decrease the rate to twelve cents, or both. It will be apparent, however, that a reduction to twelve cents a pound would be only of slight value to the shipper, and the express companies would get most of the business as at present, though at somewhat reduced rates in a limited territory.

Since the Government already has an extensive system of machinery for collection, transportation and distribution of mail, an enlargement of the business of the postal service would not mean a proportional increase in the cost of operation; that is to say, a thirty per cent increase in business and revenue with the same standard of service would not, or should not, mean a thirty per cent increase in cost of operation.

The Government today maintains, at an annual expense of $34,000,000, a rural delivery system. The carriers handle an average of twenty-four pounds a day, whereas they could without great inconvenience carry one hundred and fifty pounds a day. This situation furnishes the basis for the argument that the Government should first establish a parcels-post system on rural routes only, extending the same later throughout the postal service in general.

Though this argument is very plausible a conclusive objection to it is the fact that a parcels-post system on rural routes would be a very convenient free-delivery system for express companies. Instead of taking away from express companies some of the parcel business they now have, the Government by establishing a parcels-post system on rural routes would increase the express companies' business and intrench them more strongly in a position that has enabled them, according to one of our former Postmasters-General, to be the chief obstacle in the way of the establishment of a parcels post.

How Packages Should be Handled

SINCE it is claimed that the express companies have been the initial chief opponents of a parcels post I am not willing that the first step toward the establishment of a parcels post shall be the enactment of a law especially favorable to them. I should much prefer, if we are to secure by degrees a parcels-post system, that this system be established by a gradual reduction of rates and a gradual increase in the weight limit.

That a reduction in the rate is entirely consistent with good business principles is indicated by statistics of the Post-Office Department, showing that the actual cost of handling and transporting fourth-class matter is approximately twelve cents a pound. This cost can and should be materially reduced, first, by enlarging the amount of matter handled; second, by reducing the cost of railroad transportation through giving fourth-class matter a less efficient service than is given first-class matter; third, by increasing the weight limit, thus reducing the cost of handling a pound.

There have been criticisms of the proposed establishment of a parcels post upon the ground that the handling of the parcels would interfere with and delay the handling of first-class mail. For instance, I have heard very serious-minded men remark with all sincerity that if the parcels post should be established packages of eggs and perishable fruit would be crushed in the mails and be smeared over the letters, papers and other packages. This objection is made upon the assumption that parcels-post commodities would be handled in the same receptacle with first or second class mail. Such is not the case with parcels-post mail in European countries. It is the practice of these countries to provide light but sufficiently strong wicker hampers in which parcels-post mail is carried. These packages would be handled just as carefully in the mails as they are now handled by express companies.

It is also erroneously assumed that parcels-post mail would be given the same standard of service that is accorded first-class mail. The first-class mail for practically all towns is carried on the fast trains, the mail-bag being thrown off or taken on without stopping the train. Many people who have not given the matter careful consideration think that this method of handling first-class mail would be made impossible by the presence of such articles as eggs and perishable fruits and breakable packages containing glassware or crockery. As a matter of fact, parcels-post mail for smaller towns would not be handled on these fast through trains, but at proper points of distribution would be placed in hampers for transportation on local trains, just as express matter is now handled. For instance, a package of fruit sent from a small town in Iowa to Chicago could be placed on a local train until it reached the first large city, where it would be transferred to a through fast train for Chicago.

Moreover, we have already established the practice of carrying some of the magazines on fast freight trains instead of fast mail trains, and in this country, as in foreign countries, parcels-post mail would undoubtedly be so handled as a rule. This would give a sufficiently rapid service for all practical purposes. There is no reason why a box of books, clothing or glassware should be handled on the same train as an important business letter.

Undoubtedly the establishment of a general parcels post would necessitate an increase in the number of employees, not only in post-offices but on railroad trains and in the delivery service in cities. Instead of being a detriment to the handling of first-class mail this would be, in my opinion, a benefit. The great effort at present is to handle first-class mail as expeditiously as possible, and, therefore, first attention is given it. With an increased force in post-offices the first-class mail could be given much quicker attention in the morning, while in the afternoon clerks and carriers could devote their time to the handling and delivering of parcels-post mail, which need not receive such rapid and prompt attention.

Also it would undoubtedly be necessary in cities to use conveyances, such as wagons or automobiles, for the delivery of parcels-post mail where the packages are too large to be handled by carriers on foot. The conveyances provided for this purpose could also be used in collecting mail from boxes and in carrying large packages of first-class mail to distributing points in cities. Thus the additional equipment such as is now maintained by express companies would not only give the same service to the Post-Office Department that is now given to express companies, but would in addition facilitate and cheapen the handling of first and second class mail.

Some sincere opponents of the parcels post ridicule the plan by picturing the already burdened postman laboring under a huge load of packages consisting chiefly of vegetables, poultry and fruit. There is no justification for such a representation of the practical operation of a parcels post. In villages and small towns the recipient of a package could call at the post-office for it just as he must now call at the express office. In larger cities wagon delivery service would be practicable, just as it is in the case of packages handled by express companies.

If the establishment of the parcels post were a subject upon which there had been no practical experience I should feel that before entering upon such an undertaking this country should do some experimenting on its own account. However, nearly all European governments have parcels-post systems with a limit of not less than eleven pounds and frequently more, and at rates that seem ridiculously low when compared with the rate in force in the United States.

For instance, in the United Kingdom the parcels-post rate for a one-pound package is six cents, and the rate decreases in proportion until a package of the maximum weight—eleven pounds—is carried for twenty-two cents, or two cents a pound.

In Germany the maximum weight limit is one hundred and ten pounds, and the rates vary with both weight and distance. Any parcel up to eleven pounds will be carried ten miles or less for six cents. This would be a sort of local parcels post with a rate averaging probably about a cent a pound, assuming the average weight to be about six pounds. A parcel will be delivered at any post-office in the German Empire at a postage charge of twelve cents and a weight limit of eleven pounds, making on an average a charge of about two cents a pound or less. It is neither practicable nor necessary to set forth all the rates under the German zone system, but their character is indicated by the charge for carrying a twenty-two-pound package: ten miles, seventeen cents; twenty miles, twenty-two cents; fifty miles, thirty-seven cents; one hundred miles, forty-seven cents; one hundred and fifty miles, fifty-nine cents; any greater distance, seventy-two cents. Parcels-post rates in Austria are practically the same as in Germany.

In our neighboring republic of Mexico the rate varies from six cents for a one-pound package to sixty cents for an eleven-pound package, or a little more than a third of the charge in the United States.

Where the Shoe Pinches

IN AUSTRALIA the interstate rate, corresponding with our own, starts with a charge of sixteen cents for the first pound, but the charge for larger packages diminishes somewhat, for eleven pounds require postage to the amount of one dollar and thirty-six cents. In this country postage on eleven pounds would be one dollar and seventy-six cents.

In giving these figures for the purpose of comparison I have not overlooked the fact that the United Kingdom, Germany and Austria are smaller in area than the United States and have a denser population. Neither do I anticipate that the parcels-post rate in the United States will be as low as in those countries, because of the circumstances mentioned. These rates in other countries merely support the argument, otherwise fully sustained, that a lower postage rate on merchandise is justified over here.

I regard the parcels post of value in four particulars: First, it enables a citizen to secure with little trouble articles his local dealer does not carry. Second, it provides the producer with a means of delivering to his city customers produce in smaller quantities than he is now able to, because of the expense involved in making a trip to town for the purpose of delivering them or in paying the minimum freight or express rate. Third, a reduction in the rate of postage will necessarily cause a reduction in some of the express rates, so that while patrons of the post-office will be saving money as a result of the reduction in postage, the same benefit will be enjoyed by the patrons of express companies and possibly to a much larger extent. Fourth, the establishment of a parcels post will prevent any unreasonable maintenance of prices by retailers, for the purchaser will always be afforded a competitive market. Combinations among retailers to maintain unreasonable prices will be impossible after the establishment of a parcels post at low rates.

It is a very natural belief, and one very generally entertained by country merchants, that the establishment of a general parcels post would very greatly increase the business of mail-order houses, with ruinous results to the small retailers throughout the country. This impression, however, I believe to be groundless. Both reason and experience, in my opinion, prove that there is no cause for apprehension on the part of the country merchant.

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Some Girls and Billy Anderson

Being the Adventures of a Basketball Team Among the Savages

By EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"'Why Don't You Shoot Him, Willy?' Says I. 'That Bear'll Be Plumb Mean One o' These Days'"

LIFE in the Far West is still agoin' on," remarked Curly, pulling at a sprig of sagebrush. Nobody paid any attention to him. There were only two of us on the whole sun-flooded mountainside, and I was busy looking at a great war eagle that swept in slow curves far below us, now and then rising far enough to stand in keen relief against the splendid blue of the Wyoming sky. Our horses stood apparently asleep, reins hanging down.

"Of course, Sir Algernon," continued Curly presently, "you may think the West is off the map. It ain't! That's only because you an' me are old. Fer lots of folks the West is just beginnin'; an' it's all one glad, sweet song, chuned up in G."

"Look at the eagle, Curly!" I rejoined; but he went on:

"I reckon there's more high-class Western fiction and plays wrote—and believed—now than there ever was. Sometimes I feel right chirked up about myself. I 'low I may go East an' be a actor. Lots of folks actin' in Western plays can't make a livin' no other way. I know now I can't ride to speak of, but I don't know yet I couldn't act."

"I'll bet that's his nest over there on the chimney-rock, Curly!" I began excitedly. He paid no more attention to me than I did to him.

"If you see a thing fer the first time it's new fer you, ain't it?" he demanded. "To a baby, or a man from the East, the whole world is plumb new an' interestin', ain't it? Besides, there's more things in the world now than there ever was, even though the elks an' grizzlies are all now raised under glass. We don't care. You an' me done had our share, I reckon. Know anybody ever had any more fun than you an' me? But still, come to think of it, I don't know either one of us ever got a parasang—did he?"

I turned toward him inquiringly.

"What is a parasang—do you know?" he demanded.

"It's something Persian, Curly," said I, "or Greek, or Platt-Deutsch."

"Huh! But you never seen one. Ner me neither, till last year over to Cody, when I was drivin' stage between the railroad an' Meeteetse."

"I didn't know you ever drove stage, Curly," I said to him, too lazy to act as dictionary and willing enough to learn what was on his mind.

"What would you do, Sir Algernon," he demanded suddenly, "if, by reason of havin' nineteen or thirteen children, you had to work, an' was forced to drive a stage, an' if all at once twenty-five girls—every one of 'em a plumb peach!—should git off a train without warnin' an' come an' take you by the hand—you settin' there on the front seat of a hack that wouldn't hold over eight, an' a pair of risky horses just barely able to fall downhill goin' light?"

"I think I should take to the woods, Curly," I promptly assured him.

"There wasn't no woods. Besides, there was Billy Anderson. I s'pose original, though, it come along o' that lowdown Emmett Dewees. He's travelin' passenger agent for the C. D. & C."

I don't know really whether the eagle's nest was on the chimney-rock or not. Curly made himself a cigarette, scratched a match on his pony's hoof and went on with his story.

"This Dewees person he draws several thousand dollars a year for charmin' birds out o' trees. Everybody 'lows he's the smoothest passenger agent at present loose in the country. Without no doubt or question, if there wasn't anything else to operate on, Emmett Dewees he could git up a homeseekers' excursion in a graveyard.

"Sometimes Emmett he gits lit up like anybody else; an' one time last year—no, it was two or three years ago—he got in the hands of his friends an' began to see the sights of several great cities in the Far East. When he come to he was broke an' all alone. In them circumstances the first thing Emmett he always does is to git up a excursion; so he looks roun' an' sees some fine buildings, with trees, an' a wise-lookin' party goin' through a gate.

"'My friend,' says Emmett, 'what is them populous-lookin' houses I see beyond?'

"'That, sir,' says the wise party, 'is a girls' college. Behind them walls we teach young ladies how to assume the burdens of life in the present century.'

"'How many is they?' asks Emmett. An' when the old party tells him there is several hundred, Emmett he says to hisself: 'Here is my excursion!' So he taken the old party by the arm an' walks into the grounds with him.

"'My friend,' says he, 'eddication is a great thing, ain't it? Young ladies is a great thing, too, ain't they? But what is even a eddicated young lady, provided she ain't got the ruddy glow of health on her cheeks? We now approach the good old summertime. Sir'—an' here Emmett sheds a few tears—'it makes me weep when I think of all them fine young ladies pinin' away behind these walls of brick an' stone, when they ought to be out West in the Yellowstone Park, asoakin' in aboundin' health at every jump. An',' continues Emmett, 'it's a still worse crime to think o' them stayin' here when excursion rates over the C. D. & C. Railroad—which I have the honor to represent—is cheaper than stayin' at home. But what makes the crime worst of all, my friend,' says he, 'is to think that any intelligent an' han'some gentleman, who has reached years of discretion an' will act as chaperon to such a excursion over our road, gits his board an' passage free!'

"About that time the wise party folds both his arms roun' Emmett's neck an' asks him if these things can be true! That is where the excursion of the college basketball team began—I learned later on it was a basketball team, or maybe a team and substitutes, or two teams—twenty-five of 'em in all—I counted 'em—that swarmed out of the railroad train at Cody Station an' tried to git into my eight-passenger hack all at once. I ain't mentionin' nothin' about the four carloads of baggage they had along—trunks, tennis clubs, golf rackets, clothes, shoes, sandwiches, guitars, banjos, birdcages, an' everything else.

"Well, when all this happened I taken a look at the roundup, drawed a long breath an' stood pat with the cards I held. There comes up to me a pony-built gurl with dark curly hair, an' big eyes that looked kind o' reproachful part o' the time an' otherwise the rest of the time. Said she to me:

"'Kind sir, is this where we depart for the fascinatin' sights of the imperishable hills?'

"'Ma'am,' says I, 'it shore is.'

"'It looks some dusty,' said she. 'Where are the leapin' streams of pure mountain water?'

"'Eighty-five miles west o' the hotel, ma'am,' says I—'not countin' the Shoshone River, which runs between here an' the hotel, known as the Stinkin' Water, because of its sulphur springs, before we become a advertised resort. It's about a thousan' feet down, an' I don't reckon when you git to the bottom you'll ever git up to the other side at all, ma'am,' says I.

"She don't seem much disturbed, but turns roun' an' sings out:

"'Oh, gur-rels!' All at once! the whole *rodeo* makes a mass play an' lines up at the edge of the platform. 'See what I found!' says the pony-built one that I 'lowed was captain. 'He's the stagedriver man. He carries all of us invalids up amid the eternal snows.'

"Invalids! Then was when I wanted to git hold o' Emmett Dewees. If them wasn't the soundest-lookin' bunch o' eighteen-year-old female people I ever did see, then I am sore mistook! Sick? Not one of them ever had been sick or ever would be! They was out for a lark—that's what they was. Over behind them I see climbin' out of the baggage car, with bags an' trunks an' things, a old, wise-lookin' party that seemed to be foreman o' the roundup—an' not fit for the job. Nobody paid any attention to him. The captain o' the team begins to speak kind o' soft an' surprisedlike.

"'I must warn you, girls,' says she, 'to beware of all stagedrivers. There was a schoolteacher once come out here an' she was engaged to be married to the stagedriver before ever they got to the hotel!'

"'Sweet sir,' says a voice from the middle o' the bunch somewhere—I couldn't locate it—'will you marry us?'

"'Call me gran'pa, ladies,' says I; 'but ef I wasn't married an' didn't have a dozen or so children I'd take a chance.'

"'Oh, you sweet thing!' said some other voice back in the crowd—I couldn't tell which one. Then they all laughed, an' made good teamplay at that too.

"One o' them turned roun' to see how Poppa was comin' on with the baggage; an' just then Billy Anderson he steps out o' the station an' goes up to the express car, not noticin' at first what had happened in our midst. Billy he has a little ranch over toward Meeteetse. Eastern chap original, but West now for a few years. He's a straight-up rider, pays all his debts, ain't over twenty-five or so, an' don't make or take four-flushes on no account. You might think he was born west of the Missouri. I ain't particular myself which side a good man's born on.

"Now Billy he's in town lookin' for a new saddle that he's ordered by express; an', bein' excited, he runs his head inside the car an' begins to paw things roun', hardly noticin' Poppa, who is wrastlin' the ball team's baggage.

"Pony-Built, she gives a sort o' trill under her tongue an' nods her head. Then every one o' them twenty-five

they stood afacin' toward me but alookin' toward Billy Anderson. A woman she can shore see out of the white part of her eye. I was plumb sorry for Billy because I knew he was a single man an', if he had been left alone, had a fair chance of escapin'.

"All at once Billy hears somethin' or sees somethin', an' turns roun'. Then he rolls down his shirtsleeves prompt, an' a odd sort of a look comes on to his face. A moment later he was conversin' with Poppa an' carryin' banjo cases an' boxes over to the hack. Two minutes after that he was the grave an' respectable friend of twenty-five young female persons, every one of which was naturally full of devilment, an' now especial' so in the high altitude where they found theirselves.

"You ever notice the way womenfolks play the game? One girl by herself is plumb cautious an' will sidestep ef she hears a leaf rattle. Put twenty-five o' them together an' it's different. There wasn't but three men in sight; an' after ways o' their own these here twenty-five innocent young people, who were far, far from home, begun to have fun with all three o' them—an' especial' with Billy Anderson. They evident' had sized him up for a product of our sagebrush realm.

"'I would really be obliged, my good man,' begins Pony-Built, the captain, 'ef you could give me some accurate information regardin' the distance from here to the hotel where our accommodations have been secured.'

"'She means how far is it,' says a voice somewhere in the bunch—no one could tell where.

"'As near as I can tell, my dear young lady,' answered Billy, sober as a jedge, 'it is about two parasangs. It may seem farther ef the horses fall dead at the foot o' the hill.'

"Now that parasang business is what bothered me at first," went on Curly. "When he lets go that word I see the captain kind o' start an' git a little red, as ef he jolted her some. Billy he turns away without sayin' much more, an' drives up his own wagon. He helps Poppa put the baggage in that, an' him an' me we manage to git all the women folks in or roun' the old hack. Billy he gits up on the seat with me. Lookin' at nobody in particular, he says, kin' o' soft an' easy to hisself, something that he later tells me is Latin. Near as I can remember it sounded like: '*Dulce Lalagen loquentem amo*'—yes, and, by Jove!—'*dulce ridentem!*' I ain't got no kind of notion what that all means, beyond '*dulce*,' which of course is Greaser for 'sweet'—for Billy wouldn't tell me; but I reckon it had somethin' to do with parasangs, because when he cuts that loose I see the cheeks o' this pony-built captain git redder'n ever. Somehow they didn't none o' them try to take any more falls out o' Billy after that.

"Well, the old stage held together till we got down to the bottom o' the windin' hill between the station an' the town. We even got partway up the next; but then my old grays they balked an' said they had enough. I didn't care, an' neither did anybody else except Poppa the chaperon; an' he was worried plumb to death. Billy he comes to the front once more—him an' the captain o' the team. While Billy takes the whip an' starts off as drum major, the team all lines up in the dust an' they give what was mebbe their college yell or their team yell—I dunno which. Sounds like a raid. Then they all start off up the road happy as larks, me an' the baggage wagon followin'—Poppa piled up with the rest of the baggage behind. Bimeby we made the rim on the far side o' the cañon. You can see the town from there, o' course; an' the whole team stopped to take a look.

"'Ladies,' says Billy, 'welcome to our fair city! We will now wait for the wagon an' all take a ride.' So they all climbed on an' we drove the rest o' the way to the hotel, the old hack fairly leakin' faces an' curls an' eyes of all sorts of colors. I must say those young ladies acted scand'lous, because they waved their handkerchiefs at everybody on the street; an' by the time the stage pulled up all the men that hadn't been scared out into the desert was trailin' in behind to see what had happened.

"Now this Emmett Dewees, he was sort of fergetful. Once he got a excursion started, that was all he cared about. Nobody—not even Poppa—had wired to say the bunch was comin'. He's one of the sort that thinks the Lord'll pervide, an' fergets to make sleepin'-car reservations. The clerk at the hotel is fair well used to seein' crowds; but when these twenty-five girls, every one o' them a twenty-two-carat peach, lines up before the counter in front o' him, he just natcherel falls in a trance an' can't talk. The whole works in the hotel stopped right there.

"At last Poppa breaks into the game an' inquires about rooms with bath. They pour water on the clerk; an' when he comes to he says, 'There ain't but one!' an' asks if that will do for the twenty-five.

"'An idea!' says Poppa the chaperon. 'But, now that I come to think of it, one room will do; in fact, I think one room will do much better than twenty-five.'

Little Bright Eyes, the Curly-Haired Leader of the Bunch

"It was plain to Billy an' me that the tourist department o' the whole town couldn't git a start with this outfit before the next day, if then; so they had to sleep somewhere that night. Poppa's idea was to git 'em all hobbled an' bedded down in one corral, so's the bunch could be night-herded careful, an' all found an' tallied up.

"'We haven't any room that'd hold any more than eight or ten,' says the clerk; 'an' in fact there ain't no place in town that would.'

"'You ferget the new schoolhouse,' says Billy Anderson about now.

"'That's so!' says the clerk. 'It's just finished—an' it might be big enough. We're all full here in the hotel, an' I don't see what we could do.'

"Poppa the chaperon he falls on this idea immejate. He leads his outfit into the dinin' room, where everybody has a good time but him. Then Willy takes out the bunch to show them the sights o' the city—boulevards, lakes, parks, an' all. Come nightfall, all the girls was tired enough to be drove into the schoolhouse corral. This bein' accomplished, Poppa the chaperon, who ain't takin' no chances, he locks the door an' puts the key in his pocket. Somebody had sold Poppa one o' them blow-me-up air mattresses made out o' rubber, an' a real goosehair pillow; so he rolls down, brave an' desperate, about a parasang, I suppose, from where the schoolhouse was. The rest o' the population didn't take the trouble to go to sleep at all that night. They all met at the hotel bar, an' wondered what would happen to Jim Hawkins next day when he tackles the job of fixin' up a camp outfit fer this bunch of live ones an' takin' them through the Park—three days on the trail, with all the hobbles off. You see, Jim he runs the tourist department, takin' up a excursion where Emmett Dewees lays it down, an' gettin' the rest o' the money by means o' wagons, packhorses, tents and the like. He camps 'em out in the Wonderland, you see.

"Now what did happen to Jim was shore sufficient—not only then, but for the next two weeks steady. The spirit of brotherly love got stronger along toward daybreak, however, and by sunup there wasn't a rancher, clerk, merchant or professional man in or roun' Cody that hadn't volunteered to go 'long as aide-de-camp, so to speak, to Jim on his open-air tour through the Park. Everybody was plumb anxious to help Jim save the lives o' them pore, sufferin' invalids from the East.

"Come breakfust-time, most everybody in town goes along with Jim over toward the schoolhouse to see how the invalids is comin' along. Poppa the chaperon he's sittin' up on his air-bed lookin' a little seedy, an' admittin' he hasn't slept much till after sunup, along of his fear of dangerous wild animals. I don't know but there was a few dogs roun'.

"Jim an' Poppa shakes hands like folks does who is dividin' heavy responsibilities.

"'How is the invalids feelin' this mornin'?' asks Jim.

"'I dunno,' says Poppa the chaperon; 'but we might stroll over toward the schoolhouse an' find out.'

"They strolled over; in fact, I might say that we all did. We others kep' about half a block back of Jim an' Poppa; but even where we was we could hear over in the schoolhouse somethin' that sounded like a boiler explosion—shouts an' yells an' thumpin' noises, an' sounds of breakin' furniture an' the like. All at once the front door broke open an' out come that whole bunch of twenty-five invalids, in short skirts an' white shoes. They was chasin' little Bright Eyes, the curly-haired leader of the bunch, who, it seemed, had got some sort of leather thing under her arm which she is tryin' to hide somewheres. At first, we didn't understand, o' course; but we learned from Poppa later that it was jest the basketball team havin' a little practice before breakfast.

"'Is them the invalids?' whispers Jim to me, comin' back to where I was.

"'I reckon so, Jim,' says I. 'Ain't it too bad?'

"He sort of groaned. Just about then Willy Anderson he says to him:

"'Jim, you can't take that bunch through the Park with any ordinary outfit. What you need is plenty o' camp help. Now here is the total available male folks of this Congressional deestrict, every one o' them eager to go along an' help save the lives of them invalids as second cook or horse-wrangler. Now,' says he, 'it's a good time fer you to pick out about twenty-five of our leadin' citizens—twenty-four besides me.'

"Fer all his buckskin shirt, Jim was really a man of peace; so he groaned an' picked them out right there—Willy Anderson; an' Harry Slocum, from over to Dry Creek; an' Sandy Hamilton, from the Sunshine country; an'—oh, law! I can't remember the names of all the boys that volunteered to enlist right there, with no salary, an' furnish their own horses an' beds. I went along on the side. They was a fine-lookin' bunch o' chaps, too, most of 'em bachin' it out on their ranches—with two or three lawyers, a doctor or so, an' one or two merchants that lived at the big hotel. There wasn't no gran'pas but me—the fact is, I was the only married man that went along. I told Jim I'd help him see fair play, an' allowed that maybe we could between us aid the basketball invalids to enjoy the mountain scenery of Nature's Wonderland; an' maybe save their lives fer some years to come.

"Well, sir, Jim was game; an' you know he had a purty good outfit for such cases made an' pervided—six automobeels an' a whole cavvyard o' packhorses. He lines up his procession in front o' the hotel in the main street o' the town; an' him an' Poppa, with some trouble, manages to git the basketball invalids crowded into the automobeels before half past eleven in the mornin'. Next to the automobeels was two wagons carryin' musical instruments, short skirts, sweaters, shoes, and so on. Then followed other wagons carryin' tents, chuck an' camp outfit. Back of that, all on horseback—some scared, but game—is the twenty-five camp-helpers selected from the leadin' citizens, all bachelors except me. Say, Sir Algernon, I've seen some purty big parties headed fer Nature's Wonderland; but I bet a thousand dollars there hasn't been a layout like that ever recorded since Jim Bridger found the Park. It shore was a proud day for Cody.

"If Jim had been willin' to play the game fair he wouldn't 'a' used no automobeels. There's sixty-five miles of road up to the edge of the Park where a cow-horse ain't got no chance with a automobeel. Jim he's on the front seat of the leadin' auto, all dressed in beaded buckskin an' carryin' his rifle, lookin' the part o' pertecter an' life-saver. He passes the word back down the line, an' the result is in about a hour there was twenty-five miles of dust all in one line between Cody an' the mountains. Back in the rear part of the dust was twenty-five hard-ridin' camp-helpers, all of 'em resolved to help save the invalids if they could ketch up—which Jim never meant fer them to do.

"Well, sir, about twenty miles out we come on where they had et lunch—a few shells of boiled eggs an' sardine cans an' such layin' roun'; but they hadn't stopped to light no fire. We eased our cinches here a few minutes, then pulled out ag'in, Willy Anderson ridin' ahead—not sayin' much but shakin' some speed out o' his cayuse. The rest of us follered on the best way we could.

"It's about sixty-five miles, as near as I kin figger it, up to the log hotel just east of the Park. Usual' Jim takes two days to make it with the automobeels, but he was so scared he pulled straight through 'thout stoppin'. It was the hardest ride I ever set in, myself; an' I've seen 'em run in the dark a few times in my life. They was good saddle stock that them fellers had, an' they jest had to go through. By 'leven or twelve o'clock at night Company A was all present or accounted for—a little late to peel potatoes for the evenin' meal, but eager to render any other assistance possible. Of course the chuckwagon an' tent outfit was 'way back down the trail, but Jim he allows he'll keep the party in the hotel that night anyhow.

"Now you git twenty-five invalids like these, weights runnin' from a hundred an' twenty to a hundred an' thirty-five, sound as a dollar, without a knot or blemish on a single one of 'em, an' what they're goin' to do in circumstances like these is to start a dance. There was plenty of music, with banjos an' guitars an' things of that sort that the girls had took out of the wagon at the lunch stop. Main trouble was about pardners. Well, sir, them invalids had the hotel clerk an' Jim an' old Poppa danced to a frazzle an' their tongues hangin' out by the time the camp-help come in sight of the trail an', emittin' a

few whoops—as fellers will when they git warmed up aridin'—lit runnin' in the front yard o' the hotel.

"'Oh, gur-rels!' sings out little Bright Eyes, comin' to the door; 'here's pardners—plenty of 'em. Just look!'

"Poppa the chaperon tries to head it off. 'Young ladies—my dear young ladies,' says he, 'it is impossible that you should dance with these persons, of whom we know nothing, an' to whom you have not been introduced none!'

"'Certainly not,' says Jim. 'Them people is nothin' but hostlers an' cooks—camp-help, that we call "savages" in this country. You mustn't think of any such thing as lettin' them in on the floor. Give us three pardners a little chancet to rest up an' we'll do the best we can!'

"Say, how was Jim for a old Mormon anyhow? Well, it didn't do him any good. The invalids makes a team-play, follerin' after Bright Eyes as though she had the ball under her arm. Between the mass formations, the girls headin' out, an' the savages comin' in, Jim an' Poppa come pretty near bein' crushed. The boys all come in—not a bad looker among 'em, ef I do say it—blushin' some an' scared, an' red an' dusty from their ride. There's different ways of selectin' a husband fer a girl; but personally it seems to me there couldn't be no better way fer a girl to do than to pick 'em out of a bunch of twenty-five that had brought one cow-horse each over sixty-five miles inside of twelve hours' ridin', an' still able to dance the rest o' the night.

"Now I'm tellin' you these things sort o' take care o' themselves. Them savages wasn't real savages, o' course; so they did get interduced somehow or other, an' after that things went merry as a dinner bell till mornin' come. It was the second night every one of the savages had spent without sleep; an', takin' in the amount of mixed drinks, hard ridin' an' hard dancin' that had been necessary, it was a hard test, an' one that would have put most o' the United States Army out o' business. These fellers was seasoned, though, an' every one o' them happy an' ca'm. I've seen some dancin', me; but I want to tell you that them twenty-five invalid girls an' them twenty-five savages from the Stinkin' Water country come about as near bein' championship human bein's as any layout I ever run against!

"'Come on, boys,' said Willy Anderson at length, when it come breakfast-time. 'We'll go peel the potatoes now.'

"Of course you know how fellers looks that live out in the alkali, so it don't make much difference about the savages—'bout average fer looks, they was. Wisht I could remember how every one o' them girls looked, but I swear it was a sort o' haze, sort o' like a dream to me, that dance that night. Some of 'em had black hair, an' some yeller, an' some red, an' some brown; an' some of it was curly an' some wasn't. They was all sorts of eyes an' mouths an' noses, I reckon; but it was hard to read brands in the dust while they was millin' roun' that way. All I know is, they wasn't one of them twenty-five invalids that wasn't strong on her feet at the end o' the night; so I'm tellin' you them was picked people, both sides. No one was much the worse for wear except Jim an' Poppa an' maybe me. I done pretty well fer a grandpa though.

"Well, sir, we went on into the Park; an' we made camp the next night pretty high up, where it was cold, in a pine grove near a little river—pretty place as you'd want. I suppose maybe the boys did help pitch that camp, but they made their own camp acrost a little divide half a mile away. There wasn't no dance that night; but after the fires was lit the invalids gits out their mandoleens an' banjos an' guitars, an' they gives a concert such as never was known from Jim Bridger's down to Jim's time—there nor nowhere else. They was altos an' sopranos just to balance, an' their teamplay on the strings was a wonder! They sung a lot o' songs—college chunes, I suppose—that none of us had ever heard. An' then a lot o' things that some of us had heard an' others hadn't. We could hear it clear over into our camp. Come nine or ten o'clock, even them invalids was ready to turn in fer onct. They ends the concert with some sort o' hymn about a light—Lead, Kindly Light, I think Willy Anderson said it was. It was right solemn, there in the trees. Somehow, when our boys rolled down for the night in their camp, they wouldn't say much.

"Well, sir, we worked on through the Park that same way—Jim an' Poppa the only unhappy ones in the bunch. The camp-savages, they'd come along in a platoon decent an' respectable behind the main bunch. We lapped on some o' the stage parties from Gardiner, an' I dunno what some o' them folks thought; but I know, if any one'd started anything, what would have happened. We was organized fer to pertect invalids.

"Now you know, when you git twenty-five couples o' young people together there is goin' to be a lot of sort o' unconscious sortin' an' pickin' goin' on. I never could figger how it happened or jest exactly when, fer it didn't seem like the boys was roun' camp fer more'n three minutes in all three meals each day; but by the time we struck the Cañon Hotel that was the worst disorganized basket-ball team you ever did see. Seemed like they didn't care fer mass plays at all no more, but went in more for detached skirmish-duty like; fact is, the place looked like a Noah's Ark, an' the animals all went two by two. Some o' them went up to set in the parlor at the hotel; others allowed they was huntin' fer the Crystal Falls; an' a good many said they was goin' over to Inspiration Point. I talked with several couples that come in to supper that night, an' there wasn't no two of 'em could tell the same story about Inspiration Point or anything else.

"'Young ladies,' said I, 'it looks to me as ef you was abusin' Nature's Wonderland, an' not carin' as much for mountain scenery as you had ought.' I was right severe on 'em, bein' a grandpa.

"Well, sir, next mornin' Wally Anderson an' the captain o' the team they allowed they certainly was goin' to see Inspiration Point. They starts out right after breakfast, an' before long you might have also missed some fifty familiar faces from our fireside—they'd wandered off like so many young turkeys.

"I was right busy round camp, fer it seemed like I was one o' the few savages that really would rustle horses, an' several of our horses was missin' that mornin'; so bimeby I rides over on their trail to see ef I could pick 'em up. I could see in the dust onct in a while the trail o' two people that was wearin' rather sharp-heeled foot-coverin's—boot heels an' shoe heels, same's in Noah's Ark. They wasn't headin' for Inspiration Point by about five miles; an' says I to myself: 'I bet a thousand dollars they're goin' along here an' not sayin' a word, leanin' against each other like two tired oxens, an' not carin' a cuss for Nature's Wonderland. Ain't it a shame?' says I to myself.

"Well, I rid along a ways, a mile or so from camp, an' all at once I hear somebody yellin' on ahead o' me. I looks ahead, an' blamed if there ain't Poppa the chaperon up in a low tree, no hat or coat on, an' his eyes hangin' out!

"'Well, pardner,' says I, ridin' up, 'how're things comin', an' what's the matter?'

"'Bear!' says he. 'Save me!'

"I looks down, an' blamed if there wasn't a bear trail!—foot half as long as your arm. 'I shouldn't wonder if that was old Pete,' says I to myself. Of course you know that all roun' them Park hotels there's more grizzlies than there is in any other part o' the world; an' mostly they're plumb tame, though sometimes they come into camp an' go into tents an' wagons to see what they can git to eat—they mostly live roun' the hotel kitchens.

"'You'd better go on to camp,' says I to Poppa. 'I'll be back this way after a while.' So I rides on, pretty sure now that this was old Pete. He's a pretty good bear, used to bein' photographed—an' usual' pretty good-natured.

(Continued on Page 56)

"'As Near as I Can Tell, My Dear Young Lady,' Answered Billy, Sober as a Judge, 'it is About Two Parasangs'"

GOLD-BRICK PUBLISHING

By Robert Sterling Yard

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"THE slickest business since gold bricks!"

"What is?" I asked.

"This de-luxe subscription business."

I expressed interest. I really did not know, of course, in spite of all I had heard, for it wasn't my kind of publishing; but every kind of publishing is interesting. The rare-book man pulled down his waistcoat and drew in a hissing breath. His eyes set flintily into an uncompromising stare. I perceived that I was in the presence of emotion and involuntarily I laid firm hold of the arms of my chair.

"The whole business is no less than ——"

"Hold on!" put in the book agent shortly.

"Why so?" demanded the rare-book man, breathing hard. "Do I understand that you purpose to defend the fakiest ——"

"Hold on!" exclaimed the book agent still more shortly. "You're starting out too strenuously. At that pace you are bound to make strong statements. Remember that I—one of your guests at this table—I am a subscription-book man, and a limited subscription-book man at that—at least to some extent."

"You!" cried the rare-book man. "No—I don't mean you at all, or your kind of books, though they are, I grant you, subscription books, and mostly limited sets too; but, of course, I have nothing against the real values you deal in, the Houghton-Mifflin-Scribner-Little-Brown kind of limited editions which—most of them—increase in value with the years. I mean the fictitious sort—yes, fictitious, by thunder! Fictitious pure and simple! The sort that are patched and scrapped together into some more or less clever semblance to a book of worth, and cajoled or badgered or forced upon some wretched innocent who thinks he's getting value when he isn't; who ——"

"Hold on again!" interrupted the agent insistently. "Again you go too fast. This matter of value is the core of the apple—but who is going to define value in these cases? Can you? I can't. There are two sides to this question, you know, even in its most flagrant examples."

The rare-book man almost swelled in his wrath.

"Millions of dollars a year are taken from the pockets of ignorant buyers upon allegations of value that "

"Hold on again!" cried the book agent, waving his buttered roll. "If the buyer is ignorant of more or less nice standards it is his own fault, and it has been so decided in the courts a hundred times. If the same price can be readily got from a dozen others—and in these days of innumerable newly rich collectors you know it can—who are you to declare that it isn't value?

"What is value anyway? Why, ninety-nine out of a hundred will define it as the price a commodity will bring in the open market. All right. But what is open market? Is it a forced sale by public auction, as you would claim, or a reasonably easy and steady private sale? Is it the thirty dollars a volume that your tooled and perfumed de-luxe limited will bring under the hammer, or the two or three hundred a volume that I could reasonably easily get if I would, in the course of the season, from somebody in my personal clientèle? Who's going to define book value anyway?

"Don't think I don't agree with you in the main; but I call your attention to the fact that there are two arguable sides to this question, and consequently you can't dispose of it with sophistry or an epigram."

"Think o' That—Eh? Fifteen Thousand Profit—Clean! That's Seventy-Five Hundred Each for You and Me—Eh?"

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN —

"You make me weary!" said the rare-book man disgustedly. "I don't care what the courts say. I say that the man who sells another a book or a set of books deliberately concocted to suggest bona-fide rarities, even though he does not verbally pass them off as such, at a price which he knows is four or five or a dozen times as great as the price that the same book will bring at regular auction—perhaps has already brought at regular auction—is engaged in sharp dealing."

The book agent fixed his host's attention with his fork.

"I've got you now—right in your own business!" he exclaimed, gulping a bite of broiled chicken. "At the Robert Hoe sale, last spring, a group of collectors were so keen that they forced up prices in competition to many times their previous sale records. And these were genuine rare books—your own kind, remember; not your near-rare, meet-the-ignorant-demand subscription kind. According to you, then, the auctioneer who sold at those prices was engaged in sharp dealing."

"That's nonsense!" said the rare-book man; "but you're helping to make my point clear all the same. The buyers at the Hoe sale paid huge prices, but they did it with full knowledge of the true auction values, all or most of which had been determined time and again at former sales and recorded in print. They themselves knowingly advanced the prices in the excitement of competition, but they did not advance values, as their own sales later on will doubtless show.

"The point is, they knew what they were doing, which lets the auctioneer out with a clear conscience, whereas these fellows that pay a hundred and fifty or five hundred dollars a volume for the near-rare kind don't know what they're doing—don't know values."

"I admit the abuses," said the book agent; "but what are you going to do? It is practically impossible to distinguish. Leaving out of the discussion the sort of limited subscription books I sell—the sort in which prices bear sound relations to values—after them there comes a vast assortment of limited editions from all sorts of publishers, regular and irregular, some of which are sound books; some of them trash, but honestly meant; but the most of them are deliberately concocted to sell at enormously swollen prices to people who think they are getting values corresponding to the prices.

"This latter sort may be described truthfully to the purchaser, the salesman depending on the victim's ignorance of standards; in which case the sale is held to be at least legal. Or they may be described as being what they are not; in which case the purchaser, when he grows wise, may appeal successfully to the law if he wants to—but he seldom wants to, not caring to confess publicly to being so easy a mark.

"The flagrant cases are frightfully flagrant, there often being outright fraud in the discrepancies between published descriptions and actual facts. The great majority, however, of these near-rare books, as you have called them, which are sold at frightfully high prices considering the actual elements entering into them, are truthfully enough described. The imposition is that the florid descriptive patter suggests to the ignorant dabbler in fine books values that really are not inherent at all. Enormously inflated value is often implied by costly folderols of very bad taste, which really lessen value. Many of these books would be sound property, even if off taste, if priced at something like value; but the excessive prices asked tend to sustain the suggested fiction of large value.

"You see the matter is complicated. Your flock of crows isn't exclusively made up of crows. There are a lot of starlings in it and you can't tell the difference without looking pretty closely. Yes, and there are doves there too. It doesn't do to shoot promiscuously. Rash men like you have got to be restrained."

"It's a rather knotty matter," I said, "but mighty interesting, even to an outsider like a trade publisher. I find myself sympathizing strongly with our fiery friend here. I don't want to do anybody injustice; but when things happen like that case in the newspapers the other day it's time somebody did something, even if it's injustice. Things like that, and worse, come into print every six months or so. There must be a tremendous business done in these sets of inflated value."

Pete Had to Pay Eight Hundred for the Book: But Within the Week He Sold It to His "Find" for Eight Thousand Dollars, Cash!

"Millions a year!" exploded the rare-book man—"getting bigger every year too. A little group of speculators will get up a set of books printed from old plates they've bought somewhere at a bargain; hire some college professor or other—generally at a good price too—to write an essay for an introduction; reproduce in mere half-tone some fine old prints they've bought at auction—good things, maybe, and never used before; get an artist of accomplishment to design a special title page and cover—the cover adapted from some fine old English or French binding—and there you are!

"First they print up six or eight thousand sets. Most of these, in plain cloth bindings, paper labels and gilt tops—and without the special illustrations—they sooner or later dump on the department-store trade as 'publishers' remainders' at any old price, to help cover general manufacturing costs.

"Meantime, for the rest, they assume a business title. They get an office and a telephone, and put out a limited edition of, say, one hundred and twenty-one numbered sets, cloth binding, special title and frontispiece, at four dollars a volume—neat profit there!

"Then will come another limited edition—same old sheets, you know—with part morocco binding and a few more pictures, costing them less than a dollar a volume more, at ten dollars a volume. This is limited perhaps to eighty-two numbered sets. These are merely rent and salary payers.

"Then will come the grand coup—the terrapin supper and automobile producers! These will consist of a few sets on Japan paper, or possibly parchment, printed on the same run with the paper editions so as to save extra make-ready charges, and made up into two editions. One will consist of 'forty-eight specially printed copies,' with a couple of dollars' worth of additional fandangles on each cover, most of them in imitation of the real thing—brocade silk ends and a bunch of new pictures; the frontispieces in colors; most of the features imitated, with here and there something new and startling—the whole costing, perhaps, three dollars more a volume and sold at fifty dollars a volume.

"The other—on the parchment—with still more fandangles on the cover—with illustrations in two or more states, a few hand-painted marginal drawings and the purchaser's name on the title page—'This copy specially printed for Mr. Jack Robinson,' you know—limited strictly to twenty-six sets of thirty-two volumes each, at one hundred and fifty dollars a volume! And there you are!

"When twenty-six unlucky would-be collectors have bought out this last edition they will have paid nearly

Finds Himself an Unsuspected Guest at Some Gathering Where Presently He Will Be Introduced Socially to His Quarry

$125,000 dollars for that alone. I won't bother to compute the other editions. My point is sufficiently made on this alone. Now! Do you wonder I get warm?"

Then he burst out, as I was about to speak.

"Listen! A few months ago a woman's executors sued to recover on a set of Shakspere, 'specially printed for Mrs. Blank,' for which she had paid an absolutely fabulous price on the strength of each volume having been 'signed by the author.' Can you beat that?"

"There is good reason ——" I began judiciously; but the rare-book man was riding his hobby hard now and couldn't stop.

"And the same men who put this up are interested, perhaps, in another venture with another office where they are overworking an old set of plates bought at a London auction. And some of them are in other things under other titles; and some of them are, in their individual capacities, agents for other fellows' good things."

"Well," roared the book agent, "I'm always glad when they get the publisher, for the publisher always puts it off on the agent. There are agents and agents. I'm an agent, but I'm not a bunco man. Nevertheless, the wretched agent is always getting it in the neck. The victim kicks the agent and so does the publisher. You'd think the agent was the only black sheep in the pasture. That's why I enjoy a sly grin when somebody goes higher up and nabs the fellow that puts up the game in the first place."

"And I," sputtered the rare-book man—"I rejoice every time one of these destroyers of high-class business is put out of the running. Only arrest doesn't put them out unfortunately. They get right back into the game under another business title. You see, they can't be actually jugged unless they can be actually proved to have made actual misrepresentations—specified India paper and furnished imitation, or something of that sort. There are actions every six months or so, but the business thrives and increases just the same. It hurts the genuine fine-book business a lot."

"And I seriously protest," said I, "because it trails the fair name of publisher in the mud. Publishing is the noblest of all business occupations - yet every fellow, honorable or dishonorable, who has the remotest thing to do with getting out the most abominable book, or even the most insignificant pamphlet, immediately dubs himself publisher; and every fake ——"

"Say," roared the agent, waving a lighted match delightedly, "it's catching, isn't it? Here's our publisher, too, going off into oratorical conniptions! We'll work up a public meeting here in a few minutes."

No doubt we looked as sheepish as we felt, and the rare-book man wagged his head as he signed the bill.

"Well," he said, "my steam isn't blown off yet. Probably I won't be happy until I shoot a book agent."

However, let us clear up one or two confusing points.

The "subscription books" which these buyers and sellers of luxurious editions mean are not at all what you probably think of as subscription books. To you, perhaps, the term means sets of books for which you may pay something down and the balance in installments, if it comes more convenient to you to pay that way. Some of these sets offered you at your homes or as bargains at department stores are worthless; some are sound and admirable; some almost luxurious; some are "cheap and nasty"; others fairly expensive and worth the price—but these are quite another thing and quite another story.

It is not this sort of books at all that the dealers in rare books and expensive sets mean when they talk of "subscription books," but costly books of a kind originally supposed to be subscribed for in advance of publication hence the name whose value is supposed to be enhanced because of extreme luxuriousness and limitation of issue. If you put out only twenty-six sets of a certain edition, for instance, their scarcity is supposed to enhance desirability and consequently value.

The principle is a sound one, of course; it is the principle at the basis of all collecting—as well as many other human weaknesses, admirable and otherwise. Like all other values, however, this kind of value obtains only under the whip of natural causes; value in rare books is as absolutely the healthy resultant of supply and demand as is the value of wheat or rubber or blood-rubies.

And when a publisher, real or pretended, or a book agent, or any combination or group thereof, bestows upon a set of books a price which largely exceeds its open-market value—no matter how worthy a work it may be; no matter how tasteful its dress, how sound its physical elements, how exclusive its accompaniments, how limited its numbers they offend not man's law but the natural law of trade. And this law cannot be offended with impunity.

Careful publishers, therefore, start their limited editions at prices that will stand reasonably well the test of the public auction which, in this business—as in wheat and paintings and railroad stocks—is the official market, and trust that their inherent worth will win substantial price-increase with the years, as very frequently happens. The other sort trust to finding a market momentarily ignorant of values; and, finding it readily enough in these swollen days, they exact prices and get prices which average five times what the very same books bring later on when, in the natural sequence of things, they meet their betters on the auction block.

Five times! Think of it!

For this statement I have the authority of the Anderson Auction Company, formerly Bangs & Company, who have sold during many years many of the most notable book collections of America.

I have spoken of a market momentarily ignorant of values. That is not exactly true. Perhaps even in a sense it is far from the fact; for no doubt the larger part by far of the buyers of limited subscription books—remember the special meaning in this paper—soon satisfy their yearnings for elaborate books and turn to jewels and automobiles and yachts, without even discovering how they paid through the nose; no doubt remarking when their books are sacrificed under the hammer: "You can't get anything for second-hand books, no matter what they cost—they're like furniture."

Many, however, whose book instinct is marrow-deep and who possess natural taste and the collector's frenzy, pass through these subscription-book stages as through preparatory grades, graduating finally in connoisseurship.

In many fine collections the sprinkling of good subscription sets evidences this earlier process; but your collector smiles secretly when you mention them, keeping wisely to himself the prices he paid for them in his callow days and shivering, maybe, when he thinks of some of the other stuff he gathered in lovingly at that time and got rid of since by stealth. Now he still buys an occasional sound and tasteful subscription set; but he awaits it at the auction block, where he pays value.

The greater number of the subscription-book buyers, the special target of the less scrupulous of this sort of publishers and agents, are people who have recently come into possession of a good deal more money than they used to have, and who simply act in obedience to the universal American instinct to rise to the highest level possible in all things—they desire immediately to dress better; to live better; to surround themselves with the best of every human thing; to cultivate their taste; to associate, according to each one's individual instinct, with the richest or the most cultivated people—which very often means to them, in these early stages of their education, much the same thing

Such persons become the easiest kind of easy marks. Dressmakers stick them for the costliest of clothes; decorators persuade them into buying the costliest of furnishings; automobile salesmen convince them that eight-thousand-dollar cars are necessary to people of position; art dealers load them down with frightfully expensive pictures and statues fit only for galleries.

Having as yet little education in matters of taste, having no standards, and knowing as yet no disinterested advisers, is it any wonder that when it comes to a library—and, of course, a really distinguished library seems "necessary"—they are not only ready but anxious to take the advice about the selection of books offered them by those extremely wise and sophisticated specialists whom they meet by a combination of circumstances which seems to them quite natural—quite a matter of chance?

In this wonderful period of American expansion the number of these just-rich people who want to do and get "the right thing," and to do and get it at once, is nothing short of astonishing. The wives are the marks, more often, for the clever book agents. The American woman's instinctive yearning for cultivation leads her unerringly to the library. Usually the husband, engrossed in the stable or the automobile question, agrees that "Of course we've got to have a good library!"—and gives her carte blanche.

And the rest follows.

When it is the man who does the picking his trained business instinct usually saves him from inordinately heavy or foolish investments and eventually, if he develops any book desires, sets him more or less on the right road. It is generally the woman who finds herself in for the thirty-thousand or the fifty-thousand or the hundred-thousand dollar set.

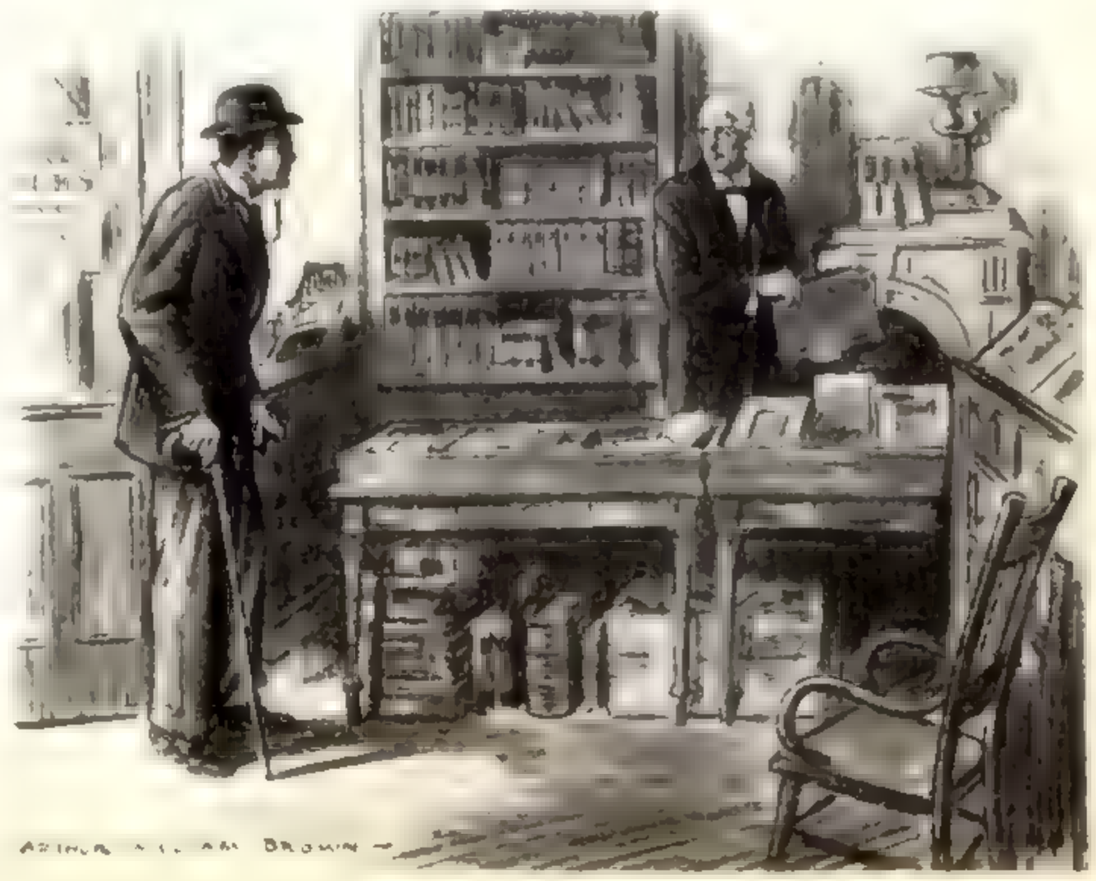
And how she does squirm afterward! However, her dislike of publicity—the kind that makes one laughed at for a good thing—forces her to meet the notes she has given for the later payments. You will notice that it is only men who are brave enough to expose their blunders.

It is these good people, then, who are the natural and special quarry of the unscrupulous of the limited subscription tribe. To find out who they are before rival salesmen discover them; to size them up and determine how much they are good for; to learn their friends and their ways, and devise means to meet them under the best conditions for winning confidence; to land them for the biggest possible sales each will stand for; and, while they are "filling them up," to keep possession to the exclusion of hungry rivals—these are some of the business problems of the unscrupulous members of the so-called subscription-book guild.

Rich college boys are also frequent and easy. There are agents who devote themselves chiefly to the college field.

Here is a recent, well-authenticated example of the great business possibilities of this sort of thing.

An agent, one of the many who prowl round independent of any regular house connection, let some of his friends know that he had big game in tow.



"Is it Sold Yet?"

"If I can get just the right book now I can land him good. He's in exactly the frame of mind to buy something awfully exclusive. Look round a bit; and if you can pick up just what I want I'll pay as much, maybe, as five or six hundred."

So it happened that several were "looking round a bit" for "something exclusive."

Now it so happened that a very widely known dealer in expensive books of all kinds and sorts had picked up, for four hundred dollars, an elaborate modern volume of the kind that often sells to uncritical collectors for a good price. It had any number of hand-painted marginal illustrations; it was extra-illustrated with old engravings and had a truly marvelous cover. Besides, it had been "specially printed" and was the "only copy ever made." The dealer thought he might sometime get six hundred for it from the right buyer; and the very next day he showed it to some agents who dropped in to see what was new. One of these thought it might be "just what Pete wanted for his find" and offered five hundred on a twenty-four-hour option. This looked like a quick turn for a hundred profit and the dealer gave him his option.

The man showed the book to Pete, who couldn't keep his eyes from glistening. That glisten was fatal, for Pete had to pay eight hundred for the book; but within the week he sold it to his "find" for eight thousand dollars, cash!

There is your whole story in two sticks.

Some bookshops are full of such stories and most of them are essentially true. Many, in fact, get into the newspapers through the courts, the details afterward coming into mouth-to-ear trade circulation. Recently, for example, a woman who had purchased an exceedingly expensive edition, strictly limited to twenty-odd sets, took pleasure in her set being Number Thirteen. One day another woman, who heard her speaking of it, exclaimed sharply:

"Why, I've got that exact and precise limited set—and I paid the same price you did. And my set is Number Thirteen too!"

Tableau! Comparison showed it to be a fact, and investigation showed other duplications. Being two of them, and the matter being public anyway, they appealed to the law. It appeared that this particular set was so good a seller the publishers had done it right over again.

Some years ago a very good set of novels was published in England in twenty-two volumes, and the remainders kicked round in the London shops for years at fifteen or twenty pounds a set. An American publisher—they ought to be called speculators, not publishers—bought five sets; brought them to New York; chopped each volume in two, making forty-four volumes; put in special title pages, Japan paper insets, extra illustrations, and the like, and bound them luxuriously in crushed Levant—and actually sold several sets at ten thousand dollars a set!

However, that was not an extraordinary price as subscription-book prices run nowadays. Sets of books at twenty thousand, thirty thousand and forty thousand dollars are by no means unknown.

It is perfectly true that the publisher of these limited subscription books "puts it up to the agent" when the kicks come, and it is also perfectly true that unscrupulous agents are responsible for most of the cases of downright extortion. The nature of the business organism and the uninstructed character of the great majority of the purchasers afford peculiar opportunities for unscrupulous operations. The fact that large commissions may be made in this business without the investment of capital on the part of the salesman attracts to it the clever unscrupulous.

According to the usual custom in this business, the publisher divides the country into territories, each of which is assigned to the exclusive control of what is known as a general agent. The New York publisher will act, for instance, as his own general agent within the territory easily covered from his own city; but he will assign New England to a Boston general agent, the Lake country to one in Chicago, the Ohio River region to one in Cincinnati, and so on. Each general agent covers his territory very thoroughly from the centers of wealth. Often general agents are also publishers.

This particular kind of publisher allows the general agent fifty or sixty per cent discount; but as his books cost him only from ten to twenty per cent of the catalogue prices he still has, it will be seen, a handsome margin of profit against which, since the discount to the general agent covers all marketing expenses, he has to charge off no great cost of doing business. It is only necessary for him to do a fairly large business.

The general agent, who also is often a publisher and always a shrewd speculator in all sorts of expensive books, covers the territory assigned him by dealing with individual and often wholly irresponsible agents who prowl as they will, selling as they choose to whom they may; working with one another or combining against each other according to varying circumstances. To them the general agent pays twenty-five per cent of his fifty or sixty per cent discount; but only on receipt of sales—he guarantees nothing. The agent must cruise and scheme successfully or starve.

As may easily be imagined, it is a precarious life. Now and then the agent strikes luck and clears big money. Oftener, perhaps, he is behind in his rent. There are agents who are said to average eight to ten thousand a year; but knowing book people say they must be exceedingly—shall we say—shrewd? One who makes half that income with any regularity is not only an industrious and able salesman but surely works his occasional "soft things" to the best advantage. (Continued on Page 65)

THE COUNTY TROT

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

SATURDAY was the last day of the county fair and the day of the County Trot. It was also Veterans' Day, when the old soldiers were the guests of honor of the management, and likewise Ladies' Day, which meant that all white females of whatever age were admitted free. So naturally, in view of all these things, the biggest day of fair week was Saturday.

The fair grounds lay in a hickory flat a mile out of town, and the tall scaly barks grew so close to the fence that they poked their limbs over its top and shed down nuts upon the track. The fence had been whitewashed once, back in the days of its youth when Hector was a pup; but Hec was an old dog now and the rains of years had washed the fence to a misty gray, so that in the dusk the long, warped panels stood up in rows, palely luminous—like the high-shouldered ghosts of a fence. And the rust had run down from the eaten-out nail-holes until each plank had two staring marks in its face—like rheumy, bleared eyes. The ancient grandstand was of wood, too, and had lain outdoors in all weathers until its rheumatic rafters groaned and creaked when the wind blew.

"Now, W'en the Money Is All on the Mare, They Goin' to Turn Round and Do It the Other Way"

Back of the grandstand stood Floral Hall and Agricultural Hall. Except for their names and their flagstaffs you might have taken them for two rather hastily built and long-neglected barns. Up the track to the north were the rows of stables that were empty, odorous little cubicles for fifty-one weeks of the year, but now—for this one week—alive with darky stable hands and horses; and all the good savors of woodfires, clean hay and turned-up turf were commingled there.

The fair had ideal weather for its windup. No frost had fallen yet, but in the air there were signs and portents of its coming. The long yellow leaves of the hickories had begun to curl up as if to hold the dying warmth of the sap to the last; and once in a while an ash flamed red like a signal fire to give warning for Indian summer, when all the woods would blaze in warpaints before huddling down for the winter under their tufted, ragged tawnies and browns—like buffalo robes on the shoulders of chilled warriors. The first flights of the wild ducks were going over, their V's pointed to the Gulf; and that huckstering little bird of the dead treetops, which the negroes call the sweet-potato bird—maybe it's a pewee, with an acquired Southern accent—was calling his mythical wares at the front door of every woodpecker's hole. The woods were perfumy with ripening wild grapes and pawpaws, and from the orchards came rich winy smells where the windfalls lay in heaps and cider mills gushed under the trees; and on the roof of the smokehouse the pared, sliced fruit was drying out yellow and leathery in the sun and looking—a little way off—like countless ears all turned to listen for the same thing.

Saturday, by sunup, the fair grounds were astir. Undershirted concessionaires and privilege people emerged from their canvas sleeping quarters to sniff at a tantalizing smell that floated across to them from certain narrow trenches dug in the ground. That smell, just by itself, was one square meal and an incentive to another; for these trenches were full of live, red hickory coals; and above them, on greenwood stakes that were stretched across, a shoat and a whole sheep, and a rosary of young squirrels impaled in a string, had been all night barbecuing. Uncle Isom Woolfolk was in charge here—mightily and solely in charge—Uncle Isom Woolfolk, no less, official purveyor to the whole county at fish fries or camp breakfasts, secretary of the Republican County Committee, high in his church and his lodges and the best barbecue cook in seven states. He bellowed frequent and contradictory orders to two negro women of his household who were arranging clean white clothes on board trestles; and constantly he went from shoat to sheep and from sheep to squirrels, basting them with a rag wrapped about a stick and dipped into a potent sauce of his own private making. Red pepper and sweet vinegar were two of its main constituents, though, and in turn he painted each carcass as daintily as an artist retouching the miniature of his lady fair, so that under his hand the crackling meatskins sizzled and

"Little Red Hoss, What Is Detainin' You?"

smoked, and a yellowish glaze like a veneer spread over their surfaces. His white chin-beard waggled with importance and the artistic temperament.

Before Uncle Isom had his barbecue off the fire the crowds were pouring in, coming from the town afoot, and in buggies and hacks, and from the country in farm wagons that held families, from grandsire to baby in arms, all riding in kitchen chairs, with bedquilt lap robes. At noon a thin trickle of martial music came down the pike; and pretty soon then the veterans, forty or fifty of them, marched in, two by two, some in their reunion gray and some in their best Sunday blacks. At the head of the limping line of old men was a fife-and-drum corps—two sons of veterans at the drums and Corporal Harrison Treese, sometime bugler of Terry's Cavalry, with his fife half buried in his whiskers, ripping the high notes out of The Girl I Left Behind Me. Near the tail of the procession was Sergeant Jimmy Bagby, of King's Hellhounds. Back in war times that organization had borne a more official and a less sanguinary title; but you would never have guessed this, overhearing Sergeant Jimmy Bagby's conversation.

The sergeant wore a little skirtless jacket, absurdly high-collared, faded to all colors and falling to pieces with age. Three tarnished buttons and a rag of rotted braid still clung to its front. Probably it had fitted the sergeant well in the days when he was a slim and limber young partisan ranger; but now the peaked little tail showed halfway up his back where his suspenders forked, and his white-shirted paunch jutted out in front like a big cotton pod bursting out of a gray-brown boll. The sergeant wore his jacket on all occasions of high military and civic state—that, and a gangrened leather cartridge-box bouncing up and down on his plump hip—and over his shoulder the musket he had carried to war and back home again, an ancient Springfield with a stock like a log butt and a hammer like a mule's ear, its barrel merely a streak of rust.

He walked side by side with his closest personal friend and bitterest political foe, Major Ashcroft, late of the Ninth Michigan Volunteers—walking so close to him that the button of the Loyal Legion in the major's left-hand lapel almost touched the bronze Southern Cross pinned high up on the right breast of the sergeant's flaring jacket.

From time to time the sergeant, addressing the comrades ahead of him, would poke the major in the side and call out:

"Boys, I've took the first prisoner—this here pizen Yank is my meat!"

And the imperturbable major would invariably retort:

"Yes, and along about dark the prisoner will have to be loading you into a hack and sending you home—the same as he always does."

Thereupon a cackling laugh would run up the double line from its foot to its head.

The local band, up in its coop on the warped gray roof of the grandstand, blared out Dixie, and the crowd cheered louder than ever as the uneven column of old soldiers swung stiffly down the walkway fronting the grandstand and halted at the word—and then, at another word, disbanded and melted away into individuals and groups. Soon the veterans, with their womenfolks, were scattered all over the grounds, elbowing a way through the narrow aisles of Floral Hall to see the oil paintings and the prize cakes and preserves, and the different patterns of home-made rag quilts—Hen-and-Chickens and Lone Star and Log Cabin—or crowding about the showpens where young calves lowed for parental attention and where a Berkshire boar, so long of body and so vast of bulk that he only needed to shed his legs to be a captive balloon, was shoving his snout through a crack in his pen and begging for goodies. And in Agricultural Hall were watermelons like green boulders, and stalks of corn fourteen feet long, and saffron blades of prize-winning tobacco, and families of chickens unhappily domiciled in wooden coops. The bray of sideshow barkers, and the squeak of toy balloons, and the barnyard sounds from the tied-up, penned-up farm creatures, went up to the treetops in a medley that drove the birds scurrying over the fence and into the quieter woods. And in every handy spot under a tree basket dinners were spread, and family groups ate cold fried chicken and lemon meringue pie, picnic fashion, upon the grass.

In the middle of this a cracked bugle sounded and there was a rush to the grandstand. Almost instantly its rattling gray boards clamored under the heels of a multitude. About the stall of the one lone bookmaker a small crowd, made up altogether of men, eddied and swirled. There were men in that group, strict church members, who would not touch a playing card or a fiddle plaything of the devil by the word of their strict orthodoxy; who wouldn't let their children dance any dance except a square dance or go to any parties except play parties, and some of them had never seen the inside of a theater or a circus tent. But they came each year to the county fair; and if they bet on the horses it was their own private affair, they felt.

So, at the blare of that leaky bugle, Floral Hall and the cattlepens were on the moment deserted and lonely. The Berkshire boar returned to his wallow, and a young Jersey bullock, with a warm red coat and a temper of the same shade, was left shaking his head and snorting angrily as he tried vainly to dislodge a blue ribbon that was knotted about one of his short, curving black horns. Had he been a second prizewinner instead of a first, that ribbon would have been a red ribbon and there is no telling what might have happened.

The first race was a half-mile dash for running horses. There were four horses entered for it and three of the four jockeys wore regular jockey outfits, with loose blouses and top boots and long-peaked caps; but the fourth jockey was an imp-black stable boy, wearing a cotton shirt and the ruins of an old pair of pants. The brimless wreck of a straw hat was clamped down tight on his wool like a cup. He bestraddled a sweaty little red gelding named Flitterfoot, and Flitterfoot was the only local entry, an added starter, and a forlorn hope in the betting.

While these four running horses were dancing a fretful schottische round at the half-mile post, and the starter, old man Thad Jacobson, was bellowing at the riders and slashing a blacksnake whip round the shins of their impatient mounts, a slim black figure wormed a way under the arms and past the short ribs of a few belated betters yet lingering about the bookmaker's block. This intruder handled himself so deftly and so nimbly as not to jostle by one hair's breadth the dignity of any white gentleman there present, yet steadily making progress all the while and in ample time getting down a certain sum of money on Flitterfoot to win at odds.

"Ain't that your nigger boy Jeff?" inquired Doctor Lake of old Judge Priest, the circuit judge, as the newcomer, still boring deftly, emerged from the group and, with a last muttered "Scuse me, boss please, suh—scuse me!" darted away toward the head of the stretch, where others of his race were draping themselves over the top rail of the fence in black festoons.

"Yes, I suppose 'tis—probably," said Judge Priest in his high singsong. "That black scoundrel of mine is liable to be everywhere—except when you want him, and then he's not anywhere. That must be Jeff, I reckon." And the old judge chuckled indulgently in appreciation of Jeff's manifold talents.

During the parade of the veterans that day Judge Priest, as commandant of the camp, had led the march just behind the fife and drums and just ahead of the color-bearer carrying the silken flag; and all the way out from town Jeff, his manservant, valet and guardian, had marched a pace to his right. Jeff's own private and personal convictions—convictions which no white man would ever know by word of mouth from Jeff anyhow—were not with the late cause which those elderly men in gray represented. Jeff's political feelings, if any such he had, would be sure to lean away from them; but it was a chance to march with music—and Jeff had marched, his head up and his feet cutting scallops and double-shuffles in the dust.

Judge Priest's Jeff was a small, jet-black person, swift in his gait and wise in his generation. He kept his wool cropped close and made the part in it with a razor. By some subtle art of his own he could fall heir to somebody else's old clothes and, wearing them, make them look newer and better than when they were new. Overcome by the specious wiles of Jeff some white gentleman of his acquaintance would bestow upon him a garment that seemed shabby to the point of open shame and a public scandal. Jeff would retire for a season with a pressing iron and a bottle of cleaning fluid, and presently that garment would come forth, having undergone a glorious resurrection. Seeing it, then, the former proprietor would repent his generosity and wonder what ever possessed him to part with apparel so splendid.

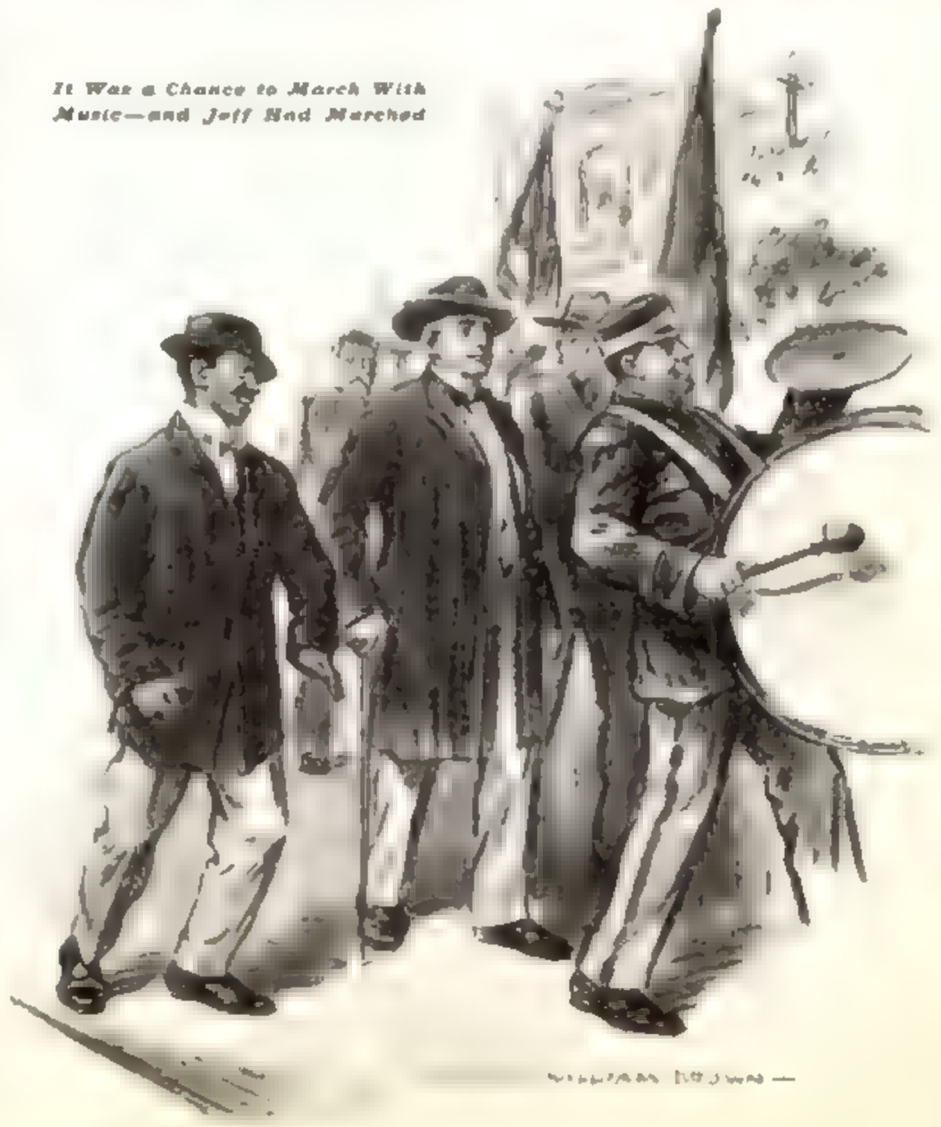
For this special and gala occasion Jim wore a blue-serge coat that had been given to him in consideration of certain acts of office-tending by Attorney Clay Saunders. Attorney Clay Saunders weighed two hundred and fifty pounds if he weighed an ounce, and Jeff would never see one hundred and twenty-five; but the blue serge was draped upon Jeff's frame with just the fashionable looseness. The sleeves, though a trifle long, hung most beautifully. Jeff's trousers were of a light and pearly gray, and had been the property originally of Mr. Otterbuck, cashier at the bank, who was built long and rangy; whereas Jeff was distinctly short and ducklike. Yet these same trousers, pressed now until you could have peeled peaches with their creases and turned up at the bottoms to a rakish and sporty length, looked as if they might have been specially coopered to Jeff's legs by a skilled tailor.

This was Judge Priest's Jeff, whose feet would fit anybody's shoes and whose head would fit anybody's hat. Having got his money safely down on Flitterfoot to win, Jeff was presently choking a post far up the homestretch. With a final crack of the starter's coiling blacksnake and a mounting scroll of dust, the runners were off on their half-mile dash. While the horses were still spattering through the dust on the far side of the course from him Jeff began encouraging his choice by speech.

"Come on, you little red hoss!" he said in a low, confidential tone. "I asks you lak a gen'leman to come on and win all that money fur me. Come on, you little red hoss—you ain't half runnin'! Little red hoss"—his voice sank to a note of passionate pleading—"whut is detainin' you?"

Perhaps even that many years back, when it had just been discovered, there was something to this new theory of thought transference. As if Jeff's tense whispers were reaching to him across two hundred yards of track and open field Flitterfoot opened up a gap between his lathered flanks and the rest of them. The others, in a confused group, scrambled and lunged out with their hoofs; but Flitterfoot turned into a long red elastic rubber band, stretching himself out to twice his honest length and then snapping back again to half. High up on his shoulder the ragged black stable boy hung, with his knees under his chin and his shoulders hunched as though squaring off to do a little flying himself. Twenty long yards ahead of the nearest contender, Flitterfoot scooted over the line a winner. Once across, he expeditiously bucked the crouching small incumbrance off his withers and, with the bridle dangling, bounced riderless back to his stable; while above the roar from the grandstand rose the triumphant remark of Jeff: "Ain't he a regular runnin' and ajumpin' fool!"

The really important business of the day to most, however, centered about the harness events, which was only



It Was a Chance to March With Music—and Jeff Had Marched

All Jackson Berry Knew Was That the Muzzle of an Awful Weapon Was Following Him

natural, this being an end of the state where they raised the standard breeds as distinguished from the section whence came the thoroughbreds. A running race might do for an appetizer, like a toddy before dinner; but the big interest would focus in the two-twenty pace and the free-for-all consolation, and finally would culminate in the County Trot—open only to horses bred and owned in the county and carrying with it a purse of two thousand dollars—big money for that country—and a dented and tarnished silver trophy that was nearly fifty years old, and valued accordingly.

After the half-mile dash and before the first heat of the two-twenty pace there was a balloon ascension and parachute drop. Judge Priest's Jeff was everywhere that things were happening. He did two men's part in holding the bulging bag down to earth until the spangled aeronaut yelled out for everybody to let go. When the man dropped, away over by the back fence, Jeff was first on the spot to brush him off and to inquire in a voice of respectful solicitude how he was feeling, now that he'd come down. Up in the grandstand, Mrs. Major Joe Sam Covington, who was stout and wore a cameo breastpin as big as a coffee saucer at her throat, expressed to nobody in particular a desire for a glass of cool water; and almost instantly, it seemed, Judge Priest's Jeff was at her side bowing low and ceremoniously with a brimming dipper in one hand and an itch for the coming tip in the other. When the veterans adjourned back behind Floral Hall for a watermelon cutting, Jeff, grinning and obsequious, arrived at exactly the properly timed moment to receive a whole butt-end of red-hearted, green-rinded lusciousness for his own. Taking the opportunity of a crowded minute about Uncle Isom Woolfolk's barbecued meat stand he bought extensively, and paid for what he bought with a lead half dollar that he had been saving for months against just such a golden chance—a half dollar so palpably leaden that Uncle Isom, discovering it half an hour later, was thrown into a state of intense rage, followed by a period of settled melancholy, coupled with general suspicion of all mankind. Most especially, though, Judge Priest's Jeff concerned himself with the running of the County Trot, being minded to turn his earlier winnings over and over again.

From the outset Jeff, like most of the fair crowd, had favored Van Wallace's black mare, Minnie May, against the only other entry for the race, Jackson Berry's big roan trotting stallion, Blandville Boy. The judgment of the multitude stood up, too, for the first two heats of the County Trot, alternating in between heats of the two-twenty pace and the free-for-all, were won handily by the smooth-gaited mare. Blandville Boy was feeling his oats and his grooming, and he broke badly each time, for all the hobble harness of leather that was buckled over and under him. Nearly everybody was now betting on Minnie May to take the third and the decisive heat.

Waiting for it, the crowd spread over the grounds, leaving wide patches of the grandstand empty. The sideshows and the medicine venders enjoyed heavy patronage, and once more the stalled ox and the fatted pig were surrounded by admiring groups. There was a thick jam about the crowning artistic gem of Floral Hall—a crazy quilt with eight thousand different pieces of silk in it, mainly of acutely jarring shades, so that the whole was a thing calculated to blind the eye and benumb the mind.

The city marshal forcibly calmed down certain exhilarated young bucks from the country—they would be sure to fire off their pistols and yell into every dooryard as they tore home that night, careening in their side-bar buggies; but now they were made to restrain themselves. Bananas and cocoanuts advanced steadily in price as the visible supply shrank. There is a type of Southern countryman who, coming to town for a circus day or a fair, first eats extensively of bananas—red bananas preferred; and then, when the raw edge of his hunger is abated, he buys a cocoanut and, after punching out one of its eyes and drinking the sweet milky whey, cracks the shell apart and gorges on the white meat. By now the grass was cumbered with many shattered cocoanut shells, like broken shards; and banana peels, both red and yellow, lay wilted and limp everywhere in the litter underfoot.

The steam Flyin' Jinny—it would be a carousel farther North—ground unendingly, loaded to its gunwales with family groups. Crap games started in remote spots and fights broke out. In a far shadow of the fence behind the stables one darky with brass knuckles felled another, then broke and ran. He scuttled over the fence like a fox squirrel, with a bullet from a constable's big blue-barreled revolver spatting into the paling six inches below him as he scaled the top and lit flying on the other side. Sergeant Jimmy Bagby, dragging his Springfield by the barrel, began a long story touching on what he once heard General Buckner say to General Breckinridge, went to sleep in the middle of it, enjoyed a refreshing nap of twenty minutes, woke up with a start and resumed the anecdote at the exact point where he left off—"An' 'en General Breckinridge he says to General Buckner, he says, 'General ——'"

But Judge Priest's Jeff disentangled himself from the center of things, and took a quiet walk up toward the stables to see what might be seen and to hear what might be heard, as befitting one who was speculating heavily and needed all available information to guide him. What he saw was Van Wallace, owner of the mare, and Jackson Berry, owner of the stud-horse, slipping furtively into an empty feedshed. As they vanished within Van Wallace looked about him cautiously, but Jeff had already dived to shelter alongside the shed and was squatting on a pile of stable scrapings, where a swarm of flies flickered above an empty pint flask and watermelon rinds were curling up and drying in the sun like old shoesoles. Jeff had seen something. Now he applied his ear to a crack between the planks of the feedshed and heard something.

For two minutes the supposed rivals confabbed busily in the shelter of a broken hayrack. Then, suddenly taking alarm without cause, they both poked their heads out at the door and looked about them searchingly—right and left. There wasn't time for Jeff to get away. He only had a second's or two seconds' warning; but all the conspirators saw as they issued forth from the scene of their intrigue was a small darky in clothes much too large for him lying alongside the shed in a sprawled huddle, with one loose sleeve over his face and one black forefinger shoved like a snake's head down the neck of a flat pocket-flask. Above this figure the flies were buzzing in a greedy cloud.

"Just some nigger full of gin that fell down there to sleep it off," said Van Wallace. And he would have gone on; but Berry, who was a tall, red-faced, horsy man—a blusterer on the surface and a born coward inside—booted the sleeper in the ribs with his toe.

"Here, boy!" he commanded. "Wake up here!" And he nudged him again hard.

The negro only flinched from the kicks, then rolled farther over on his side and mumbled through a snore.

"Couldn't hear it thunder," said Berry reassured. "Well, let's get away from here."

"You bet!" said Van Wallace fervently. "No use taking chances by bein' caught talkin' together. Anyhow, they'll be ringing the startin' bell in a minute or two."

"Don't forget, now!" counseled Berry as Wallace started off, making by a roundabout and devious way for his own stable, where Minnie May, hitched to her sulky and with her legs bandaged, was being walked back and forth by a stable boy.

"Don't you worry; I won't!" said Wallace; and Berry grinned joyously and vanished in the opposite direction, behind the handy feedshed.

On the instant that both of them disappeared Judge Priest's Jeff rose to his feet, magically changing from a drunken darky to an alert and flying black Mercury. His feet hardly hit the high places as he streaked it for the grandstand—looking for Judge Priest as hard as he could look.

Nearly there he ran into Captain Buck Owings. Captain Buck Owings was a quiet, grayish man, who from time to time in the course of a busy life as a steamboat pilot and master had had occasion to shoot at or into divers persons. Captain Buck Owings had a magnificent capacity for attending strictly to his own business and not allowing anybody else to attend to it. He was commonly classified as dangerous when irritated—and tolerably easy to irritate.

"Cap'n Buck! Cap'n Buck!" sputtered Jeff, so excited that he stuttered. "P-please, suh, is you seen my boss—Jedge Priest? I suttinly must see him right away. This here next heat is goin' to be throwed."

It was rarely that Captain Buck Owings raised his voice above a low, deliberate drawl. He raised it a trifle now.

"What's that, boy?" he demanded. "Who's going to throw this race?"

He caught up with Jeff and hurried along by him, Jeff explaining what he knew in half a dozen panted sentences. As Captain Buck Owings' mind took in the situation, Captain Buck Owings' gray eyes began to flicker a little.

Nowhere in sight was there any one who looked like the judge. Indeed, there were few persons at all to be seen on the scarred green turf across which they sped and those few were hurrying to join the crowds that packed thick upon the seats of the grandstand, and thicker along the infield fence and the homestretch. Somewhere beyond, the stable bell jangled. The little betting ring was empty almost and the lone bookmaker was turning his blackboard down.

His customary luck served Jeff in this crisis, however. From beneath a cuddy under the grandstand that bore a blue board lettered with the word "Refreshments" appeared the large, slow-moving form of the old judge. He was wiping his mouth with an enormous handkerchief as he headed deliberately for the infield fence. His venerable and benevolent pink face shone afar and Jeff literally flung himself at him.

"Oh, Jedge!" he yelled. "Oh, Jedge; please, suh, wait jes' a minute!"

In some respects Judge Priest might be said to resemble Kipling's East Indian elephant. He was large as to bulk and conservative as to his bodily movements; he never seemed to hurry, and yet when he set out to arrive at a given place in a given time he would be there in due season. He faced about and propelled himself toward the queerly matched pair approaching him with such haste.

As they met, Captain Buck Owings began to speak and his voice was back again at its level monotone, except that it had a little steaming sound in it, as though Captain Buck Owings were beginning to seethe and simmer gently somewhere down inside of himself.

"Judge Priest, suh," said Captain Buck, "it looks like there'd be some tall swindlin' done round here soon unless we can stop it. This boy of yours heard something. Jeff, tell the judge what you heard just now." And Jeff told, the words bubbling out of him in a stream:

"It's done all fixed up betwixt them w'ite gen'lemen. That there Mr. Jackson Berry he's been tormentin' the stallion ontwell he break and lose the first two heats. Now, w'en the money is all on the mare, they goin' to turn round and do it the other way. Over on the backstretch that

Mr. Van Wallace he's goin' to spite and tease Minnie May ontwell she go all to pieces, so the stallion'll be jest natchelly bound to win; an' 'en they'll split up the money amongst 'em!"

"Ah-hah!" said Judge Priest; "the infernal scoundrels!" Even in this emergency his manner of speaking was almost deliberate; but he glanced toward the bookmaker's block and made as if to go toward it.

"That there Yankee bookmaker gen'leman he's into it too," added Jeff. "I p'intedly heard 'em both mention his name."

"I might speak a few words in a kind of a warnin' way to those two," purred Captain Buck Owings. "I've got a right smart money adventured on this trottin' race myself." And he turned toward the track.

"Too late for that either, son," said the old judge, pointing. "Look yonder!"

A joyful rumble was beginning to thunder from the grandstand. The constables had cleared the track, and from up beyond came the glint of the flashing sulky-spokes as the two conspirators wheeled about to score down and be off.

"Then I think maybe I'll have to attend to 'em personally after the race," said Captain Buck Owings in a resigned tone.

"Son," counseled Judge Priest, "I'd hate mightily to see you brought up for trial before me for shootin' a rascal—especially after the mischief was done. I'd hate that mightily—I would so."

"But, Judge," protested Captain Buck Owings, "I may have to do it! It oughter be done. Nearly everybody here has bet on Minnie May. It's plain robbin' and stealin'!"

"That's so," assented the judge as Jeff danced a clog of excitement just behind him "that's so. It's bad enough for these two to be robbin' their own fellow-citizens; but it's mainly the shame on our county fair I'm thinkin' of." The old judge had been a director and a stockholder of the County Jockey Club for twenty years or more. Until now it's record had been clean. "Tryin' to declare the result off afterward wouldn't do much good. It would be ——"

"The word of three white men against a nigger—and nobody would believe the nigger," added Captain Buck Owings, finishing the sentence for him.

"And the scandal would remain jest the same," bemoaned the old judge. "Buck, my son, unless we could do something before the race it looks like it's hopeless. Ah!"

The roar from the grandstand above their heads deepened, then broke up into babblings and exclamations. The two trotters had swung past the mark, but Minnie May had slipped a length ahead at the tape and the judges had sent them back again. There would be a minute or two more of grace anyhow. The eyes of all three followed the nodding heads of the horses back up the stretch. Then Judge Priest, still watching, reached out for Jeff and dragged him round in front of him, dangling in his grip like a hooked black eel.

"Jeff, don't I see a gate up yonder in the track fence right at the first turn?" he asked.

"Yes, suh," said Jeff eagerly. "'Tain't locked neither. I come through it myse'f today. It opens on to a little road whut leads out past the stables to the big pike. I kin ——"

The old judge dropped his wriggling servitor and had Captain Buck Owings by the shoulder with one hand and was pointing with the other up the track, and was speaking, explaining something or other in a voice unusually brisk for him.

"See yonder, son!" he was saying. "The big oak on the inside—and the gate is jest across from it!"

Comprehension lit up the steamboat captain's face, but the light went out as he slapped his hand back to his hip pocket—and slapped it flat.

"I knew I'd forgot something!" he lamented despairingly. "Needin' one worse than I ever did in my whole life—and then I leave mine home in my other pants!"

He shot the judge a look. The judge shook his head.

"Son," he said, "the circuit judge of the second judicial district of Kintucky don't tote such things."

Captain Buck Owings raised a clenched fist to the blue sky above and swore impotently. For the third time the grandstand crowd was starting its roar. Judge Priest's head began to waggle with little sidewise motions.

Sergeant Jimmy Bagby, late of King's Hellhounds, rambled with weaving indirectness round the corner of the grandstand not twenty feet from them. His gangrened cartridge-box was trying to climb up over his left shoulder from behind, his eyes were heavy with a warm and comforting drowsiness, and his Springfield's iron butt-plate was scurfing up the dust a yard behind him as he hauled the musket along by the muzzle.

The judge saw him first; but, even as he spoke and pointed, Captain Buck Owings caught the meaning and jumped. There was a swirl of arms and legs as they struck, and Sergeant Jimmy Bagby, sorely shocked, staggered back against the wall with a loud grunt of surprise and indignation.

(Continued on Page 44)

THE SILVER SHOES

He Waited. In a Minute Sivin Horrsemin in Silver Coats-of-Mail, on Silver-Gray Horrses, Came Ridin' By

By Charles Battell Loomis

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

I HAD gone with Dan MacCormack for a day's fishing on Mangam Pond—to Mangam Pond because it hasn't been discovered by New Yorkers, and with Dan because he knew the likely fishing places. I'm not a born fisherman; and my son and heir, aged thirteen, is so little of one that he refused with scorn my invitation to come along—said he was going to learn how to run Howard MacFarland's new automobile; that he'd gone fishing with me before, and he didn't see any sport in sitting still in a boat and hearing me say at intervals, "I think I've got a strike!" which never proved to have any foundation in fact. A boy so lacking in the true Izaak Walton spirit was out of place in a fishing boat; so I was not sorry when he refused. I will also add that he learned to run the machine and escaped any kind of injury to it or to him.

What better place for a story than a boat during the time that the fish were lazing—for I must say that in the first half-hour I had caught a three-and-a-half-pound bass and that Dan had pulled in two a trifle—a mere trifle—heavier.

Dan didn't have to be coaxed, but asked me if I'd ever heard tell of the Silver Shoes that run in a family, generation after generation. Of course I had not; so I hauled in my line, lit a cigar (the while Dan was lighting his unescapable pipe) and proceeded to listen to a story, under September skies that sported clouds more fit for June.

Ye see, the Morans was poor, hardwor-rkin' min like their neighbors—starvin' when the peraty crop failed an' makin' a bit of a livin' when God was good to thim. There was not a bit of differ between ould Dan Moran an' Terence Slattery, that lived just beyant him, except that ould Dan had silver shoes—one pair—and his father Michael had had a pair before him—an' his father.

When little Cahal Moran was bor-rn peraties was scarce an' the babe skin-an'-bones at bir-rth. The bir-rth of him was the deat' of his mother, as lovely a ger-rul as ever set a man's eyes to widenin'.

Now the way the silver shoes was got was not be go'n' to Limerick or Dublin an' payin' a quar-rter-r's rint for thim; it was by waitin' for a night whin the little folk was out an' droppin' a handful of silver inside of their ring, an' then go'n' away. Come sunrise, an' there was the shoes!

Sure, Dan had scarce a shillin's wort' of silver, but that little would get milk for the babe; and he was sore put whether to get the shoes at all at all or get the boy food—but family pride was strong. "Sure, no wan of the Moran min has died widout absolution an' a pair of the shoes. What if little Cahal was to be taken away an' him wid no silver shoes to prove he was a silver-shod Moran!"

So that night—a night in spring—he wint to the meadow where the little folk danced under a big oak an' he dropped his two poor sixpences down on the ground wid a sigh, an' thin hid in the hedge till mar-rnin'. Thin he wint over to the tree an' there was a tiny pair of silver shoes just the size of Cahal's little foot.

Back to the house wint Dan Moran, an' th' ould women tould him Cahal was nair deat'. Dan said not a wor-rd in answer, but he put the shoes on the baby—an' Cahal smiled; an', reachin' down, he patted them, the way babies have patted shoes iver since they was invinted.

Nixt day the Gover'mint sint food to the poor far-rmers of that section—an' from then on Cahal thrived.

Now in coor-rse of time Cahal's father died, l'avin' the boy little but the shoes an' a stout hear-rt. Cahal was not wan o' the merry wans, singin' his way t'roo the wer-ruld. An' he wasn't a dullard mopin' along. He knew his rights an' he'd fight for thim; but he was good-natur-red enough an' kind-hair-rted—which all good-natur-red people ain't, as ye may have noticed, sir-r.

Havin' no mind to far-rm it, an' wid a taste to see what was on the air-rth besides the village he was bor-rn in an' the mar-rket town, Cahal—he was twinty yairs old—wan o' those fine days in late summer slung his silver shoes over his shouldher—to save thim for Sunday—an', puttin' on an 'ould pair of brogans out at the toes, he set out.

"I'll come back in time to pay the rint," says he to ould Mother Cassidy, his next-door neighbor; "but it's like enough I'll give the far-rm up too. There's more ways than far-rmin' for air-rnin' a livin', an' I'm go'n' to find out some of them. Goodby an' God bliss you!"

"The Mercies of Heaven upon ye, Cahal; an' may no har-rm come nair enough to ye to know ye!"

Cahal lived not far from Limerick, which lay to the nor-rth; an', as he wanted to see what a big town was like, he wint there fir-rst of all.

Sure, the noise dismayed him, but he'd not been there half a day when he came to like it. An' the whole rest of the wer-ruld seemed livin' there. An' such illigant houses—fit for kings or popes!

He wandered down on the pier an' kem on an ould woman sellin' fruit from a little stand on the sidewalk. The fruit looked good to the lad an' he was just go'n' to buy some when a gang of rough town boys kem runnin' round the corner, overtur-rnin' the stand an' gatherin' half the fruit.

"Oh, dair! Oh, dair!" says the poor woman, bendin' over to pick 'em up. "May the young divils choke on the cores an' pits!"

While Cahal helped her pick up what was left an' bought some plums she showered him wid blessin's. An' she did more than that: she raiched down an' lifted up her flannen petticoat an' cut a little square of it off.

"There," says she. "Don't be afther losin' that. It's good for polishin' fruit or lamps, or annything that's a bit dull. Lose your clothes if ye can't help it, but keep the cloth by ye."

Cahal felt like laughin', but she seemed a wise ould woman, wid eyes like lamps at the end of a couple of alleys; so he thanked her an' pinned the flannen on the inside of his waistcoat.

"But," says she, "if you lose your clothes——"

"I don't intind to lose me clothes," says he—"not while I've breath in me body."

"D'ye ever bathe?" says she.

"Not arften," says he. "Why?"

"It's thin some wan might run away wid your clothes, an' you none the wiser."

"I'm wiser now," says Cahal, smiling good-humoredly at her; an' he set off up the pier.

Whin night kem Cahal looked for an inn, but they arl seemed too grand for him; an' at last he wint outside the city a mile or two an' got some milk an' eggs in a cabin an' slept behind a hedge, wid no rint to pay.

In the mar-rnin' he thought he'd better be go'n' on his travels, but Limerick was too interestin' a place for him to l'ave; so back he wint afther he'd had breakfast in the same cabin for a few pence.

They was holdin' a fair that day, an' Cahal was glad he'd come back, there was so manny funny t'ings to be seen—quare little hor-rses wid long ears an' shaggy fur, an' wonderful strong min that bint bar-rs of iron, an' a leddy that jumped t'roo a flamin' hoop. An' opposite the tint that held the t'ree-headed pig was an ould woman wid a lot of canes an' staffs stuck in the air-rth, an' she callin' on ivery wan to try to t'row a ring over a staff an' he'd get a crockery mug, or a candle, or a lover's portion—to be drunk, ye know.

Cahal was surprised to see that it was the woman whose apples he'd picked up the day before. He gev her the top of the mornin' an' handed her a shillin', sayin' he'd like to try.

"Sure, it's on'y a penny a toss," says she.

"Well, if I get tired you can give me change," says he; but he intinded takin' a dozen t'rows just to help her along, for no one else was tossin'.

He was handy at mar-rkin' the distance to toss the ring, an' ivery time he covered a cane. T'ree candles, a couple of mugs, a brass ring, his fortune arl writ out on a paper, an' five adornmints for ger-ruls was what he got—an' he laughed at the collection. The candles might come in handy—an' him sleepin' on a dark night in a hedge; but the rist he wouldn't be boddered wid.

"Give me back the prizes," says she, "an' I'll give ye this illigant white walkin'-staff. Don't despise it an' never lose it."

"While bathin'?" says he wid a laugh.

"Not anny time at arl," says she, an' hands him the long white staff, a foot taller than he was.

It made go'n' aisy, an' so he wint an' wance more tried for the open country. That night he had a fish dinner wid a couple of gossoons who'd been fishin' an' was cookin' their supper in a field he passed. 'Twould have been better wid salt, but he was hungry. He made so merry wid thim, bein' oulder an' bigger, that they wouldn't let him pay a penny for the fish he made way wid.

Whin he left the boys he looked over his left shoulder an' there was a slit of a young moon shinin' down at him. He passed the night in a hayrick, an' whin it was mar-rnin' he tur-rned his face toward Limerick, again hopin' to get breakfast at a far-rmhouse; but, as luck would have it, he passed no house at all till he was within half a mile of the town; an' thin, it bein' so nair, he t'ought he'd go in an' git breakfast there. He was feelin' reckless, so he wint to an inn an' or-rdered breakfast. Sure, 'twas the finest he'd iver 'aten; but whin the bill came he nair fainted, for it called for the paymint of a shillin' an' sixpince—an' all he had was a cup of tay, an' a bit of porridge, an' a couple of eggs, an' a slice of ham, an' a glass of milk, an' half a loaf of bread an' some salmon.

"It's aisy seein' I'd run t'roo me fortune in a week if I kem to these illigant places," says he. "But I'm glad I tried it. 'Tis an advinture; but it'll be ch'aper remimberin' it than tryin' it agin."

That day he wandered to a par-rt of the town he'd not been in before. The wind was a bit chilly, blowin' in gusts like; an' the houses was the poorest he'd iver seen. Childher like skeletons played in the dir-rty gutters, an' ould women wid shawls over their heads an' pipes in their mouths passed gossip like a ball from wan to the other. Cahal noticed a stall covered wid nothin' at arl but sheets of paper, a bottle of ink an' a bottle of sand. Behind it sat an ould woman, her head complately covered wid a shawl. Cahal wondered where would be anny money in sellin' paper to the like of those that he saw round; an' just thin a gust of wind kem up sudden an' malicious an' scattered the sheets to the four ends of the street. Always glad to do a good tur-rn, Cahal picked up what he could an' handed thim to the ould woman; an' just thin her shawl slipped from her face an' he saw it was the same wan that had sold fruit and had given him the staff.

"Wan Momint. I Have a Letter to You That I Forgot Art About"

"An' what sor-rt of a spor-rt is this?" says Cahal whin she had thanked him an' put a stone from the pavemint on the rist of the paper.

"I'm a letter-writer," says she. "If a felly wants to write to his ger-rul, or a ger-rul to her young man, they come to me an' tell me what to say, though I know beforehand, for it's always the wan song. I've taken a likin' to ye because ye seem to be willin' to stop long enough to help the misfortunate. Here's a letter already written, but not to be used till you need it. 'Tis addrissed 'To the wan it's written to,' an' that's arl the addriss ye need. Whin ye need it ye'll know it. An' now, young man, stop wastin' your time here in the city an' strike out quick for the nor-rth. There's good fortune waitin' for ye there, but here there's nothin' for the likes o' you but a porter in an inn, or a teamster."

Cahal thanked the ould woman an' felt like askin' her why she didn't stick to one business, but somethin' held his tongue. So he bade her goodby an' set out for the nor-rth that afternoon. The clouds was gray, the rain not what ye'd call wet, but continuous, an' the breeze as sair-rchin' as a detictive.

It was fallin' night whin he overtook a young man l'adin' a hor-rse that was limpin'. The young man was of illigant appearance, but very haughty lookin'.

"What's wrong wid your hor-rse?" said Cahal, thinkin' to help him, for he'd not lived in the next cabin to a blacksmith's for nothin'.

"Did I say annything to you?" says the young man, wid a most offinsive look.

"Sure, some wan has to star-rt a conversation, an' you seemed to be in throuble."

"Aiquals don't have to wait to spake," says he; "but pisants can wait till they're spoken to."

"Why didn't ye tell me ye wasn't a pisant?" says Cahal wid great insolence, but as cool as October.

Wid that the young man pulled his swor-rd an' made as if he would run Cahal t'roo, but seemed to remimber that swor-rds was for aiquals an' put it back in its scabbar-rd.

But the suggestin' was enough for Cahal, an' he gives the young man a backhander wid his right that knocked out a tooth and laid him on the ground. Thin, before the young felly could rise, a bit of foolishness kem into Cahal's head; an', securin' his bit of flannen, he polished the nose of the young swell. Red as an apple it became, givin' him the look of a lover of the crather.

Thin Cahal passed on into the gatherin' gloom an', comin' to a for-rk in the road, he took the wan on the left because he fear-red fur-rther action on the par-rt of the b'y; an' knowin' that a swor-rd in the hands of an angry man might forget who was aiquals and who was not, it was no job for his two hands, even if he made fists of thim.

Now if he'd not met the young man he'd have tur-rned to the right, as showin' daylight longer; an' if he'd done that he'd have come out Belfast-way evintually, quite away from the lay of his fortunes, while the left led to the kingdom of a mighty king of those days—a felly wid flamin' rid hair an' rid whisker-rs an' no name at arl—havin' grabbed the kingdom from the rightful king, but bein' forbidden by his cour-rt to use anny name. King Noname he was called just for handiness in sp'akin', an' a beautiful darter he had—but that's ahead of me story.

Cahal walked well into the night an' walked blind, for the road was pitch-black. Wance a rook flapped its wings at him, an' he was that surprised—for rooks ain't like bats—that he tripped over a log an' fell full len'th in some slime; an', bein' a bit stunned, he decided, whin he come to, to sleep by a hedge. An' just as he was droppin' off he hair-rd the sound of a limpin' hor-rse an' knew that the impidint young felly had passed by. That settled him for sleep an' he slept till mar-rnin'.

Now all this time, ye remimber, he was carryin' the silver shoes hung over his shouldher. An' I forgot to tell ye that they was always of a size to fit the feet of him, though his father had got thim whin Cahal was a baby.

Whin he woke up in the mar-rnin' he felt a bit stiff an' bruised; walkin' would soon cure that. But whin he looked at his shoes he cried out, for they was as dull as a piece of moleskin.

Cahal wondered how this had come about; thin he remimbered the slime in which he had fallen, an' he made no doubt the shoes had left their silveriness there.

"Well," says he, "it's better this way for travelin', an' whin I have need of thim I can polish thim wid something or other. He had no breakfast that mar-rnin', for he never passed a cabin until nair noon. Thin he saw a pretty colleen sittin' outside her door, singin' to a flock of geese. At laist he could see no human bein' nigh, but the geese all stood listenin' to the ger-rul an' she singin' like a t'rush.

She was as pink and white as if she was made of candy and looked more like a doll than a ger-rul.

"That's as good as somethin' to ate," says Cahal to her, thinkin' he'd niver seen so pretty a ger-rul before.

"It's not manny mails ye'd get out of a song. Singin's better for the lungs than for the stomach." She looked up the road. "Here comes mother," she says joyfully. "Now I'll stop singin' an' do somethin' better."

Cahal waited to see what was go'n' to happen.

"It's nayther sup nor song I've had today," said he. "Sure, there's not manny inns below here."

"M'anin' in the woods?" says she. "There's no need of inns, wid rabbits an' fish to be had for the catchin'. Why didn't ye catch a rabbit?"

"Sure, I wouldn't know a rabbit from a wrin," says he. "I'm new at travelin'. Is this your mother in the car-rt?"

"Yis, an' she'll have enough an' to spare if it's dinner ye're thinkin' of," says the pretty ger-rul.

An' sure enough, whin the ould leddy drove up she had fruit an' fresh fish an' lettuce an' cakes. This looked very

odd to Cahal; but the ger-rul explained it be sayin' that it was her bir-rthday, an' her mother always brought a faist from mar-rket, even if they star-rved for the rist of the week.

"Come in, sir, an' be a man at our table," says th' ould leddy. "T[illegible] herself an' Kathleen is here. Welkim ye are to share the faist; an' perhaps ye can tell your advintures."

Cahal was never slow to ate whin there'd be a chance, an' to ate wid such a pretty ger-rul was the same as havin' two mails at wunce; so he wint into the house an' sat down to a fine mail.

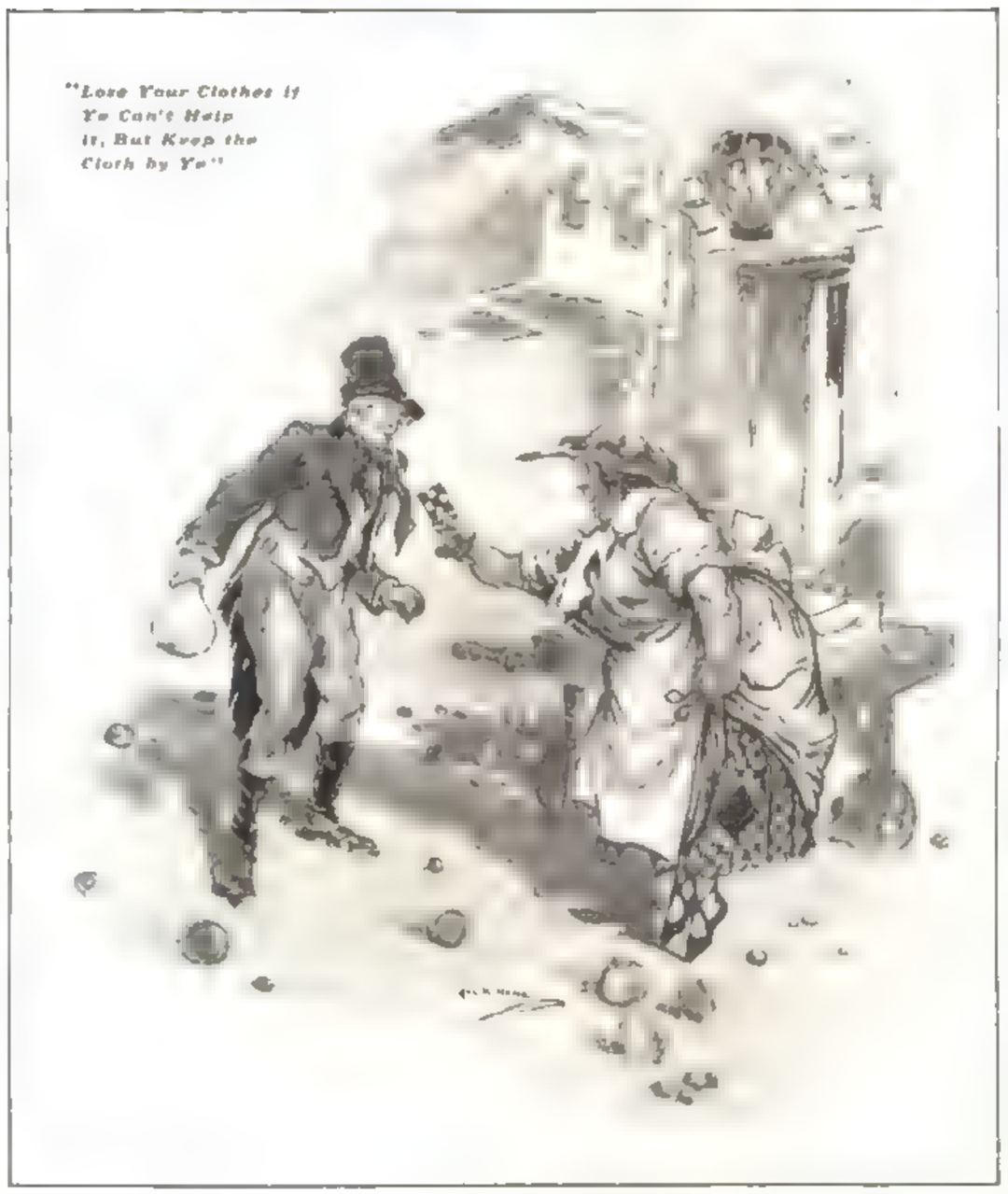
Whin he'd finished he felt as if he'd known the couple for yair-rs, an' he was sure he was in love wid Kathleen.

"Tell us what brings you here," says the ould woman. She had silver-white hair an' a face like a ger-rul's, on'y her eyes was set far back. "It's not manny comes from below Limerick up here."

"How did ye know I did?" says Cahal; an' she gev a laugh, but wouldn't tell him. So he began to tell the story of his advintures; an' whin he had got as far as l'avin' Limerick th' ould woman says: "Sure, you're an innocent. That ould woman ye met t'ree times was your good fairy. She wished you happy at birth. Whin you set out on your travels she was bound to look after ye. What's the gray shoes ye have?"

"Thim is silver," says Cahal. "but I fell in some slime last night an' now they're arl dulled up."

"More innocence," says the ould woman. "Sure, that was an evil fairy did that. If you're wan of the silver-shod Morans thin your shoes are your fortune, but if they're that color it's no king would believe thim silver; an' so the bad fairy lay in the slime an' blew on them whin ye fell. Sure, you have the bit of flannen. Rub the shoes wid th[illegible]"



"Lose Your Clothes if Ye Can't Help It, But Keep the Cloth by Ye"

Cahal pulled out the flannen pinned to his waistcoat an' gev wan of the shoes a rub, an' in a minute it was shinin' like a star in the airly avenin'. He did the same for the other, an' thin says he: "I'd better wear these under my shir-rt, as there's robbers do be walkin' the air-rth, an' there's little use in seekin' trouble."

All the afternoon he dawdled round, drawin' water an' diggin' peraties for th' ould woman—annything to be nair the beautiful Kathleen; but at dusk the mother said: "Ye'd better be havin' a bowl of milk an' some bread, an' thin go on your way. Kathleen is not for you an' you're not for Kathleen. It's farther nor-rth the tree grows that bears fruit for you. Go, Cahal Moran, an' may your shoes bring you luck! But remimber the bit of flannen."

"May I kiss Kathleen?" says Cahal, who was a simple lad.

"Ask her yoursilf."

"Will ye kiss me, Kathleen?" says Cahal.

"Sure, I'm glad to, for I'll niver see you ag[illegible]n."

Thin she gives him a good smack on the lips an' he goes on his way, sure that he's dead in love an' m'anin' to come back an' claim her whin he's made his fortune. Wance he stopped an' looked back, but he couldn't see her or the house. "I'd not thought I'd walked so fast," says he.

That night about an hour after the rise of the moon, which was young yit, Cahal was passin' t'roo a stretch of wood whin he hair-rd behind him the t'under of hor-rses' hoofs. Bein' a bit cautious he waited.

In a minute sivin hor-rsemin in silver coats-of-mail, on silver-gray hor-rses, came ridin' by, and behind the sivin min ran a pack of silver-gray hounds wid long hair, for all the wer-ruld like silver t'reads. Cahal noticed that, though the light of the moon was nair gone, there seemed to be plinty of light about the riders; an', lookin' again, he seen that aich man carried a birch staff, the end of which flashed silver light. Cahal had quick eyes an' it wasn't hidden from him that aich man had silver shoes. Somethin' inside of him seemed to be swellin', an' he was that proud of himself he felt like crowin'.

Whin they'd arl swept by he felt lonesome. Sure, they arl looked like princes; an' the way they rode an' the look of the dogs an' the ar-rch of the hor-rses' necks showed that it wasn't ordinary gintlemin they were, but very high up indade.

Of a sudden Cahal's eyes fell on his staff. Just like the staffs the others had, on'y for the silver light! "Remimber the bit of flannen!" He could hair the ould leddy wid whom he had dined sayin' it; an', not bein' slow of wit, he unpinned the flannen an' polished the end of his staff. Well, sir, in an instant it was as if a baby moon was asleep inside the wood of it, for moonlight shone all round it.

"Hur-r-o!" says Cahal. "Now dark or light is arl t[illegible] same, and [illegible]"

Carried be the south wind there came a sound that stopped the hair-rt of him, the bayin' of a hound in chase of somethin'. He could hear the noise of runnin' feet, but niver a sound of the pads of the hound. Then there was a stoppin' of the runnin', a horrible bar-rk, a snar-rl—an' not a sound else but the noise of a frog. Cahal remimbered havin' passed a bull-terrier and wondered had he killed the hound!

While Cahal was wonderin' he seen a hound just like those of the sivin that had passed by, an' he knew wan had stayed behind to show his contempt for a bull-terrier.

The hound stopped before he raiched Cahal an' drank a long draft from a spring. He licked his chops an' drank again, an' thin set out at topspeed to over-rtake the others.

Thin Cahal had a bright idee. He stepped in the middle of the road and leveled his moon-tipped staff at the hound.

The dog's tail wint between his legs at wance an' he cower-red to the ground an' kem slinkin' up to Cahal like he expected to be punished. But Cahal said, "Nice ould felly!" an' patted the head of him, an' the hound began caperin' about him wid joy.

"It's because I'm a silver-shod Moran," said Cahal to himself proudly. "Now I'll have a companion!"

They journeyed toward the nor-rth for an hour an' thin Cahal curled up on a mound of grass an' the dog snuggled close to him—an' the two was off to drameland in a momint.

At sunrise Cahal and the hound were off in sair-rch of breakfast. Cahal liked dogs, but he'd niver seen wan he liked so well as this. Whin the sun shone on the silver hair of him he'd startle the eyes of ye. He trotted close at Cahal's heels, an' if anny wan passed by ayther way he'd growl at him in a way to make him shiver. It was aisy to see that he felt himself Cahal's protector.

Breakfast for the two was got at a far-rmhouse an' Cahal happened to spake of the merry faist he had wid the ould woman the day before.

The far-rmer, who had often been to Limerick by that road, said there was no house at the place Cahal described.

(Continued on Page 58

He Dropped His Two Poor Sixpences Down on the Ground Wid a Sigh

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

IT WAS the first time I'd ever pawned anything. Even in college I'd steered clear of this ready expedient of the hard-up undergrad. After I left the pawnshop—it was in Park Row near the Brooklyn Bridge—I crossed City Hall Park and turned northward up Broadway. I wanted to think. Snow had again begun to fall, and turning up my coat collar I trudged along with the sharp flakes stinging my face. Five o'clock had struck; a peal of chimes in a distant tower banging out the staves of Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men.

It was Christmas Eve!

In that hour's walk I thought of many things. Especially I thought of Christmas the year before. Out in our Ohio home Jennie and I had had our little presents for each other, and the Christmas spirit had meant something. It meant good will—and it meant peace. Tonight I felt neither. The cashier's speech, apologetic though it had been, had stung me to the quick. In echo I could hear Prentiss' slurring tones when he gave the order: "We can't always be handing out money whenever a clerk's hard up."

Hard up? I was surely that. Virtually I was penniless, and for the first time now I reflected on all that had brought me to this extremity. It was vanity, nothing else. Vanity had made me throw up one place—it was a good place too—to take another place that was only vain. It was vanity that had made me live as I'd lived, and only in vain. I knew now exactly where I stood. For one year only, perhaps less, I should have the vanity of five thousand a year then at the end of the year—the end of the five thousand as well—I should have exactly nothing at all. At any rate I should have nothing but the remembrance of my vanity.

And what had I to show for it? Nothing! Nothing whatever! It had brought me neither friends nor possessions. I'd not even had so much as enjoyment, for the life itself I'd not even enjoyed.

I already owed eleven hundred dollars. In other words, as I realized, I had been living at the rate not of five thousand a year, but of more than eight thousand. It was a wide jump from eighteen hundred, a difference that showed how far I must have lost my head. I was dumfounded, sincerely ashamed besides. Every new fact seemed only to belittle me. Never in my life had I felt so weak and incapable. By the same token never had I felt so lonely.

For New York is a cruel place in which to find oneself penniless, and as I say I was truly that. All my possessions, if sold at a fair figure, would not pay more than two-thirds of what I owed. The furniture in our four-room flat was good, but by no means was it costly. Nor had I anything else that was convertible now that my watch was gone. A fact! I had not spent money on myself. Nor had Jennie anything, virtually for the same reason. The thought increased my loneliness. What should I do? I felt sick and miserable.

It was at this point in my thoughts that a burst of sound arrested me. Just ahead the lights of a barroom stared through the falling snow. A crowd of young men had just emerged from the place and with boisterous high spirits went laughing and singing up the streets. The saloon looked warm, clean and even inviting, and with a sudden impulse I entered and found a seat at a table near the corner. "Bring me a hot Scotch—and here, waiter, could I get something to eat?" I asked, shuddering with the cold.

At first the man didn't know. The house served a business luncheon that had long been cleared away. "If you ain't fancy though," the man advised, "I might rustle up something or other."

I was not particular. In fact the food was merely a subterfuge to kill time till I'd thought my thoughts to a finish. Uptown, I knew, Jennie would have dinner waiting for me at seven. At the moment, however, I wanted to be alone. Least of all did I care to face her before I'd decided what to do. Not even Jennie could help me now.

Olga and the Fish Effaced Themselves

So there in the corner of the brilliantly lighted but not over-choice barroom, surrounded by boisterous and often tipsy revelers, and with Broadway, all New York, all the world roaring past in front—there I sat on my Christmas Eve and fought out the fight with myself.

The strong hot liquor revived me. It fortified my weakened spirit. In time the waiter brought the food. Its *pièce de resistance* was a hot pickled herring swimming in a sea of milky brine. I gagged at the sight of it, and even to this day I cannot look a herring in the face without a sudden qualm of both heart and stomach. An hour passed, then another. Once every half-hour the waiter sidled toward me with a meaning look in his eye. Each time that I saw the look I bought another drink. However, I did not drink the drink. Instead, a cuspidor beside me got the benefit of all that Christmas wassail, so that by rights, ere I left the place, the cuspidor should have been spinning like a teetotum. Eight o'clock struck, then half after. At a quarter of nine I called for my check. The amount was one dollar and sixty cents. I gave the man a two-dollar bill; and as a last evidence of the life, or say the style of life, I had just decided to quit, I told him to keep the change.

"Thank'y, boss—and a Merry Christmas!" cried the man.

"Yes! This time next year!" I croaked back at him.

He was still staring after me as I shambled out of the door. I suppose he thought I, too, was tipsy.

There was but one thing I must do and but one way to do it. I must set out at once to pay my debts by curtailing my expenditures in every possible way. Not a novel reasoning, no doubt, yet I cannot tell you how much the resolution hurt.

Ordinarily, to curtail, to limit, would have been easy. Without privation Jennie and I could return to our former scale of living. By this means I could save out of my salary—while the salary lasted—close to two hundred dollars a month. This would mean that in six months' time all my bills would be paid and once more I'd be free. Sounds easy, doesn't it?

Very easy, yes. Unfortunately it was quite impossible. It was at any rate impossible unless I wished deliberately to bid adieu to all these "friends" of mine. In my chastened mood, though, personally I cared little. What prevailed was a thought of Jennie. Amy she liked—Amy with all her lightness, all her faults. There were also three or four women in Amy's set for whom Jennie had a real fondness. I reflected on this. I reflected also on something else. Rats desert a sinking ship. Amy had expressed it less vulgarly when she said: "Unless you keep up your standard of living you'll find your friends will drop you like a hot potato."

I didn't want Jennie to be dropped. I, in fact, sickened at the thought of it. Consequently we must still in public put forward our best foot, while privately we must skimp and save, squeezing at least something out of every dollar that came into our hands. It was the one, the only thing I could do.

That Jennie would consent to this I knew. The real struggle I'd have with her would be in keeping her from carrying it to an extreme. As events proved I was right. Ten o'clock had just struck when I reached home. As I opened the door I heard her footfall in the hall. It came hurriedly.

"What's wrong?" I cried the instant I saw her face.

Jennie looked up at me under the light and her face was pale—in fact it was almost pasty. The rims of her eyes were red besides.

"Nothing," she answered.

"You've been crying," I returned sharply.

"It's really nothing," she repeated, twisting her mouth into a smile. "I'm just tired—I haven't had my dinner yet."

"Waited? Gad!" I exclaimed. "There was no need of that!"

"We'll have to go out for our dinner, Jim," she returned. "I haven't any for you."

For an instant the shaming thought crashed into my mind that Lowenberg had refused to send it. Before I could speak, however, Jennie added: "Both the girls have left, Jim. They went together at six o'clock."

"Quit!"

"I discharged them. They were impertinent and I told them to go."

"Discharged them? . . . How did you pay them off?" I questioned bruskly. Again a sickening thought flashed into my head. Had Jennie, too, gone borrowing? Had she appealed to Amy—Amy of all people? I recalled with a new, more painful shame now the light, careless way that Amy's husband had recently refused me.

Jennie shook her head. "I didn't pay them," she answered listlessly. "It was because I couldn't that they left. They refused to do another stroke of work till—Oh, Jim! Jim!" wailed Jennie, and suddenly buried her face on my shoulder.

I heard finally what had happened. Not only had the two maids refused to work; they had expressed their opinion also. Between Jennie's half-strangled sobs of shame and misery I learned what this opinion was. It had something to do with "bilks." They said also they were "on to" me—to the "pair of yees." "Folks that made a show by skinning poor working girls out of their wages was no better than they'd oughter be."

I suppress the remainder. What else they said had in it an equal shade of truth, likewise no poetry.

"You'll have to get them their money in the morning," said Jennie. "They're coming for it at eleven. You'll have to get it somehow."

Silently I produced my roll of bills.

"You've got it!" she gasped.

As silently as before I handed her the required amount. It left me with exactly eight dollars in the world.

In the moment's revulsion of feeling Jennie drew a deep breath, then closed her eyes and weakly smiled. It had been on my lips to tell her where I'd found the money—to confess, in fact. Now I could not! At least I could save her from that.

Long into the night Jennie and I sat there debating our future course. Midnight struck in a burst of sound and

There I Sat on My Christmas Eve and Fought Out the Fight With Myself

passed unheeded. Half an hour afterward the telephone rang. Jennie and I started, then stared at one another. We knew well enough who rang, for none else would call us at that hour—Amy, of course. "Come on up, Jim. We're just in from the theater, and there's a whole crowd here."

I had difficulty in answering. The fact that in one hour the man Hodge could affront me by a palpable lie and in the next his wife should as freely as ever offer hospitality was for the moment amazing. Given time to reflect, though, one arrives easily at an understanding of it. Money was their sinew; it was money that brought them their good times, the meat and drink of life to them. It was meat and drink they'd freely share with you, but the money that bought it they would not share. Any one living wholly on credit is ever like that. Hodge would give you terrapin, could he get it on trust; but Hodge under no circumstances would have dipped into his pocket to give the money the terrapin would cost. Cash, real money, was too precious to him, as it is to all his kind.

I said no to Amy. Frankly I lied, for I told her we were already in bed. Then I went back to our garish drawing room, to its ostentatious, vulgar pretense of wealth and refinement.

It was a vulgar drawing room. Like all else that surrounded us it was vulgar to a degree. Our life, our friends, and all they had brought us, was showy and loud. Sham hedged us in and in the midst of the sham I, too, had become shoddy make-believe. "Jim," said Jennie, "is it true, really true, that you've had enough of it—that you want to give up?"

True indeed! I, in truth, had had my fill of it.

Jennie waited for a moment. "If we give it up we'll have to give up our friends as well."

What of it? I was as wearied of them as I was of the life they'd led us into. Not that I blamed them for it though. I was just enough even then to blame only myself.

Again Jennie looked thoughtful. "Perhaps it sounds queer, Jim—perhaps even unscrupulous—but just the same," she added, "I'd have little regret in giving up these people. What makes me hesitate is only my own feeling. It won't be that we drop them; it shames me to know that if we in the least alter our way of living they'll drop us. As Amy said," remarked Jennie, "Amy and all the rest would drop us like a hot potato."

Let them! I'd reached my decision and nothing should change it. We'd rent the apartment and find a humbler, cheaper place to live, something more fitting to our means and to ourselves.

Jennie waited till I'd finished. Then I had the surprise of my life. It was a real jolt.

"You can't give it up, Jim," she announced quietly. "You can't even move from here."

"Can't I?" I retorted.

Jennie slowly, deliberately shook her head. "No, you can't!"

Why couldn't I? I wondered if at this moment Jennie, she of all persons, should become a stumblingblock in the way of my restoring myself. Was it possible? Like Amy, had she become infatuated with pleasure-seeking?

"You owe eleven hundred dollars, Jim, and you have only eight dollars in the world," said Jennie. "The moment you show you're in trouble our creditors will come down on us in a horde! You can't even let them have a hint of it. We have no choice. We must keep on living as we've lived. To move would be ruinous!"

It was so. The fact that it was, too, literally knocked the props out from under me. I was up against the wall.

To quit these friends, them and their life, at first had seemed a wrench. However, the more I'd thought of it the more I'd seen it was the one thing I must do. It had begun to be even a relief to me, for I had long tired of its struggle; in fact, all the time I'd been telling my decision to Jennie I'd felt as if a weight had been lifted from my breast. Now with a jolt, a jar, the burden of it all again fell on me and crushed me with its weight. It was truly as Jennie had said. I couldn't quit! I was in the position of the man that has hold of the bull's tail and dares not let go.

Enough! Jennie and I at last formed a plan, a scheme that stuck. We must still keep up a show, but this show we must reduce to a minimum within the bounds of safety. We would neither quit our friends—acquaintances rather—nor would we let them quit us. Our apartment we would keep. Once or twice a week, not more, we would open its doors to those that knew us; the remainder of the time we'd hide ourselves, secretly skimping and saving, squeezing out of our income every dollar we could lay our hands upon.

One other detail was vital. Somehow I must get money, ready money, to pay off the most pressing of my creditors. Jennie smiled reminiscently. "Amy says," she said, and smiled again, "that if you pay your butcher a little now and then it keeps him quiet."

"Amy and All the Rest Would Drop Us Like a Hot Potato"

True, no doubt—as true of Amy's life as all else Amy said about it. Yet how was I to get even this little. Eight dollars was but small change—carfare—compared to the eleven hundred that I owed. The butcher alone was owed close to a hundred and fifty. I must borrow. On the furniture I could raise something, perhaps enough to tide us over.

A fine situation! On my once dignified income of five thousand dollars a year I was about to pawn my furniture!

The clock struck as Jennie and I arose. "Why, it's Christmas!" cried Jennie; "I'd forgotten." With a little show of gayety—more forced than real, I'm afraid—she ran to her writing table. Opening the drawer she brought out a package tied with Christmas ribbons.

I felt I needed air, for the drawing room felt warm and close. Jennie had a gift for me—and had I one for her? As I threw open the window and stared out over the snowy rooftops I heard a sudden sound. It came from a kitchen window in the airshaft above. The door of an icebox banged noisily; there was a clink of bottles and glassware, the abrupt, gunlike pop of a cork, and then I heard a woman raise her laughing voice:

"Here's luck and a merry Christmas!"

Amy again! Her life still ran its course, but ours——

. . . . . .

Have you ever kept up appearances? God knows I'd been doing it for long! I'd been doing it, indeed, from the first moment when as a clerk I felt ashamed that I was a clerk. To escape the shame I'd become only the more shameful.

There are two ways, however, of keeping up appearances. There is the one way by which one seeks vaingloriously to boost himself before the world. One smiles at such pretense. Its silliness is grotesque. Then—and I am one that knows this vitally—there is that other kind of keeping up appearances by which men—women too—strive tragically to save themselves from ruin.

In this one finds nothing at which to smile.

On this Christmas Day Jennie and I began this life, this way of keeping up appearances. The other I'd already tried, with what results you know. Of this new phase all was new to me. It was not new, however, to my wife. For at least three months she had foreseen the impending crash. All this time alone, unaided, unable to make me realize, she sought in every way to stave it off as long as possible. I learned now where her dress allowance had gone. I learned what had become of even her engagement ring that had not been on her finger now for more than a month. Also I learned that while I had been lunching fully, if not elegantly, in Fulton Street, Jennie at midday had been staying herself on tea and bread and butter. I've spoken of the squabs we gave our guests at dinner. Far downtown Jennie had found a place where a pair of squabs sold for a quarter less than the price asked uptown. This place, however, would not deliver its squabs, so Jennie, each time we were to have squabs, had walked there and back, carrying them herself. She also carried back the corned beef, the liver and other delicacies with which we regaled ourselves on such nights as we had no guests, no squabs. As it of course would never do for her to bear in these bundles before the elegant carriageman at the glass portico, the equally elegant hallman at the door, likewise the smug, superior elevator youths, Jennie brought them home how? Why, in her muff. "And yet!" said Jennie, her eyes twinkling, "if this year's style hadn't ordered extra large muffs I never in the world could have done it. Sometimes it made me glad you bought me those furs."

In place of our former two servants, Jennie, the day after Christmas, engaged a maid of all work. I tried to offer advice on the subject. "Amy says——" I began, but Jennie cut me short. "Never mind what Amy says," advised Jennie; "I've found exactly the girl that *I* want."

The day following our new handmaid appeared. She was a Finn, a greenhorn in every sense of the word, and no more

(Continued on Page 60)

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Making the Constitution

THE Fathers, it should ever be remembered, merely framed our Constitution. The structure, as it stands, is largely the work of other hands. In the preface to Origin and Growth of the American Constitution, Hannis Taylor—a great admirer of the Federal judiciary, by-the-way—observes:

"When the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments are considered, as they should be, as a single transaction, the fact remains that the Constitution of the United States has been amended in a formal way only once since 1804. Yet, during all that time, it has been passing rapidly, despite its rigid and dogmatic form, through a marvelous process of unparalleled development, chiefly through the subtle agency of judge-made law, ever flowing from that generous fountain, the Supreme Court." The court, Mr. Taylor points out, has handed down nearly fourteen hundred interpretations or constructions of the Constitution.

Making or changing a constitution is commonly regarded as the most important of political acts. The Fathers were so impressed with its momentous character that they guarded the organic law against formal amendment, except through a long and difficult process. When the Supreme Court annuls legislative acts by dubious five-to-four decisions it wields this farreaching power of constitution-making with too light and inconsiderate a hand. In spite of the amazed indignation with which Senators Root and Heyburn and certain other gentlemen have greeted such a suggestion, we think the time is approaching when cancelation of legislative acts except by unanimous judgment of the court will not be tolerated.

The Fall in Cotton

THE Census Bureau's November report showed that much more cotton had been ginned this year than last and that the price of cotton, as compared with a year before, had fallen about five cents a pound. The great decline in the price of cotton bears heavily, of course, upon Southern growers.

A report from Fall River of nearly the same date, however, showed that Northern mills had taken fifteen per cent less cotton than in the corresponding period of 1910, though the price was fully one-third lower. "Even now," says the report, "with prices for cotton goods scaled down to the lowest level that buyers could reasonably expect on the basis of the lowest price yet reached by the raw material, the demand for goods is only sufficient to take up about half the present volume of production." In view of which, the report adds, the mills are buying the raw material only from hand to mouth.

Probably the people of the United States will buy as many pounds of cotton goods this crop-year as last. Very likely for cotton goods in many forms the ultimate consumer will pay about the same price as last year; but it was known this year's cotton crop would be large and it was expected the price would fall. A great number of growers—pressed in many cases by maturing obligations—threw their cotton on the market and the price did fall. A long line of persons standing between grower and user noted that cotton was falling and held off, merely buying from hand to mouth, to see whether it wouldn't fall still further. Naturally, with growers selling and buyers holding off, it did fall still further. Probably the cotton-goods trade would be in better condition if everybody along the line had known last September that in no event would the price of cotton fall below a certain figure.

Do Directors Direct?

GEORGE J. GOULD and H. L. Satterlee, son-in-law of J. P. Morgan, were directors of a trust company which lost much money by making reckless loans to that peculiarly rotten scheme the Shipbuilding Trust. A stockholder sued Gould and Satterlee, alleging that if they had properly discharged their duties as directors the loans would not have been made.

In the lower court the case went against the directors; but the appellate division of the Supreme Court recently granted a new trial.

That court of last resort, speaking of such eminent financiers as Messrs. Gould and Satterlee, says: "They have large business enterprises in which their first interest lies and to which their first duty belongs. Most of them are directors of more than one corporation and some of them of many. If they are compelled to supervise the detail management of each corporation it would be wholly impossible for them to accept such a trust. Plaintiff's contention is that they must not then accept the position of director. The obvious answer is that the corporation cannot afford to lose them. . . . Their advice and assistance are of inestimable value in all emergencies. . . . Any construction of law that would make it impossible for such men to accept positions upon various boards of directors would be little less than calamitous."

With this view, on the whole, we incline to agree. The eminent directors may, indeed, let the corporation go quite to pot, as they did in this case; yet they are necessary to the corporation—because they link it up to "the system." The links in the chain are personal. It is through Mr. Morgan, Mr. Schiff, Mr. Rockefeller, and so on, that large enterprises draw ever closer together. The court holds that not too much must be expected of these men in respect of any one particular enterprise—and thereby, in our opinion, does more to facilitate the irrepressible consolidation of business than twenty decisions under the Sherman Act can do to hinder.

Suppressing Competition by Law

IN A RECENT decision the supreme court of Kansas said: "The power to suppress monopoly and restore competition has never been doubted. . . . If the results of unrestricted competition become as pernicious as those of monopoly the same suppressing power may be exercised to the same end—the public welfare."

The state board had refused to charter a fifth bank in Abilene, holding that the four already chartered were sufficient for all legitimate banking needs of the community. This refusal was upheld by the state supreme court. For some time the Federal Government, under Mr. Murray's wise administration of the comptroller's office, has refused to charter mere "competing" banks—such as could not reasonably expect to get business except by taking it away from existing institutions, whether state or national. The other day Mr. Hotchkiss, superintendent of insurance in New York, pointed out the "serious" condition to which "reckless competition" had brought the business of insuring against damages arising from industrial accidents. This business is comparatively a new one. Early ventures in it, we believe, were very profitable. Attracted by the profits, other companies sprang up; and of late "they have been involved in such a rush for business that too little attention has been paid to the basic facts of expense and ultimate solvency." A number of states are passing laws designed to cure the evils of this unrestricted competition.

So much is heard nowadays about governmental efforts to restore unbridled competition in some fields that the efforts made by the same governments, state and Federal, to prevent unbridled competition in other fields may be overlooked.

New York and the Country

ABOUT a fifth of the population of the United States lives on Manhattan Island or within five hours' ride of it. Among the twenty million people who could reach Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street between luncheon and dinner time those having some spare change to disburse mostly do reach that spot with greater or less frequency, while from all the remainder of the United States there is a continual drift of spare change toward the same locality.

No doubt the obligation which thus rests upon New York to provide a never-ending show for no inconsiderable portion of the inhabitants of the country complicates what might otherwise be merely local problems. In more than one election she has rejected an opportunity to become very good through a sophisticated fear of thereby becoming very dull; and her prodigious budget includes expenditures to maintain a national position. The new public library, for example, represents—in land, building and contents—a staggering investment; but in extent, beauty and convenience it rather excels the national public library at Washington.

In passing judgment upon the metropolis, as every good citizen no doubt is periodically bound to do, it should be acknowledged that at least she does not err on the side of being dull or stingy.

The American Silk Trade

FIVE years ago the United States took the lead of France in silk manufacture and now surpasses every country in the world, with the possible exception of China, for which no trustworthy statistics are available. In 1870 our output of silk goods was twelve million dollars; in 1880, forty-one million; in 1890, eighty-seven million; in 1900—panic and protracted hard times having intervened—one hundred and seven million; in 1905, one hundred and thirty-three million; in 1910, one hundred and ninety-six million. In ten years the manufacture of silk has increased eighty-seven per cent—or about four times as fast as the population. One hundred and eighty-six million yards of silk dress-goods, thirty-three million dollars' worth of ribbons and ten million dollars' worth of laces are some of the items—also, probably one million silk hats for the collegiate youth of the land.

Fall River complains that the trade in cotton goods is dull; iron has been almost a drug on the market; at times people seem to be going without shoes; and all of our many charitable organizations report a chronic scarcity of bread but to the voracious demand for silk, diamonds, automobiles, porterhouse steaks and seven-room apartments in the very best localities there is no end.

Another Occupation Gone

ONE of the puzzles of modern journalism is: Why do war correspondents go to war? Formerly, of course, they went to send news. When anything important happened the correspondent rode two or three days on horseback and intrusted his dispatch to the rear brakeman of a way freight. Within a week the dispatch reached tidewater and the next sailing ship took it to London. Thus newspaper readers were able to follow the developments of a war and knew all about one battle before the next was fought.

Now, however, with a telegraph instrument at his right hand, a long-distance telephone at his left, a wireless station next door and airships circling overhead, the correspondent can no more get a line to New York or London, until the censor has extracted from it all reference to current events, than as though he were marooned in Sahara. If he wants to send out anything live he must resign his correspondenceship. Otherwise the best he can do is to wait until the war is over and then write his reminiscences of it for a monthly magazine, which will publish them next year.

On the other hand, an unexpected and half-organized rebellion, like that in China, is a fruitful source of news—written by commercial reporters who happen to be on the spot. A regular war is the last place in the world for a war correspondent to go to. Anywhere else he may possibly get some military news—but never there.

Unscrambled and Unharmed

THE Tobacco Trust owns over eighty per cent of the tobacco trade in the United States, except cigars. The Trust is owned by a body of security-holders numbering several thousand. Under the reorganization plan, the property and trade of the Trust will be divided up among a number of corporations which will be owned by the same body of security-holders that now owns the Trust. In approving this plan, Judge Lacombe said the court had no authority to take the property of a trust and order it sold under such conditions that the old owners themselves could not bid it in; for to do that would amount to confiscation.

According to this decision, there is no power under the Sherman Act to change the ownership of a trust. The court may split the Trust into several pieces, but it must hand back the pieces to the old owners.

Naturally this decision was followed by buoyancy on the Stock Exchange and good cheer in Wall Street. The Tobacco reorganization plan obviously contemplates that the total earning power of the Trust property, after it has been split up in compliance with the Supreme Court decree, shall be substantially what it was before. This means there will be no competition among the several parts—for if they fought one another their total profits would certainly decrease; and this again means that the actual problem of a monopolistic Tobacco Trust stands unchanged and practically untouched.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Obadiah to Obadiah

WHAT was that song that had for its motif the remark of the young Obadiah to the old Obadiah—or the other way round? How did it go? "Said the young Obadiah to the old Obadiah ——" No; that doesn't sound right. "Said the old Obadiah to the young Obadiah ——" Pshaw! How annoying it is to forget these lilts of our younger days!

Well, anyhow, there was in it some sort of an invitation to take something—and that something wasn't ginger pop either. How appropriate it will be, when Obadiah Gardner, of Maine, takes his seat when Congress meets, to have a quartet, consisting of Jim Sherman, Charley Bennett, Frank Brandegee, and Boies Penrose for basso profundo, sing it as Obadiah Briggs, playing old Obadiah, and Obadiah Gardner, playing young Obadiah, shake hands and old Obadiah murmurs a few words into the ear of young Obadiah.

Really, it seems almost too much to have one Senate with two Obadiahs in it. Of course Obadiah Briggs' name isn't really Obadiah Briggs and nothing more. Some parent or other tacked a Frank in front of that beauteous Obadiah, and the Senator usually signs himself Frank O. Briggs. Still, he's Obadiah, once removed; and, inasmuch as the Democrats have acquired an Obadiah, Senator Briggs will drop that Frank part of it and give the Republicans an Obadiah, too, if he's the good sport I think he is.

When you come right down to it the Senate of the United States needs a couple of Obadiahs. It is rather overburdened with Augustus Octaviuses, and Henry Algernons, and Henry Cabots, and Atlees and Isadors and Claudes, and William Aldens—and such. States that have been sending in new Senators and states that have been resending old ones have rather neglected to pick out statesmen with good old-fashioned Bible names; and the influx of this Obadiah from Maine and the dehorning of part of Obadiah Briggs' name rather clear the atmosphere.

A Persevering Democrat's Reward

MOREOVER, the original Obadiah was no slouch. Although he was not what might be called a voluminous prophet, he certainly did know how to put his few thoughts into forceful language. So far as is observed, he took but one crack at having a vision and telling what that vision meant; but it is reasonably certain that when he finished with that few hundred words of interpretation the citizens of Edom knew he had their number, and they sat up and took notice. He announced that the pride of Edom was due to be humbled, and the circumstance happened on schedule time.

And again we find an Obadiah who had a good job over the household of the extremely wicked King Ahab. This may have been the same Obadiah who handed out the straight stuff to the Edomites, but if it was he took great pains to conceal that fact; nor did he let it be known he was a prophet. It seems that Queen Jezebel was not much impressed with prophets as a class, and made things right lively for them round King Ahab's domain; in fact, the good queen instituted an open season for prophets and her retainers bagged a large number.

Obadiah, who was a sort of overseer or majordomo for Ahab and his prophet-hunting queen, Jezebel, was a prudent and thrifty person. He had a good position, but he couldn't bear to see his fellow prophets eliminated entirely; so he hid a large number of them in a cave, and fed them on bread and water, meantime holding his place on the payroll and garnering the perquisites thereof. Clearly Obadiah was in this position: If he let on to Queen Jezebel that he was a prophet he would lose not only his job, but his head. So he preserved both and remained true to his principles by protecting those other perfectly good but somewhat harassed prophets and furnishing them with bread and water, which undoubtedly came from the kitchen of the queen, thereby putting the joke on her.

There are other Obadiahs, some mentioned in Chronicles and some in Ezra, all of them apparently chief men and persons of importance. Thus, we see, Obadiah is a fine old symbolical name; and, so far as can be learned, it is hitched in the present instance to a fine old symbolical gentleman, who has been two things that show him to have both the prudence and the persistence of the Obadiah of Queen Jezebel's time—to wit, a Democrat and a successful farmer in Maine. Until recently, any man who has been a Democrat in Maine and perchance an office seeker, as has our Obadiah—has been the greatest living exponent of the triumph of hope over experience. Likewise, making money out of some of those Maine farms has not been without its evidences of genius. However, Obadiah continued along calmly as a Democrat, and when the landslide slid he was in a position to acquire the appointment to the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Frye, and he acquired it at the hands of Governor Plaisted, another Democrat who hung on and reaped his reward for long years of fealty to the principles of the Democracy.

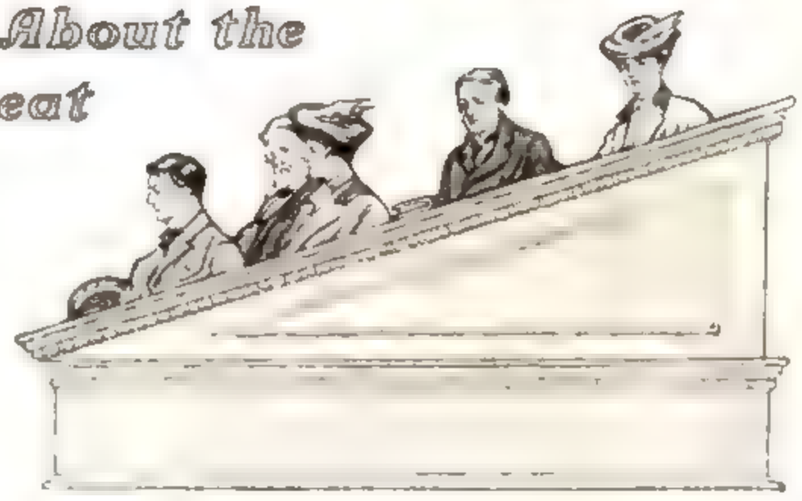
Obadiah Gardner is a sure-enough farmer. He tills the soil on a farm near Rockland, and tills it to such advantage that he is in what we Maine folks call comfortable circumstances—that is, he is not rich, viewed by the standards of those people who consider anything less than a million small change, but he is well fixed for Maine—and he made it out of his farm.

There are plenty of farmers in the Congress—plenty of them. Next to lawyers, more statesmen call themselves farmers than anything else. These farmers are largely political farmers, though some of them really do own a few rods of land. There is John Sharp Williams, for example, who cultivates a mint patch at Benton, Rural Free Delivery Route Number One, Mississippi; and Farmer Jim Martine, of New Jersey, who raises villas on his farm near Plainfield and sells them to commuters. Then Senator Bailey has a stockfarm in Kentucky—or did have; and Senator Warren, of Wyoming, farms a few sheep out in Wyoming; and Senator Nixon farms out a mine in Nevada—and so on.

Senator Obadiah, he farms a farm. He knows the difference between a Hereford and a Holstein, and can tell in an instant the points of dissimilarity in Chester Whites and Poland-Chinas. The cost per hen per egg is easy for him; he has done the chores and mowed the hay and put it in and has a comprehensive knowledge of fertilizers, weather and how to start a balky horse. If he were not a real farmer he would not have been master of the state grange for ten years. He is right from the soil; though, as has been pointed out, he has been in politics more or less, always steadfast to the Democracy, and confident that sometime the clouds would roll by and there would be a chance to utilize that unswerving faith in the principles of Jefferson as a choice chunk of collateral for a place on either the state or the national payroll.

It is well known that politics is as uncertain as any other pursuit of man, save buying cantaloups, and Maine proved it a year ago. Instead of being the rockribbed Republican state to which the orators refer so feelingly along about the time of the early elections, Maine turned a flipflap and appears in the almanacs with about all her officials marked "Dem." So they sent a Democrat to succeed Senator Hale, who retired to his home to meditate on the ungratefulness of those for whom he had done so much, and when Senator Frye died Obadiah stepped in. Thus Maine will have two Democratic Senators this winter instead of two Republicans, and the junior will be Obadiah Gardner, farmer and persevering Democrat.

Congress will begin again on December fourth. Then Obadiah Briggs will greet Obadiah Gardner. Confound it! How does that song go? "Said young Obadiah to old Obadiah ——" No; that can't be it. "Said old Obadiah to young Obadiah " It's no use—the words of that ballad are erased from the tablets of my brain, as the saying is; but—and of this I am certain—old Obadiah will say something to young Obadiah.



A Long-Distance Orator

ALLEN THURMAN, of Columbus, Ohio, and John J. Lentz, the former Representative, went to a village about ten miles from Columbus one night to address a Democratic meeting. They drove over together in a buggy.

Lentz was to talk first. The agreement was that each was to make a thirty-minute speech and then they would come back to town together. Lentz is a long-distance orator. He forgot about the thirty-minute agreement and talked for an hour without signs of stopping. Thurman got sorer and sorer as Lentz went along; and at the end of an hour and fifteen minutes he got up, left the hall, took the buggy and drove back to Columbus.

In Columbus, ten miles away, he repented a little, thought he had been hasty and drove back to the village. As he stopped in front of the hall he asked a man:

"Have you seen anything of John Lentz? I want to get him and drive him back to Columbus with me."

"Well," said the man, "if you go up in the hall you'll find him. He's talking yet!"

No Storage Room

FORMER Congressman John K. Hendrick, of Kentucky, is notoriously soft-hearted. He was sitting in a Kentucky courtroom one day when a young and struggling member of the local bar, who was not especially renowned for mental brilliancy, undertook to read a petition in a divorce suit and speedily got himself badly tangled up in a confused maze of legal phrases. The judge undertook to set the young lawyer right, but the only result was to tangle him worse than ever. The judge was showing signs of losing his temper when Colonel Hendrick arose.

"I hope, your Honor," he said, "that you will bear patiently with our young friend here. He is doing his best."

"I know that, Colonel Hendrick," said the judge somewhat testily, "and I intend to bear patiently with him. I am merely trying to give Mr. So-and-So an idea."

"Your Honor," said Colonel Hendrick, "don't do it. He's got no place to put it."

One of Two Things

A KENTUCKY mountain woman fell ill and for the first time in his life her husband had to work. It devolved upon him to nurse the invalid, look after a large family of towheaded children, milk the cow, feed the pig, cook the meals and tend a straggly half acre of corn. At the end of ten days of these frightful labors he staggered down to the general store at the forks of the road and fell at the doorway in an exhausted heap.

The storekeeper came out and said: "Hello, Anse, how's yore wife?"

"She ain't no better," moaned the husband. "I paid out a whole four bits fer a bottle of bitters fer her, but it seems like hit don't do her no good. I'm plumb wore out!"

He paused a moment and sighed deeply.

"Sometimes," he said, "I git to wishin' the old woman would git well—or somethin'!"

A Foreign Pitcher

WHEN Bender, the star pitcher of the Athletics, who is an Indian, came to the Philadelphia club from the Carlisle Indian School, a reporter asked one of the Philadelphia players, who is an Irishman, what he thought of having an Indian on the team.

The Irishman replied: "Aw, I think they ought to keep them foreigners out of the league!"

ON MAIN STREET

The Isle of Palms

ALONG about this time, as the calendar sharps would say, expect large crops of special articles in the Sunday newspapers entitled Christmas in Many Lands. But have you seen one called Christmas on the Isle of Palms? You have not? Then listen.

On Manhattan Island there is at least one large industry that takes on added impetus and extra zest with the coming of the Yuletide, which same is an old English compound word signifying that, by careful management, you'll tide over until the first of the year without going into bankruptcy—maybe! The industry to which I refer is the tipping industry—the business of giving tips and receiving them.

Not that this business does not flourish at other seasons of the Christian year. Far be it from the present writer to seek to convey the impression that there is comparatively little doing in the tipping line in spring, summer and fall. Writing these lines as he does, with a pen in one hand and a tip in the other, he would not for worlds have you believe there are any off seasons for tips; for life in New York is just one blamed tip after another.

Like the English sparrow, the English stock actor, and the English box coat which fits you like a dog tent and looks like the deuce, the tip is one of the things we got from England originally. The sparrow, the actor and the box coat remain practically as they were; but as for the tip we've gone ahead and, with true Yankee ingenuity, have tacked improvements and enlargements to it until old Mother Tipton, of Tippington-on-Wotting—its own mother—wouldn't know it now.

Let us examine into the average day of the average dweller on this Isle of Palms. Awakening in his cozy, form-fitting apartment, on a tip given him by an alarm clock, he rises promptly and tips the folding-bed so he'll have some place to stand while dressing. He tips the water out of his shaving-mug, tips the janitor to put the high speed on the furnace gear, and tips from off the dumbwaiter the breakfast rolls and milk which he is permitted to enjoy as a result of the baker and milkman having copiously tipped the caretaker. He tips a hurried breakfast into himself, tips the wife of his bosom a brief kiss on her nose and rides downstairs on an elevator manned by a West Indian youth of color, who is always in the state of having just been tipped—or else just about to be.

A Day of a Thousand Tips

AT THE subway station he tips the newsboy. Boarding the subway train, he finds himself herded in so tightly that he cannot get his hand down into his pocket to tip anybody, which naturally adds to his feeling of distraitness. Arriving in due season at his place of business, he pauses only long enough to tip the starter and the elevator attendant, and thus reaches his office and spends several hours at a desk that has been put into more or less passable condition by an office boy who is tipped regularly to do so. Anon he feels the pangs of hunger and goes to luncheon.

At his favorite luncheon place he tips the waiter, tips the cigar clerk and tips the hat-check boy. He does this in order to get food, a cigar and his hat. He has time for a game of pool. He tips the boy who racks up the balls, and the boy who keeps the score, and the boy who brushes off the table—they being all different boys. In the course of the afternoon he drops into a barber shop for a shave, a manicure and a shine. He tips the barber, the manicure girl, the bootblack, and the boy who helps him on with his overcoat; but naturally of these he tips the barber the most, because he wants to come back again and bring his present face with him—and he knows what would happen to him next time if he didn't tip this time.

At dinner he tips the head waiter to get him a table, tips the man who comes with the portable antiwater wagon to mix his cocktail, tips the omnibus boy who brings him rolls and butter, tips the waiter who serves him, tips the hat-check boy, tips the brush boy, tips the doorman who allows him to escape when he is through, tips the starter who hails a taxi for him, tips the man who opens the taxi door for him, and tips the taxi driver for taking him to the theater.

As he emerges from the taxi he bumps into a well-dressed stranger, and instead of begging his pardon absent-mindedly offers him a tip. The stranger takes it. At the box-office he finds that, having failed to tip the box-office man in advance, there is no ticket for him. He returns to the sidewalk and tips a ticket speculator to sell him a ticket. He tips the program boy, tips the flower girl in the lobby, tips the usher who shows him to his seat, tips the boy who brings him lukewarm drinking-water in a glass that has just been used by everybody in New York who has a droopy mustache, and would tip the comedian for making him laugh if he could get close enough to him. Between acts he has occasion to use the telephone. This is accomplished with the utmost ease. He has only to tip the person who shows him the way to the telephone, and tip an imperious blonde for getting him the number, and tip the boy who opens the booth door and switches on the light for him. After the theater he feels like having a bite. He repairs to a near-by restaurant, where he tips everybody he sees—from the proprietor down, including, of course, the first washroom boy, who hands him a towel, and the second washroom boy, who lends him a nailfile. About midnight, having meanwhile tipped a large number of other persons whom I forget—but he doesn't—he decides to call it a day and go home. A hansom cab, made to tip forward or back, carries him to his home address; and, after tipping the driver, and tipping the horse, and taking the address of the man who made the harness, so he can send him a tip by mail in the morning, he dives into his abode, which is known as the Tippingham Arms. In the lower hall he meets a fellow tenant and bows—tip of the hat, you see—and says something offhand—tip of the tongue. He enters his apartment with a light step—tip of the toe—in order not to waken his wife; but she has stayed awake purposely to tell him that, having tipped all the tradespeople and all the serving people and all the delivery people in order to get enough food for them to eat, she has exhausted her household allowance and must have at least ten dollars more to tide her through the week. And so, as Mr. Pepys would say—and so to bed. The end is not yet, however. All night he dreams of making a fortune in Wall Street on a tip furnished him by a disinterested friend in the margin-brokerage game.

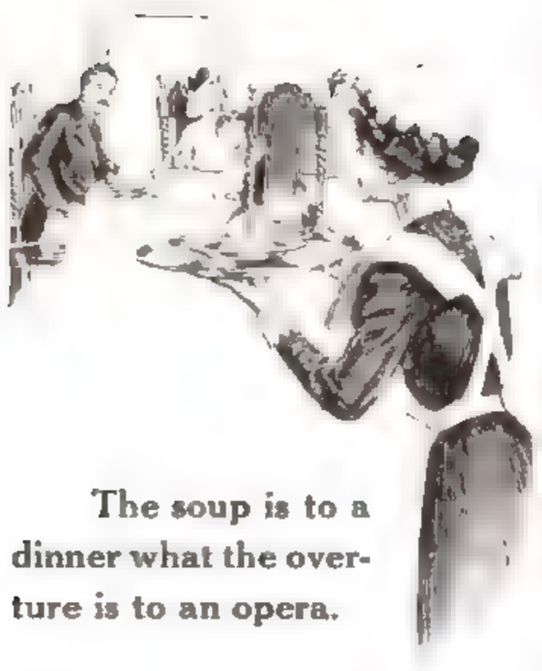
This goes for the regular daily routine, always remembering, of course, that on Hallowe'en and Thanksgiving Day he is custom-bound to tip freely every street urchin he meets—to dress up in the discarded garments of a grown person and collect tips being the New York child's idea of the proper celebration of a holiday in the fall of the year. It is when Christmastime rolls round that our hero really begins to shine forth and show real genius as a tipper. Heretofore he has tipped in dimes, quarters, halves, ones and twos. Now he tips in fives and tens—but especially in tens, this being the gladsome season of the Xmas exit of the X. Downtown is one subscription list of tips for the office staff and another for the building staff, and uptown one for the apartment-house staff. If, instead of a plain apartment house, he lives in an apartment hotel, or a family hotel, or a non family, there will be two or more of these uptown subscription lists.

Naturally, as a New Yorker, he belongs to one or two clubs. Every true New Yorker belongs to a club. It may be one of those very exclusive Fifth Avenue clubs where every old member carries his own supply of blackballs with him in a large paper bag, or it may be the Harlem Pressing Club—a dollar down and a dollar a month; pants called for and delivered. But it is a club. There is a theory that a man in New York joins a club to avoid being bothered by the tipping nuisance. This is a gross error. A man joins a club in New York in order to be able to tip a considerable number of persons whom otherwise he would not have an opportunity to tip. Generally he is given to surreptitiously slipping tips to the waiters and porters, thus breaking a rule of his own club and subjecting them to the penalty of dismissal if the thing is detected. And in any event there is the Christmas list, when every member is expected to subscribe about twice as much as he can afford as a gift for the club employees.

Hurrying Into Bankruptcy

THESE things are but starters for our New York man. That which in other times and other lands has been known variously as largess, gratuity, bakshish, pourboire, lagnappe, gift, honorarium, benefaction—in short, the tip of commerce—is yet to be bestowed upon a large number of persons who, having been steadily tipped all through the year, quite naturally expect greatly augmented tips at Christmas. There is a tip for every errand boy and every delivery man; a tip for the butcher and the baker and the candlestick-maker; and a tip for the candlestick-maker's little boy if he has one—if not, any other little boy will do. There is a tip for each servant, and a tip for the express-man who brings him his Christmas turkey from the old home on the evening of the twenty-eighth—only three days late! There is a tip for everybody who looks as if he'd take a tip. Everybody does.

Our hero now contemplates a bankroll shrunken to the size of a knitting-needle and starts to take a long, deep sigh of relief; but at this juncture remembers that in less than a week New Year's will be coming along, which is another day dedicated to Saint Tip the Greater and Saint Tip the Less—and he turns the sigh into a sob. On New Year's Day he must tip the newsboy—a custom that I believe is hallowed by age; but also he must tip the Government mail carrier and the street-car conductor—and these, I think, are customs peculiar to New York alone. Furthermore, if he is a householder he must tip the city employees, who are paid out of the taxes to cart away his ashes and his garbage, else he'll rue the day he didn't—rue it in the midst of a cellar overflowing with ashes and a collection of garbage that is rapidly becoming morbid! If he is wise he will also tip the policeman on the beat and the gray-coated private watchman on the block. Then, if he has anything left over, which is doubtful, he, by the expedient of tipping



The soup is to a dinner what the overture is to an opera.

IF well-composed and well-chosen it heightens the enjoyment and appreciation of all that follows. It gives class to an elaborate dinner; zest to the simplest meal. And it creates the variety which is the "spice of life."

See what a wide choice you have in

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SOUPS

Clear and delicate soups, thick and hearty soups, strong meat soups, and purely vegetable kinds—21 kinds in all; every one wholesome, tempting and positively pure.

You cannot afford to put off learning how good they are. Order a dozen. And test their quality *today*.

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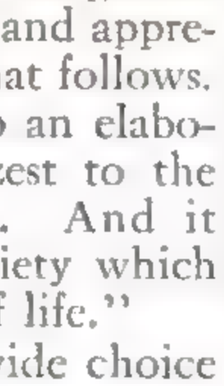
Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Chicken, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mutton Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Vegetable, Vermicelli Tomato



Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

"Were I a mouse
And had my own
sweet way,
I'd buy my hats
in Paris
And eat *Campbell's*
Soups each day."

a drug clerk, can secure a lethal potion in a small black bottle and commit suicide in a quiet and unostentatious manner, only taking care first to leave a farewell instruction for the insertion of a pocket in his shroud, because naturally he figures that he'll have to tip the Angel Gabriel for waking him up in time, and Saint Peter for letting him through the celestial gates and the caretaker of the Heavenly Mansions for saving him a front room with a sunny exposure!

From time to time a great deal has been written and said and sung about the growth of the tipping nuisance; but, at that, the half has never been told, because it is impossible for the literature on the subject to keep up with the subject itself. Every year tips grow larger, and every year the persons who will take tips increase in number and range of variety. I am told there was a time when no freeborn American citizen would wear a uniform if he could help it, or would take a tip. These times everybody nearly wears a uniform, from the colored gentleman who acts as sidewalk steerer for a painless dentist to the President's military aide, and in New York, at least, the persons who feel that they can live on without being tipped are rapidly shrinking into a small and exceedingly hopeless minority.

A Bird in the Hand

The tipping system works up as well as down. It also works crosswise, catercornered, on the bias, and with and against the grain. Hotel clerks take tips now. Clerks in stores take tips. Purchasing agents take tips. Writers for the newspapers and magazines have been known to take tips—disguised perhaps, but nevertheless tips. Persons who decline tips of money take tips in some other form. There are tips in the form of commissions and gifts, and in the shape of valuable and desired information—but tips just the same. It is said that a wealthy and elderly woman is the only person in New York who never gave a tip—she once got out of a well-known New York hotel without tipping any one, which is a world's record—and that Andrew Carnegie is the only person in New York who never took one; but then, perhaps nobody ever tried him!

The New York tip is fully recognized by law. A corporation counsel of the city of New York, a grave and learned man with whiskers, has aforetime rendered an opinion that a city employee has a right to include a goodly sum for tipping charges in an expense account, for the reason that tips are a legitimate and a necessary charge—just as food is, or lodging, or carfare. From the bench a distinguished judge has held practically the same thing. In other words, to be able to live in New York, either you must give tips or take them—and sometimes you must do both. The hand that isn't stretched for a tip is reaching to dig up one. A man may get a room with a bath in a big New York hotel for as low as three dollars a day, or he can get the room for two dollars a day and wait until Saturday night for the bath; but if he does his duty to his fellowman his tips will never be less than the amount of his bill for his room.

Stewards on steamships plying out of New York expect to get and do get bigger tips than stewards on other ships of the same line plying out of other American ports. The same thing is true of Pullman-Car porters on roads entering New York. Once, with a large flourish of trumpets, a tipless barber shop was opened on Broadway. The manager stated that no tips would be expected or accepted; that if any of his employees took a tip it meant instant dismissal for the offender. He meant well, no doubt—poor deluded man!—but he didn't understand Broadway. Broadway declined to patronize a barber shop where a barber would be content with merely a fair price for his labors. Broadway held aloof, suspecting a trap, snare or deadfall. So the proprietor took down his no-tip sign and business immediately picked up.

Next to restaurants and hotels the barber shops set the pace of improvement and the march of progress in the tipping industry. In no properly conducted barber shop in New York does the same boy who polished your shoes also help you on with your coat. There are two boys now—one to shine your shoes and one to hand you your hat and coat—thus causing two tips to grow where but one sprouted before. Formerly, too, the engaging young lady who manicured your fingernails and gave you the benefit of her conversation at the same time was satisfied with seventy-five cents—fifty cents for the manicuring and twenty-five cents for a tip. Now the tip is more apt than not to be fifty cents—which you will observe, if you are handy at figures, is a hundred per cent bonus on the original investment.

Likewise a nickel was once a fair-enough tip for certain small services, but at present any New York waiter who accepted a five-cent piece as a tip would be pretty justified in selling it to a collector as a rare coin. Until comparatively recently the small, thin, hard dime of our common currency had some vogue for tipping purposes. A waiter who brought a round of drinks in a café expected a dime and was satisfied with it. A dime seemed ample reward for the time and labor involved. Now, however, where a round of drinks totals up to, say sixty cents he figures on getting fifteen cents for a tip; and if it amounts to seventy-five or eighty cents he confidently calculates on harvesting what is left of the dollar. He isn't disappointed often either—not in New York. You may not remember the fellow's face, but you can't overlook his hand!

Wise New York waiters have learned to gamble on this chance. For example, let us assume that you have strolled into a New York café of standing and have purchased sixty cents' worth of food. Oh, yes, it is quite possible to get something for sixty cents in a leading New York café! For sixty cents you can get a pinch of canary seed and half of a dog biscuit—not a fancy medicated dog biscuit, of course, but half of one of the plain, unscented kind. Very well then. The bill is sixty cents. You examine the check and hand the waiter a five-dollar bill. He brings you back the change on a small silver salver—with the fifteen cents carefully tucked away inside the roll of four one-dollar bills, and with the lone quarter prominently displayed on top. Placing this directly in front of you, he strikes an attitude at a point just north by northeast of your right elbow, meanwhile wearing on his face the hopeful, expectant expression of Master Willie, aged four, waiting for the little bird to fly out of the photographer-man's black box.

Of course, if you are a cheap skate and a stingy dub, and all that, you may so demean yourself as to grub down into that wad of paper money and exhume those fifteen craftily interred cents and drop them into his disappointed palm. If, on the other hand, you fulfill the New York waiter's conception of a perfect gentleman, you hand him the quarter and are rewarded with a most sweet smile. You will do this always if you are a regular New Yorker. A New Yorker nurses a hideous haunting fear that he may some day do something that will cause a waiter to go home and speak slightingly of him to a little son named August. He may be disdainful of the world at large—may stand poorly at home and be careless about paying his bills; but not for vast sums would he get a reputation for frugality among a lot of waiters with soiled shirtfronts and lignum-vitæ faces that he never saw before and never will see again—if he has luck.

All Things Come to Him Who Waits

Fabulous stories are told of the fortunes that have been amassed by waiters in New York. These stories are indeed fabulous; they are also true. Three of the biggest restaurants on Broadway are owned by men who started life as waiters. Only a few years back two young foreigners, brothers, were waiters at an old French restaurant. Today they are the joint proprietors of probably the handsomest and most expensive roadhouse in America—a great pile a few miles out from New York.

There is a veteran waiter still in active harness who admitted some time ago that he had made and saved a hundred thousand dollars out of his tips alone. He owns a farm, a brownstone town house and two tenements. Another plain waiter at an uptown place, a Greek by birth, has a country place in the Catskill Mountains, a villa in Greece, and a collection of postage stamps for which he has been offered—and has refused—thirty-five thousand dollars. Tips did it. Tips had to do it, because a waiter in the most swagger New York restaurant gets only twenty-five or thirty dollars a month as pay from the house. Most of this goes for laundry fines and extras at his meals, and the rest he splits up with the head waiters, the omnibuses, the cooks and the servers in the kitchens, in

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In everyone's list of winter wear requisites, the Phoenix knit Muffler should be included. It is instantly put on or removed, gives warmth for throat and chest without weight, is so hygienically knit and shaped as to ventilate without overheating. Indispensable to those who appreciate a stylish and distinctive addition to their winter dress.

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Silk, wool or mercerized.

At all dry goods dealers and haberdashers.

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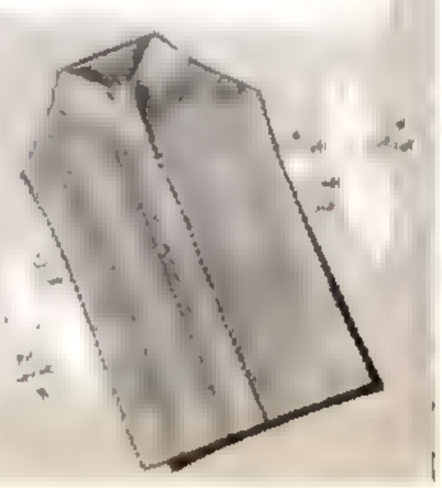


Look for the Triangle

AMERICAN ELECTRIC HEAT

Make it an "American" Electric Christmas

SELECT presents from among these "American" electric heating devices, and your gifts will be highly appreciated because they are practical and permanently useful.

The beauty of these devices makes instant appeal to every woman who sees them; and their convenience will add much to the comfort of the home.

1. "American Beauty" Iron—Saves a fourth of the time, and does better work with much less effort. Has many uses in household work. It weighs 6 pounds, the best weight for all-around work—and its narrow nose makes easy ironing of sleeves and small tucks. Guaranteed for three years. Price, $5; other types, $4 to $5.

2. Warming-Pad—"The hot-water bottle that isn't a bottle"—and contains no water. Invaluable in all necessary cases, ready, when filled, in a few minutes, never bursts. Single heat, $5.50; three heats, $6.50.

3. Chafing-Dish—No running to the drug store for alcohol. Has water pan, heating unit, food pan, cover, and three cooking utensils. Two-quart size, $12; three-quart size, $14.50.

4. Curling-Iron Heater—Heats evenly, without soot or odor. For traveling, $2.75; with solid slate base, for home use, $3.

5. Toaster—Makes hot, crisp tender toast at table, just as you wish it. Browns quickly and evenly. Very economical—a dozen slices average one cent. Light, durable, and will not scratch a polished table. Price, $4.

6. Disc Stove—Heats eggs, cooks chops or anything that can be cooked in a frying-pan. Has two heats, and can be used on the table. Price, $4, $4.75, and $5.50.

7. Percolator—Makes delicious coffee at table or in living-room. The only known way of making coffee without boiling. Cold water is heated, and the steam forced into the coffee is poured into the cups. Three sizes: "Universal," "Empire," $9 to $11. Nickel-plated, $12.50 to $15; Argenta, $14.50 to $17.50.

8. Water-Heater—Invaluable at night and when traveling. Heats half a pint; boils eggs; heats water for tea or for shaving. Pint size, $5.50; quart size, $6.50.

9. Tea-Kettle—Makes tea at table in convenient form. For Russian tea in a wineglass or mug, heats quickly; capacity one quart. Price, $10.

10. Luminous Radiator—Takes the chill from bath-room, nursery, or dining-room on a cool morning or evening. Easily portable. Regulated heat. Prices, $17.60 to $18.50.

THE efficiency of these devices, and their economy in use, are due to the "American" system of utilizing every possible heat-unit directly upon the work that it has to do—the same system that has made

"AMERICAN" ELECTRIC IRONING

so quick, easy and economical for any home where there is electric light.

Each device attaches to any electric lamp socket. A turn of the switch, and it begins to heat; another turn, and the current is shut off—no fire, no alcohol, no smoke, no odor, no waste.

"American" efficiency and convenience are the result of our years of experience as the oldest and largest exclusive manufacturers of electric heating devices. It is important that you insist upon having "American" goods.

They are for sale by department stores, hardware stores and electric supply houses generally. If your dealer hasn't the "American" goods, or the particular article you desire, we shall be glad to supply you from the factory, carriage prepaid, upon receipt of price.

The prices named here prevail throughout the United States. Canadian prices are higher.

Write today for free booklet: "Make it an Electric Christmas." This booklet describes the devices in much greater detail than is possible here.

AMERICAN ELECTRICAL HEATER CO.

Oldest and Largest Exclusive Makers

1349 Woodward Ave. Detroit, U. S. A.

order that he may provide the food and service that will bring him the big tips from his patrons.

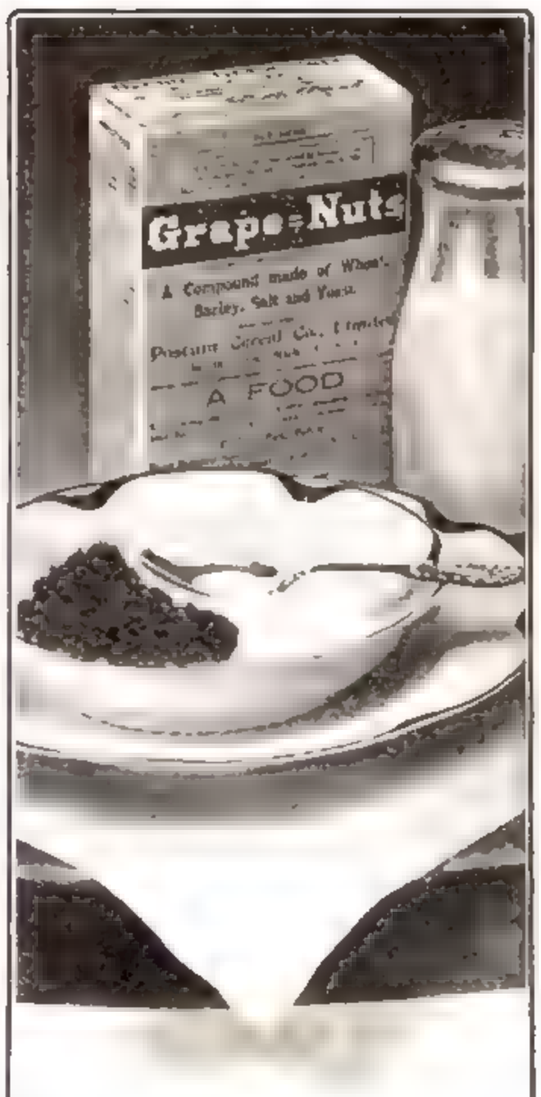
A few months ago a man was arrested for stealing altar vessels from a large church. At the police station he said he was the butler of the head porter of a famous hotel. Reporters saw a story there, and they went and hunted up the head porter. They found a quiet man in a blue flannel shirt, who denied indignantly that he had a butler. He lived very simply, he said; he had only a cook, a housemaid and a man to look after the chores. It developed incidentally that he paid a large bonus to hold his job as porter and that he lived round the corner in a handsome house that he owned. In praying for alimony the wife of a taxicab driver testified that her husband made from six to ten dollars a day in tips, and, in addition, drew down a salary of from thirty-five to sixty dollars a week. The wife of a waiter in a fashionable Fifth Avenue restaurant swore in a police court that her husband's tips averaged one hundred dollars a week clear; and the magistrate on the bench, a man of independent wealth, spoke up and said he was prepared to believe it, because he dined nightly at the restaurant in question and his tips there annually amounted to more than his salary, which was seventy-five hundred dollars.

A negro was arrested for speeding a big touring car on a street in Harlem. When he was arraigned he said he was a Pullman porter and that the touring car was his. It seems reasonable to assume that he bought it out of his tips and not out of his salary, because less than three years ago an official of the Pullman Company testified before the Interstate Commerce Commission that his company paid its sleeping-car porters twenty-five dollars a month, without meals. Since then, however, the cost of living has advanced and corporations in general have shown an inclination to be more generous toward their employees; so, for all I know, the Pullman Company may have increased the pay of its porters to twenty-five dollars and twenty-five cents a month. Nevertheless, I think that touring car must have been paid for—in part at least—with tips.

The Tipping Trusts

The owners of New York hotels and cafés share in the profits of the tipping system. There was a veteran hotel-keeper in New York once who used to make his hired help turn over their tips to him every night—but that was in the old crude day of the James boys. Nowadays the thing is managed much better. In many instances the most lucrative jobs—like the jobs of head porter and head carriage-starter and head waiter—are farmed out on a percentage basis, or else they are sold outright to the highest bidder. The street alongside the hotel, which really belongs to the city and the taxpayer, is leased by the hotel proprietor to a carriage company that pays a good price for the exclusive privilege, only asking in return that the house detective will drive away any independent cabbies who venture upon its territory. A few weeks ago it developed in court proceedings that the hat-check and washroom concessions of any largely patronized café on Broadway or Fifth Avenue are worth to the proprietor from three to six thousand dollars a year. The *concessionaire* is able to pay this seventy-five to a hundred dollars a week, and maintain his own staff of hat-checkers and washroom attendants, and still clear an enormous profit—from tips alone. His helpers work for weekly wages; the tips all go to him, and the figures clearly show that in the aggregate they amount to several hundred thousand dollars a year.

It has been estimated that if a man wears only two hats a year—one straw hat and one stiff hat—and pays only three dollars apiece for them, they will have cost him by the end of the year, providing he is a consistent patron of restaurants and pays the customary tips, the sum of sixty-two dollars and seventy-five cents each—this computation being based on these figures: one straw hat, three dollars; one stiff hat, three dollars; for checking at luncheon, at ten cents a day, thirty-six dollars and fifty cents; for checking at dinner, at ten cents a day, thirty-six-fifty; for checking at barber shops, at ten cents a day, thirty-six-fifty; for checking at breakfast, at theater and at other places, approximately ten dollars—grand total, one hundred and



Bachelor Breakfasts

Teach many a young man and woman the time-saving convenience and the strength-giving value of

Grape-Nuts

—a food for Body and Brain.

A morning dish of Grape-Nuts with cream contains all the food elements necessary for the successful accomplishment of a stout morning's work.

Grape-Nuts has proven more sustaining than many a meal requiring much longer to prepare.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Windsor, Ontario, Canada

THERMOS

The Gift That Is Never Exchanged

[illegible] that said enthusiastically. Give Thermos articles and you will surely make presents that will be appreciated. Thermos never returns to the shops for exchange.

Thermos Bottles now $1.00 up

In past years you may have felt that Thermos cost a bit more than you could afford to pay. To-day it is within the reach of even the most modest income [illegible] or more. Bottles in a carrying case can be had at moderate prices.

[illegible] to all outdoor sport will be enthusiastic about a Thermos Bottle. They will use [illegible]

The New Thermos Carafe

[illegible] for it the title of "Thermos the Unsinkable." [illegible] ideal. In the bedchamber the Carafe has cool water fresh and ready at one's bedside on awakening.

Many hotels—including the famous Knickerbocker and new Vanderbilt of New York—have equipped all guest rooms with the Thermos Carafe. Thermos Carafes sell for $5.00.

Thermos Coffee and Tea Pots and Decanters

Thermos Coffee and Tea Pots and Decanters make splendid gifts. Price $5.00.

Thermos Lunch Kits and Lunch Sets

Thermos Lunch Kits contain two compartments—for sandwiches, etc.—and a Thermos Bottle. They are handsome receptacles for anyone who must eat [illegible] them to the office, Stock or golf links and to your friends who are fond of picnics.

Thermos Lunch Kits and Lunch Sets range in price from $2.50 [illegible] complete sets for motor tourists, coaching parties, etc., [illegible]

Thermos is sold by all good stores. The word Thermos is stamped on the bottom of all genuine Thermos articles. Insist upon getting Thermos and do not accept substitutes. Thermos is a registered trade mark and a patented article to protect you against worthless imitations.

Thermos Carrying Cases

Thermos Carrying Cases [illegible] for [illegible] pints up.

Write for Catalog

The Thermos [illegible] Dept. [illegible]

You should [illegible] your Christmas shopping. You will be wise to guard against forgetfulness by writing now.

American Thermos Bottle Co.
Thermos Building, New York

twenty-five dollars and fifty cents. Reading this, one understands why the Greek cult of going bareheaded has grown so in New York!

If you are entertained privately anywhere within the New York zone you don't escape the tip system—you only strike it on a larger and more extensive scale. One who has been admitted as a guest to the suburban villas of the exceeding rich has compiled, for the benefit of social climbers who desire to avoid making what the French call a fox pass, a list of the tips that should be handed to the servants after one has spent a week-end at a house party. The schedule of this expert is as follows.

Chauffeur, five dollars; butler, five dollars; coachman, five dollars; footman, three dollars; valet, five dollars; cook, nothing; maid, two dollars; chambermaid, two dollars; strapper, one dollar; groom, two dollars—total, thirty dollars.

Before now the report has been freely circulated that people from outside New York—strangers, visitors, aliens—are responsible for the extent and expense of the tipping business. This is a slander upon the rest of the country and the rest of the world, which should be disposed of without further delay. As a student of this quaint institution I desire to take this opportunity of declaring that it is the seasoned New Yorker who gives the most tips and the biggest tips—and the foolishest tips. I knew a man once who, in the town where he came from, was generally reputed to have been born with a pocket, like a kangaroo. He had a strong inherent distaste to giving up something for nothing. There was a current belief that he hated to have other people set their watches by his clock.

He moved to New York, however, and after the customary period of infection he caught the tipping fever and became its victim in the most hopeless and helpless form. He now pares at one end in order to flare at the other. He is notorious for underpaying his office help and overtipping his waiter. And when, as sometimes happens, he is the guest at dinner of a friend from the country he sits through the meal in a cold agony of apprehension, filled with fear that the host may not tip the waiter according to the New York scale—which is to say, about three times what the service is worth.

He has even been known to add privately from his own pocket to the size of the tip which his friend bestowed. Indeed, this is a common enough trick among New Yorkers who dine with friends from the country. The fear that inspires this voluntary contribution is part physical and part moral: physical because they anticipate what may happen to them the next time they fall into the vengeful clutches of that waiter; and moral because they have the abiding dread, already mentioned, of being talked about unpleasantly in the bosom of a waiter's family.

The Skipper's Log

CAPTAIN "BILL" NORWOOD, in his younger days perhaps the most famous skipper to command a whaler out of San Francisco, tells the following story.

Skipper Norwood was born in a little Nova Scotia town. During the long winter evenings young Bill used to lie out in front of the log open fireplace, and just about the time he had got warm and comfortable and a trifle drowsy, Norwood, Senior, would make up his mind that the fire was getting low and send his son out into the snow to bring in a backlog from the woodpile. Eventually these nocturnal pilgrimages got on young Bill's nerves; and one night when his father sent him out after the backlog the son continued on past the woodpile and across country to the nearest seaport, where he shipped on a whaler.

Nine years later Bill came back. It was a bitter winter night and the snow was falling. Bill sneaked up to the window and looked into the old sitting room. The fire was burning in the old fireplace and Bill's father and mother were seated in front of it. He noticed that the fire was a trifle low; so he went to the woodpile, selected a big backlog, carried it into the house and stood for a moment by the fire with the log on his shoulder.

"Father," said Bill, "I've brought in that backlog you sent me after."

The old man never budged an inch. Instead he spat into the fire and retorted testily:

"Set it on the fire. You've been a hell of a while gittin' it!"

No. 20½ Chased barrel. Price $2.50
No. 47 Gold and pearl. Price $10.00
No. 33 Gold filigree. Price $5.50
No. 42½ Gold bands. Price $4.50
No. 58 Gold. New design. Price $12.00
X-Ray View of PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN
No. 14 Jack Knife Safety Pen
Sterling Silver
Price $5.00
Same Pattern
18k Gold
heavy plate
$6.00

Queen Victoria Gave Everybody India Shawls

—WHY DON'T *YOU* GIVE EVERYBODY PARKER GIFT PENS

INSTEAD of puzzling her head to get something different each time there was a gift to be made, her late Majesty selected one fine, staple article. She always gave everybody Indian Shawls.

Why don't you do the same thing, this Christmas, with Parker Gift Pens? Go to one store and buy them all at once, instead of going through the usual Christmas puzzling, jostling, misery and extravagance, with a list as long as your arm.

The Queen knew that every woman wanted a fine Indian Shawl, and you know that every woman, every man and every boy or girl wants a fountain pen that won't leak.

WHY FOUNTAIN PENS LEAK

When you set an *ordinary* fountain pen in your [illegible] Pressure [illegible] gets to the pen. As the pen warms [illegible] Also, through [illegible] where the ink is warming patiently to [illegible] And that's how you get your fingers smeared when you [illegible]

WHY PARKER PENS DON'T LEAK

Not so the Parker. The Parker feed channel isn't *straight* like others. It has a crook in it—the "Lucky Curve." The "Lucky Curve" breaks the head-way, and sets up Capillary Attraction, which draws the ink down out of the feed channel. Therefore, when the air in a Parker Pen expands with the body-heat, and forces itself out through the feed channel, it pushes out no ink. There isn't any there. Capillary Attraction, by the way, is what makes a lamp-wick draw up oil. Any Parker dealer can show you, in a minute, how it works.

Make this touch test yourself. Prove it won't leak.

PARKER JACK-KNIFE SAFETY PEN

Carry it in your trousers pocket like a jack-knife. Pen-knife size for a lady's purse. Can't leak, smear or spill ink. A unique gift for fathers and sons or mothers and daughters. $2.50 up

RESERVE PARKER GIFT PENS NOW

[illegible] the Christmas rush. Dealer will be [illegible] Christmas week. Every Parker Gift Pen comes in a handsome box of special Christmas design. Don't bother your head about a different present for each person. Everyone who has no fountain pen wants one, and everyone who has one wants another one that Won't Leak.

If your dealer doesn't keep Parker Pens and won't get you an assortment to look over, send for our catalogue and buy of us.

PARKER PEN COMPANY, 90 Mill St., Janesville, Wisconsin

Our New York retail store is at [illegible]

PARKER

LUCKY CURVE

FOUNTAIN PEN

For Christmas—Give Him Shawknit Socks

"Silk-o-Lisle"
$3.00
for Box of 6 Pairs

Fine Silk-over-Lisle, showing all the style and beauty of silk and having all the wearing quality of lisle. Shawknit Silk-o-Lisle Socks are knit in Black, Navy Blue, Tan, Pearl Grey and Cream-White. Also Green Silk over Cardinal Lisle and Tan Silk over Chocolate Brown, showing rich iridescent effects. You can have all one combination or any of the above colors assorted.

"Satinette"
$1.00
for Box of 3 Pairs

Shawknit Satinette Socks are knit from fine "Mercerized" lisle, over which is a thin film of fine white silk, producing most attractive and stylish socks.

These socks come in Black, Navy Blue, Light and Dark Tan, Brown, Ox-Blood Red, and Reseda Green—3 pairs of a color in each box at $1.00.

"De Luxe"
$1.00
for Box of 3 Pairs

Shawknit De Luxe Socks are knit from fine "Mercerized" Lisle, very sheer, soft and durable, with rich, glossy, silk-like finish.

The colors are Black, Tan, Navy Blue, Marine Blue, Royal Purple, Heliotrope, Burgundy, Hunter Green and Gun Metal Grey—3 pairs of a color in each box at $1.00

High-class stores carry *all* these and other Shawknit Styles, ranging in price from 25c. to 50c. the pair, packed in beautiful Holiday Boxes suitable for Christmas Gifts.

If your dealer does not have Shawknit Socks, send your order and remittance direct to us.

We will ship the socks *transportation charges prepaid.*

All Shawknit Socks are guaranteed without limit. This guarantee is on every pair of Shawknit Socks.

Shawknit TRADE MARK.

GUARANTEE

We guarantee that this pair of **Shawknit** Socks will fit just as well—look just as stylish—be just as comfortable—wear just as long without [illegible]—as our best and if on judgment of socks at this price decides that they should

If this pair of **Shawknit** Socks does not give you the satisfaction as to style and wear that you demand of them, send them back to us at our factory together with this Guarantee ticket. We will replace them with a new pair, without cost to you.

(Signed)

SHAW STOCKING CO.,
LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

If Shawknit Socks do not wear as we claim, we will replace them FREE of charge or give your money back, just as you prefer.

We *know* Shawknit Socks are right.

We want you to know this also so—we let you be the judge *at our risk!*

Order to-day if you want Shawknit Socks for Christmas. Mail your order to Shaw Stocking Co., 112 Shaw Street, Lowell, Mass.

Ask for our "Stylish Socks" book, describing *all* Shawknit styles. We mail this book *free and post-paid* on receipt of your inquiry.

Look for Stores That Sell

Shawknit TRADE MARK. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Socks

OUT-OF-DOORS

How to Keep Fit

IT IS very hard to kill a man—harder than it is to kill almost any other kind of animal. A man can go from Algeria to Siberia by fast mail and back again, and be healthy all the way on both trips and able to live in either country. The thermometer goes to ninety degrees below zero in Siberia and it reaches a hundred and seventy-two above in Algeria, yet men live and flourish in both countries. Take a sable from Siberia and it would die in Algeria. Take a gazel from Algeria and it would die in Siberia. Also, use a workhorse as a man uses himself in modern business life, and the horse would not last a month. We do not thrive in city life, but only adjust ourselves to it.

Whether a man be employer or employee the value of keeping fit is quite obvious. Especially is it matter of concern to persons whose occupations keep them indoors much of the year. Still more especially interesting is the matter to men advancing toward middle age.

In this as in all other matters the personal equation varies somewhat. Some men can work all their lives, even in sedentary occupations, and seem to require almost no physical exercise at all in order to retain their health and efficiency. Others require at least periods of more or less violent exercise. The savage man requires a certain amount of exercise and care in order to remain efficient, and he is most apt to need this in the wintertime. With very little trouble almost any of us can keep fit if we really wish to do so. The main thing is the desire and the resolution. Granted these, the rest is easy

The average city business man, as he grows older, has a tendency to lay on too much flesh or else not to lay on flesh enough. Either condition is bad and either is needless. Cocktails and other alcoholic drinks are the chief causes of that rotundity of personal appearance which causes so many men between the ages of thirty and forty to change their measurements at their tailor's. There are many men of perfectly temperate habits who have a hereditary tendency toward too much flesh. The fight is harder for them. For the average man of convivial habits, the first step toward losing flesh and toward getting fit is to cut down or to cut out alcohol. This is pretty sure to cut down a part of the appetite. Exercise and diet must do the rest. Any trainer or gymnasium manager will tell you that it is for you to make the choice in degree of fitness. Of course you do not want to be an athlete, and only require business efficiency and a sense of physical well-being.

Ozone Versus Alcohol

The greatest inducement for self-denial as to the good things of life is the thought that you gain something in the trade—that after a while you will feel better than you did when you started in on self-denial. If a man has been in harness for a long series of months and has taken to flogging himself up with alcoholic stimulants, or even too much coffee, it is hard for him to stop it or to cut his allowance in half. How can this jolt be eliminated? The answer is that it cannot wholly be eliminated if one remains indoors, nor is it wholly to be eliminated in all kinds of out-of-doors. For the man who wants to drop the habit of stimulants there is nothing in the world like a trip to the high mountains—say seven or eight thousand feet up. Breathing is harder at that altitude, and the altitude gives the stimulus to the heart that coffee and alcohol gave it at home. It is well known that hard drinkers in high mountain country soon go to pieces—the heart cannot stand the extra work. It is much easier to "get on the wagon," as the phrase goes, in the mountains than it is in the cities. If possible, it is well to lay this sort of a foundation for getting fit and keeping fit through the hard-working season. Keeping in condition after this first step is relatively simple.

To cut down the abdominal fat that is the bane of a great many city men all sorts of remedies and regimens and culture courses are on tap. They are all good if wisely chosen and well followed; but if undertaken too strenuously as a cureall they are more apt to result in nervousness or in boredom than they are in efficiency. You can roll on the floor and kick the headboard and do all sorts of stunts, and still not get over that first hard part of the cure that discourages so many men from conditioning themselves. Yet you can do that very simply if your affairs shape properly for it.

The best thing in the world for you is horseback riding—not on a gaited saddle-horse in the parks, but on a hard-going country horse or Western cow-pony. All the better if your riding be in the high mountains, where both elevation and exercise will be working together for your benefit. When you ride a hard-gaited horse it is absolutely impossible not to employ those very abdominal muscles that never get any use at all in city life. Moreover, you get good air in this exercise; so that three factors in all—air, exercise and heart stimulus—are working to help you in the first step toward good condition.

Of course a few minutes' horseback riding will not do you much good any more than will a few minutes of physical culture stunts; but a few days will do you good, and noticeable good. If you ride part of every day for two or three days in high mountain country, you will find you do not need alcoholic stimulants, and you will find that you are losing flesh and getting lines. A wise diet will help you, of course, but if you ride horseback in the mountains you don't need to live on zwieback and watercress—you can eat a man's "vittles."

The Foolish Fat Man

This first decisive step toward getting into condition is necessary in some form. It is best taken in the open air. If you could not go horseback riding last fall try snowshoeing this winter, if that is possible. It is another one of those outdoor exercises that for some reason or other seem to cut down flesh rapidly and hence to lay a good foundation for later condition. Two weeks under pack on the web shoes will do about as much for you as the same amount of time in the saddle. In many cases either experience will renew in the victim, even though middle-aged, that pride in his physical condition that any man ought to retain all his life. The trouble with most of us old parties is that we give up and think there is no chance left for us. Quite the reverse of this is true—there is every kind of a chance if you care to hold it down.

Tennis is too severe for the man of middle age, although it certainly starts perspiration. Golf is not of much value in cutting off weight, although it is a beneficial exercise and of much value to those who cannot take long trips away from home. One day a week on the golf links will keep a man feeling good, but it will not serve sharply to put into condition a man in extreme need of it.

Mountain climbing or hill work is a most excellent conditioner, especially if combined with horseback riding. One must practice it with a certain desperation—until Nature, disgusted with the mechanical handicap under which she is asked to labor, goes about removing the fat that is in her way and yours. One beauty about mountain climbing is that there is nearly always abundance of good water close at hand. Most fleshy men are great water-drinkers. At home, water adds to the weight; when working hard in the mountains it does not have this effect, but acts as a solvent and purifier. All these things working together help you over the first, hard, decisive step—that of melting the flesh that is in your way.

Getting fit, if you are overweight, is a hard matter, a very hard matter if you cannot avail yourself of these severe forms of outdoor exercise that of themselves are pleasant to take. Keeping fit is quite another and much easier matter. Once down to weight, it will give you no great trouble to stay there, but this you can do by simple exercises at home that will not detract from but add to your efficiency and good feeling. The only hard part is the first revolutionary change in habits of living and habits of body.

Of course, even some city men are out-of-doors enough to get a certain amount of

With the old-fashioned straight razor you can get the diagonal stroke in shaving—the stroke that does the clean, quick, satisfactory work—but you have to be an expert to do it. With the Young Safety Razor you get this same diagonal stroke without requiring a barber's experience because the blade can be placed at any angle with the handle at a touch of the finger.

Young SAFETY Razor

"The any-angle razor"

With this small, compact, nicely balanced razor, the morning shave becomes a pleasant duty. No time is wasted in stropping or honing, no care need be exercised in shaving the hard-to-get-at parts of the face. The Young does not pull or scrape, but cuts the most stubborn beard smoothly and cleanly because of its keen-edged blade and its diagonal stroke.

A Young Safety Razor with 12 blades, all packed in a neat, attractive leather case, costs but $2.50. Additional blades can be bought at 75 cents a dozen.

30 Days Free Trial

All dealers are authorized by us to take the Young Safety Razor back and refund the $2.50 if a thirty day trial does not convince the purchaser that the Young Safety Razor is all that we claim for it. If your dealer does not carry it, order direct from us with same return privilege.

YOUNG SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY
1709 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

exercise. The little occupations about a country place will give a man work enough to keep him in condition, if he is disposed to stay on his feet and keep moving. To be interested in the exercise when it is taken is about half the battle. Our farmers represent the sober, conservative, rational part of our population, and our government rests with the farm vote. Why? Because they work, keep fit, are efficient bodily and mentally.

If you are near a Northern hill country, and can get out for, say, part of a day each week to some country place or club, you might try skee running, which is a good winter sport and stimulus enough to be of value in conditioning. It is not very dangerous in ordinary hill country if the snow is deep, and it does not take long for a middle-aged man to learn enough of it to enjoy it, although of course great skill is only for those who begin young.

The upland sportsman who gets a day or so each week or month in the fall or winter with his bird dog is much to be envied, although sport is distant now from most of our larger cities. A day with the beagles, after Brer Rabbit, is interesting and helpful, and rather easier to get than work with the bird dogs. If you are in warmer winter countries sailing or canoeing is so much to the good.

As a people we Americans are rather disposed to fads and cranky enthusiasms. A while ago we were crazy over physical culture exercises. Now we are crazy over sleeping porches. Taking the best out of all these fads and fancies, how much can the average city man, too busy to get out of town, choose for himself to his physical benefit?

All that depends on the man, on his desire and on his resolution. At the time of the Sandow craze in this country, some years ago, many ballroom lamps were broken by young men who were engaging in strenuous work with dumbbells. Before very long most of these had forgotten this and were thinking of something else. Some did not. I recall one man, then far past thirty years of age, who formed the dumbbell habit at the time of Sandow's first visit to America and kept it up for four years, night and morning, taking a series of movements with the bells for an average of ten minutes, or until a perspiration was induced. At first, according to the patient, this work was very distasteful, but it was persisted in without exception, night and morning—no matter what time he came home—except in rare cases of severe illness. As a result this man at the end of three years could have shown a photograph of arm, back and side muscles as good as any of the magazine pictures that we saw not so very long ago. His average health was very good. In his work and in his outdoor sports he was counted efficient, and he ascribed that fact to his persistence in these exercises. He used trunk as well as arm exercises.

The Way to Reduce Weight

This man, like many others, agreed that once the habit of this daily exercise was acquired, the chance omission of it caused a feeling of uneasiness. Any athlete accustomed to regular exercise feels a certain craving for it. Once you get into the way of it it is no longer a hardship but a joy.

On the other hand, this habit once broken is difficult to take up again, especially if one has advanced well along in years. The middle-aged man is apt to say to himself with a sigh that in his case the time for these things has passed. Nothing of the sort. It is simply a case of working hard enough to get fit, and then getting the habit of keeping fit. Of course we all know the routine motions to take for reducing abdominal fat—bend forward ten times, side-to-side ten times, touch the floor with finger-tips ten times, lie flat and raise the feet ten times, lie flat and sit up ten times, and so on. I know a man who kept at this faithfully for three weeks—and at his cocktails also with equal faithfulness—and who could report almost no progress, although he had increased the number of his exercises until he was taking daily three or four hundred of these different motions. He was becoming nervous, but was not losing much flesh. Then by accident and quite independently he discovered the virtue of this same horseback riding in the mountains that had been mentioned as a good initial jolt in getting fit. No doubt the hard foundation he had laid proved of benefit, for when his extra flesh began to go it went almost all at once. He came back proud and happy, and his tailor remeasures him today when he orders clothes.

Any man who has trained much or gone in for hard games or hard trips will tell you that if the stomach is hard you need not bother about the rest of your body. All these exercises that tend to develop the biceps and shoulders are nice in their way, but I question very much whether they add to a man's working efficiency to any great extent. The exercises that bring into play the muscles of the abdomen and sides are the most distasteful, awkward and inconvenient of any that a man can take. Yet they are the very ones that will add most to his general physical fitness.

There are several motions prescribed for these muscles. You can bend forward, or rise up from a prone position, or you can raise your legs up as you lie prone—the last is one of the college-training exercises for the crew. If you have not time for all three of them and want the best take the third one mentioned. Lie flat on the floor in the morning and raise your feet up forty-five degrees from the floor. It starts easy but all at once it gets very hard—and to do the exercise ten times perhaps will tire you at first, if you are honest with yourself and keep your legs straight. You will not get much good from this unless you can take fifty of the motions in the morning and as many at night—double the number if possible. Even when you are doing your fifty or seventy-five a day you will find it hard thus to raise your legs more than twenty-five or thirty times without stopping. You will discover then what has been the matter with your tailor's measurements—there were a lot of muscles that never got any use at all.

Exercise From the Can

Now if you have first cut down your flesh by some Spartan process—whether one of those above indicated or some other of your own—you will without doubt or question find that even fifty of these movements every day will keep you down to your lines when once you have attained them. By-and-by you will begin to feel very proud of yourself. First you will find that your sides are sinking in and getting thinner. Then you will find that your stomach is moving higher up—in short, you will discover, now coming over the hips, that line of muscle that you will see in some Greek statues and in some physical directors. It can be yours if you care for it. With it you will be able to do, say, twenty-five per cent more work, with fifty per cent more evenness of disposition at home or in the office. Moreover, when you once get back your pride in your physical fitness—and that pride can be yours at six or sixty, if you like—you will find that what you needed after all to correct the seediness that was creeping upon you was simply a better circulation of the blood. By far the better plan for you is to keep up good habits all through your life and not take them up late in life. It is very difficult for a middle-aged man to resume any physical exercise if he has been the victim of a severe case of sickness. But, little by little, each man will benefit by a certain amount of self-punishment in the way of exercise—the married man, the oldish man, the busy man or the young man.

Half a loaf is better than no bread, and there are a great many readjustments and compensations in life as we go along. A great many middle-aged men, who had astigmatism from desk work, found they could no longer see the open sights on a rifle. About then a man came along and invented a sort of aperture sight that helped their vision very much. A good many oldish men were feeling rusty when golf came along and became fashionable. Also there came to the rescue of a good many oldish men who were getting stiff in the joints the new science or art of osteopathy. Without wishing to indulge in any argument about the matter, it is probably fair to say that osteopathy will not cure all diseases, but it will not hurt any one, and it certainly will benefit a great many by furnishing canned exercise to those who will not take it otherwise. Of course osteopathy, to be of help, must be somewhat severe—the exercise must be there, the muscles must be stretched, the joints loosened. It is no ladylike game for the man who is doing the hard work, and unless he works hard you get no benefit from it. The man past forty-five, who finds himself unable to get any outdoor exercise, might do very much worse than buy a little canned

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Makers of Solid Gold Rings in which the Stones Do Stay (7)

exercise at the osteopath works once a week or so. It will improve his circulation—and keeping fit is merely keeping the circulation good.

If you are not satisfied with your own condition in the wintertime, suppose you take on a simple little program that will cost you nothing, at least, in the trying out. When your man or your maid calls you in the morning or even your alarm clock—don't wrench yourself awake and jump out of bed as though something were after you. Spread out your arms flat on the bed and wide apart, and breathe as deep as you can for a dozen times or so. Twist a little bit from side to side and bend your body up into an arch once or twice. Get out and lie flat on the floor. Raise your legs to forty-five degrees fifty times—starting with what you can stand easily and increasing the number one movement each day until you can do twenty-five without stopping and fifty without getting tired.

You can't help feeling seedy until your heart begins to work. By this time it will have freshened up a bit. Now go to your bathtub. If you can plunge into cold water right out of the hydrant, whatever the weather may be, your case is hardly for us, for you are already fit. Don't temper the water and don't take a warm bath—you want the shock, the reaction, to start your morning heart going more strongly. Wet your face, your hands, your arms, the back of your neck, then your chest. Perhaps now you can stand in the tub and finish the bath. You don't want to shock yourself beyond the part of starting your heart steadily and strongly at its day's work.

Don't overdo any of this—but use your reason and don't expect to do wonders all at once. It is only the habit that will help you, not chance application of it. Now after you are dry from the bath put your foot up on the rim of the bathtub, clasp both hands at the back of your head and pull your head and body down and forward as hard as you can two or three times. Put the other foot up and do the same thing. This exercise will stretch the vertebræ and improve your circulation—which is what you want when you are in search of efficiency.

Stand up now, make the muscles of the trunk rigid and bend a half dozen times each way from side to side. Make your arms rigid and raise them flexed a few times over your head. Take hold of your head and pull it over to one side, straining the neck. Repeat this once or twice on the other side. Get dressed. You will feel like smiling and like having a cup of coffee, and maybe two. Neither will hurt you. Go on to your work, and if you feel it necessary to be a good fellow, defer the cocktail process until after six o'clock at least. If you come home tired it is not necessary to take these exercises at night. The morning alone will suffice if you keep at it faithfully on somewhat the above lines. Night and morning, however, is better.

Nearly all city people lose in efficiency from being troubled by colds or coughs in the wintertime, cities being unhealthful dwelling-places. You don't take cold out-of-doors. You will be less apt to take cold indoors if you use night and morning a gargle of diluted peroxide of hydrogen. All the better if you use it as a nasal douche. Just salt and water isn't bad for the latter purpose. These suggestions are not made with the least idea of prescribing medicine, but only as possible preventives of the need of medicine. If you care to take so much trouble as all this and it will be no trouble at all if you get used to it, and you will not wish to discontinue it—you can without doubt or question keep yourself in very fair physical condition throughout the winter, and go into your out-of-door exercises next season feeling very much better than otherwise you would. It will take not over fifteen minutes each morning. You could make few investments that would pay you better. Whether you do or not is, of course, another matter. You can rest assured of one thing, there is no absolutely royal road or any perfectly easy path for keeping fit. You can't hire the man to do all your exercises for you. It is strictly up to you and your own desires, backed by your own resolution; nor will a few days' practice of any physical exercise in the world be of lasting benefit to you. You must make the habit take care of itself

How's Business and Why

IF LONDON diagnoses the American situation correctly, then is the situation here improved. London says it regards the industrial situation cleared of uncertainty by the filing of the suit against the United States Steel Corporation; and it adds: "Your national election will be over and popular sentiment will have calmed down before the case reaches the highest court. Hysterics, therefore, are unnecessary." It is easy to indorse the concluding observation, at least; for there is not the slightest occasion for hysterics over the commencement of a suit that more or less people consider the logical outcome of a policy which, it was well understood, the Government had definitely decided upon as regards the alleged offenders among the great corporations under the Sherman law. Business in the United States is too big an institution to be upset by an act of this sort, and the Government is too just to pursue a course toward the business of the country that would be unnecessarily harmful.

"Unnecessarily harmful" is said because of the possibility that execution of the Federal statute, designed to protect the people and the business interests themselves from the power of aggregations of capital, might possibly entail some seeming if not real hardship. However, should it eventuate that way, there is little room to doubt that the benefits accruing to corporations in general and to the people at large would more than offset the temporary sense of harm proceeding from the act. It was, indeed, harmful to the general morale of the country that one or more corporations should be prosecuted under the Sherman Law and other corporations, looked upon as similarly erring, be left undisturbed. And especially was this the case after this particular corporation had signified a purpose to defend the claim that its incorporation was lawful and its operations were not in restraint of trade—in other words, that the corporation would not voluntarily dissolve and reorganize in conformity with the requirements of the Federal statutes. The atmosphere was cleared when the suit against the most powerful commercial organization in the land was haled into court.

It is idle to charge the step to politics. To do that but indicates a base motive for what should be a patriotic act; and there are too many men who can conceive no higher motive on the part of men holding political offices. The act is backed by a tremendous affirmative sentiment—a sentiment that would have compelled similar action at some hand if not at the hand of the present Chief Executive of the nation. This act and others of like sort are the product of a psychological condition and have happened opportunely. They will make for progress, as business men themselves will eventually allow, as time passes. The outcome will establish the principle of the equality of men and of opportunity as it has heretofore been established—more in theory than in fact or practice. The temporary annoyance of the commencement of the suit will pass and satisfaction will supplant discouragement by-and-by.

It is not impossible, perhaps not improbable, that out of existing discontent there shall spring more intelligent legislation; and that the corporations will be found the more disposed to accept National incorporation and Federal supervision of business because of the aggressive course of the Government in enforcing the so-called anti-corporation laws. It is lamentable that such a course may be found necessary; for it would not, but for the unjust business practices that have obtained from time almost beyond research and have developed abnormally under the modern system of aggregated capital and the very old system of debased politics under which the Government has been prostituted to promote special business interests and private ends. No man is absolutely wise enough to foresee precisely what results will follow the campaign of commercial purification at present in progress in the United States; but it is possible to have strong faith in a beneficial outcome of the honorable endeavor of the National Administration to enforce the statutes where—and as they are believed to be—violated.

Some quickening of the pulse of business is noted in particular lines in the iron and steel industry, in woolen and cotton

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manufacturing, if not likewise in other directions. The cut prices for steel products have unquestionably stimulated a degree of activity, and it is said that the new orders of the United States Steel Corporation in October averaged better than thirty-five thousand tons a day—or at the rate of, say ten million five hundred thousand tons a year. This was better than the September rate. The independent manufacturers, it is said, did not fare so well; and it is feared that October will not prove any more satisfactory, as a whole, than did September in the matter of net results. Nevertheless, it is gratifying that orders should have shown some improvement. Low prices constitute the true remedy for an inactive condition of trade. Orders for about ten thousand steel cars were placed in the last days of October and the early days of November, while inquiries for a still larger number are mentioned. It is calculated that in normal times the railroads require nearly three hundred thousand cars a year, or almost one thousand new cars each working day; whereas in the last three years the orders have approximated hardly more than a third of that number, suggesting a considerable shortage, more or less of which will, it is fancied, have to be made up in time. At more than twenty-nine million dollars, the net earnings of the Steel Corporation for the third quarter of the year were over one million dollars in excess of the Wall Street calculation, and the effect on security-market sentiment was most favorable; this fact, and the favorable interpretation of the situation as regards the American Tobacco Company's plan of reorganization, enabling the men who act as masters of the speculative markets to overcome the first effect of the commencement of the Steel suit upon market prices.

In exploiting the achievements of one of the independent steel-manufacturing concerns, Wall Street says that its current output is the largest in its history, or close to one million tons of pig iron, steel and tubular products. It is admitted, however, that, though the company is operating more economically than heretofore, its net profits have undoubtedly suffered. The latest advices were that the steel trade was growing dull in some lines—indicating, perhaps, a fluctuating position.

The leading authority in the iron trade says that rail-buying for 1912 has begun in earnest and active contracting is expected to follow. Orders for no less than ninety-five thousand tons of rails are reported placed, and a number of the large systems are said to be figuring on requirements for the coming year. Fabricators calculate that one hundred and thirty thousand to one hundred and forty thousand tons of steelwork are pending in New York and vicinity, for the most part in jobs running over one thousand tons. Pig-iron production in October is placed by preliminary figures at 2,090,728 tons, compared with 1,973,918 tons in September, with one more day in the tenth than in the ninth month. There was a moderate increase in the output of merchant iron and in the product of the steel furnaces. Blast-furnace operations were substantially unchanged. The market for merchant iron was steadily weaker.

The Bank Clearings

October bank clearings were relatively best outside the city of New York, amounting to no less than $5,793,697,714, showing a gain of 11.6 per cent over September and being the largest since March, 1910, and the third largest on record. The exceptions were in the March mentioned and the preceding December. The increase over October of last year is 1.3 per cent and just one per cent more than that compared with October, 1909. New York bank clearings for the month—$7,510,203,889—were 4.5 per cent better than those of September, but they fall 4.9 per cent below those of the same month last year. Looking back to October, 1909, a decrease of twenty-five per cent is found for the month this year. Dealings in stocks at New York were very much less than in September of this year and October of last year—a fact having influence upon clearings. Bank clearings for ten months ended with October were $129,903,423,626 compared with $134,752,270,841, while outside New York they were $53,716,297,677 against $53,316,879,727—for like months of 1910. The decrease in the country at large was 3.6 per cent, New York clearings falling off 6.4 per cent and those of the rest of the country gaining seven-tenths of one per cent. Canadian bank clearings increased twenty-one per cent in October compared with September, and 19.4 per cent compared with October of last year. For ten months the increase was 15.2 per cent compared with last year. Total Canadian clearings for ten months were $5,687,521,982, or not quite equal to the clearings for October in that part of the United States not included in New York Bank clearings in October and for ten months in the United States indicate a large general business but no remarkable change over last season.

The October failure list shows an increase in the number of reverses but a decrease in the liabilities of the failed firms compared with September, and increases in both number and liabilities compared with the month last year. For the month and ten months, failures this year are less favorable than for either of the last two previous years, though comparing favorably with either 1908 or 1907, when the effect of the 1907 panic was felt. It is remarkable that the number of failures in October this year—970—was almost identical with the 968 for the same month of 1907; but in the liabilities the disparity is striking the $14,867,866 of this year being set against $172,675,890 for the same month of the earlier year. For ten months the number of failures 10,265—contrasts with 9428 last year, with 11,763 in 1908, and 7861 in 1907. Liabilities this year—$152,917,289—compare with $262,260,259 in 1908, and $275,818,124 in 1907. In other words, the size of the failed concerns was very much smaller this year than in either of the previous years mentioned. The increase in failures in October, compared with previous months, is only seasonable and not discouraging. The end of the year usually finds an increasing list of casualties in the business world and the current year will likely prove no exception.

Some Textile Figures

Among the pleasing and reassuring discoveries is the fact that the principal cotton mills of the South find themselves with little cotton and few manufactured goods on hand but with considerable orders for coarse goods for export. Their only apprehension appears to be lest the Chinese internal war shall interfere with the filling of orders and lead to cancellations. The cotton mills generally are in better position since the decline in the price of the raw article and they are facing the future with renewed confidence. Prospective tariff changes cause some uneasiness, but there is ever the chance of averting these. The wool manufacturing industry is more active than for many months; but there, as in the cotton industry, is the likelihood of attempted legislation touching duties and the same possibility of fighting off a change. It is here that the factor of politics enters—and politics is a very uncertain affair.

Mail orders for cotton goods at New York are reported satisfactory and prices of many cloths are said to look rather tempting to merchants whose financial conditions are sound. Large serge mills are reported to be practically sold up and advance orders are declared well ahead of a year ago. It is admitted that profits are small, and there appears to be more complaint on that than on any other score in pretty much every industry. Men accustomed to large profits naturally become impatient of the slow, plodding course of present accumulation. Demand for manufactured products has not kept pace with provisions for their manufacture, and the idle plant is forever kept in mind.

Thirty-six Fall River cotton manufacturing corporations declared an average of 1.07 per cent in dividends for the fourth quarter of 1911 compared with 1.64 per cent for the corresponding quarter of 1910 and 1.12 per cent for the third quarter of this year, and an average of 3.60 per cent for the best fourth quarter of the last twenty years—that of 1907. Of course the amount of capital stock varied from year to year. Ten of the corporations passed dividends for the fourth quarter this year and twenty-three paid smaller dividends than for the same quarter in 1910. Some of the mills have paid dividends in part at the expense of surplus. The year 1911 has been a poor one for the cotton mills; and it is felt that some time will be required to place the mills in as good financial position as they were a matter of three years ago.

Whatever the condition of business of late, the incorporation of new business concerns goes on at a brisk pace. In

Winter Tires

With a Bulldog Grip

Note the double-thick tread—
Note the deep-cut blocks—
Note the countless edges and angles.
Compare it with other non-skids.

Resistless—Enduring

Here is a real Non-Skid.

An extra tread of very tough rubber, vulcanized onto the regular.

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So thick that the blocks can be cut very deep.

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See the sharp-cut, deep-cut blocks. They present to the road surface countless edges and angles.

Their grip is resistless.

And the blocks endure.

Note how these blocks widen out at the base, so the strain is rightly distributed.

A moment's comparison will show a dozen advantages over other non-skid devices.

No-Rim-Cut—10% Oversize

These ideal treads, if wanted, may now be had on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

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They are now the most popular tires in existence—

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These are the tires which never can be rim-cut.

With other tires—with clincher types—23% of all ruined tires are rim-cut.

This is your chiefest worry and your main expense. No-Rim-Cut tires wipe it out entirely.

And this is the tire which is 10% over the rated size. This type of tire, with hookless base, permits this oversize.

That means 10% more air—10% added carrying capacity. And this over-tiring, with the average car, adds 25% to the tire mileage.

These two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—under average conditions cut tire bills in two.

That's why the demand for this type of tire has increased 500% in two years.

You are bound to adopt these No-Rim-Cut tires when you know what others know.

Our new Tire Book is ready—based on 13 years of tire making. It is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

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(435)

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"But scented, flavored pastes satisfy her no longer. She now wants no other tooth-paste, powder or wash, because she has used Pebeco and says the cleanliness and freshness that follow its use are wonderful and that her teeth are whiter than ever before."

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Tubes of Pebeco Tooth Paste are so large, and so little is needed for perfect results, that at 50c a tube there is no cheaper dentifrice.

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Gentlemen—Please send me Trial Tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste; also Acid Test Papers.

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Massachusetts, since May first, there has been no month of so large incorporations as October, when 108 concerns were incorporated compared with 88 for the same month in 1910. The capital of the same was $5,201,500 last month and $3,817,500 for the same month of 1910. This makes, for the year to the end of October, 1152 corporations against 1043 last year, and $96,-163,575 capital compared with $56,222,900. Manifestly, then, capitalists are not entirely discouraged over the business outlook—as, indeed, they ought not to be discouraged. The remarks of President McCrea, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, regarding the business situation elicit deserved applause when he says: "There cannot be said to be hard times anywhere. There is some slackness of business in some regions. Probably there will not be any substantial improvement in these regions until after the Presidential election."

According to the report of the United States Geological Survey, the country exceeded in 1910 all previous records in the iron and steel industry. The value of the iron ore produced was $140,735,607 compared with $109,964,903 the previous year, while that of pig iron was $425,115,235 compared with $419,175,000 the previous year. The production of iron ore increased from 27,553,161 tons in 1900 to 56,889,744 tons in 1910, the production of pig iron increasing for the same period from 13,789,-242 tons to 27,303,567 tons, and steel from 10,188,329 tons to 26,094,919 tons. Iron was mined in no less than twenty-eight states during 1910. The production this year is bound to show considerable decrease from record figures, but there is little reason to doubt the probability that the end of the next ten years will witness a tremendous increase in production over the record for 1910.

The story of the flour-mill industry for the five-year period, 1904 to 1909, is interesting as told by the Census Bureau of the United States. The value of the products of the flour and grist mills in the earliest year was $713,033,000, and in 1909 it was $883,584,000, an increase of twenty-four per cent. At the same time the number of establishments increased sixteen per cent, or from 10,054 to 11,691; and the average product to a mill rose from seventy-one thousand dollars to seventy-six thousand dollars. The manufacture of wheat flour increased from 104,013,278 barrels to 105,-756,645, or but two per cent. The increase in graham flour, included in the foregoing, was seven per cent; that in rye flour two per cent; while the increase in buckwheat flour was less than one per cent. In the production of barley meal there was an actual decrease of fifty-eight per cent. In cornmeal and cornflour there was a decrease of nine per cent, which was the precise percentage of increase in the production of hominy and grits. Feed products in the same time increased forty-eight per cent, to 5,132,169 tons. Salaried officials and clerks increased sixty-two per cent and average wage-earners sixty-two per cent, numbering 3943 against 12,031 officials and clerks.

The Copper Market

Copper, the metal, has risen a fraction within the past month on buying for foreign and domestic account, but as soon as the orders were filled prices became heavy and the market lapsed into a chronic state of apathy, the normal price being about 12⅝ to 12¾ cents—with a possible, though slight, variation either way. London is a little stiffer in its ideas than is New York. The consumption of copper is large in the world, as a whole, though not especially so in the United States. This country is more distinguished as a source of supply than as a consumer of copper. Production has been possibly overdone here, albeit this very overdoing makes for increased consumption in other countries if not at home. There is no doubt as to the ability of the producers of copper to supply the world's present needs and more, for they are not operating at full capacity. Any considerable advance in the price of the metal on quickened demand would easily stimulate an enlarged output by the mines. It is pointed out that foreign consumption of copper for nine months of this year increased about seventy million pounds over that of like months of 1910—say, at the rate of ninety millions for twelve months. Against this was the falling off for the same period of about sixty million pounds in domestic consumption, which is at the rate of seventy-five million pounds for twelve months. The statistics of Europe are not complete, but it may be assumed that consumption of the metal for the world in 1911 will be fully equal to that for last year. The statement of the Copper Producers' Association for October shows diminished production—2,666,482 pounds compared with the previous month—accompanied by an increase of 6,656,723 pounds in domestic deliveries and 9,260,338 in exports, making an increase of 15,917,061 in total deliveries. The difference between production and deliveries for October was 5,897,214 pounds, which represents the reduction in surplus for the month, leaving the stock of marketable copper at the end of October 134,997,-642 pounds compared with 140,894,856 pounds at the end of the same month in 1910.

Production for ten months of 1911 has been 1,197,165,040 pounds, domestic deliveries 575,583,345 pounds, exports 608,-614,238 pounds, and total deliveries, 1,184,197,593 pounds, being remarkably close to the production—so close that some writers easily calculate that consumption will outstrip production and that the metal must advance in price, which is not, however, conclusive. Statistics for a given period do not always reveal the exact status of supply and consumption, the element of speculation having to be allowed for. It is calculated, for example, that recent sales of copper in this country have been one hundred and fifty million pounds, answering one of those periodical demands of melters and possibly a certain demand from speculators, who may be looking for higher quotations for the metal. Such sales naturally swell deliveries and make for irregularity in that statistical item. The copper industry appears to be in as favorable a position as other industries, and the outlook is as good as the retrospect so far as can be judged at this time.

Political Influences

The business situation, as a whole, is all that could reasonably be expected until certain incongruous conditions have worked themselves out and a new foundation has been laid for a fresh start. Probably the average person, viewing the case, will say that political uncertainty dims the outlook for an early start—and it doubtless does to some extent, for the belief is growing that there is to be a complete change of parties in control of legislation at Washington, and it is expected that the new party in control will have a policy of its own concerning the customs revenue, the conduct of business and regulation of corporations. The business world, however, will lose nothing by a little hesitation at this time, for more time is required for economic readjustment than has passed since the last financial crisis. Discussion leads in the direction of national incorporation of corporations doing an interstate business and the regulation of prices for service and commodities. The *kartels* of Germany and *cartels* of France suggest a form of business regulation which many people are pointing to as a possible substitute for direct Government regulation, their hope being that in some way combinations will be permitted to continue and operate with the least Federal interference. Regulation of business by a commission corresponding to the interstate commerce commission is receiving considerable discussion. However, Congress is the body that must be allowed to provide for business regulation, if anything is done; and it is beyond conjecture what provisions, if any, will be made. Nor is it worth while to be exercised regarding this matter. The politicians will scarcely seek to destroy business—and possibly cannot do it if they try. When business is good, which it is at intervals, it overrides all manner of obstacles; and when it is poor, which it likewise is at intervals, it conjures up all manner of bogies. It is neither very good nor very bad at the moment, though probably better than the average condition for a series of years covering boom and depression.

Apprehension will not make particularly for material betterment, and would better be dismissed.

As to the money market, it scarcely requires a moment's notice, for it is so easy everywhere that all legitimate wants can be readily supplied at comfortable rates, and there is absolutely no sign of change in the near future. Later this condition of monetary ease will stimulate enterprise—first in security dealings and afterward in industrial and commercial lines.

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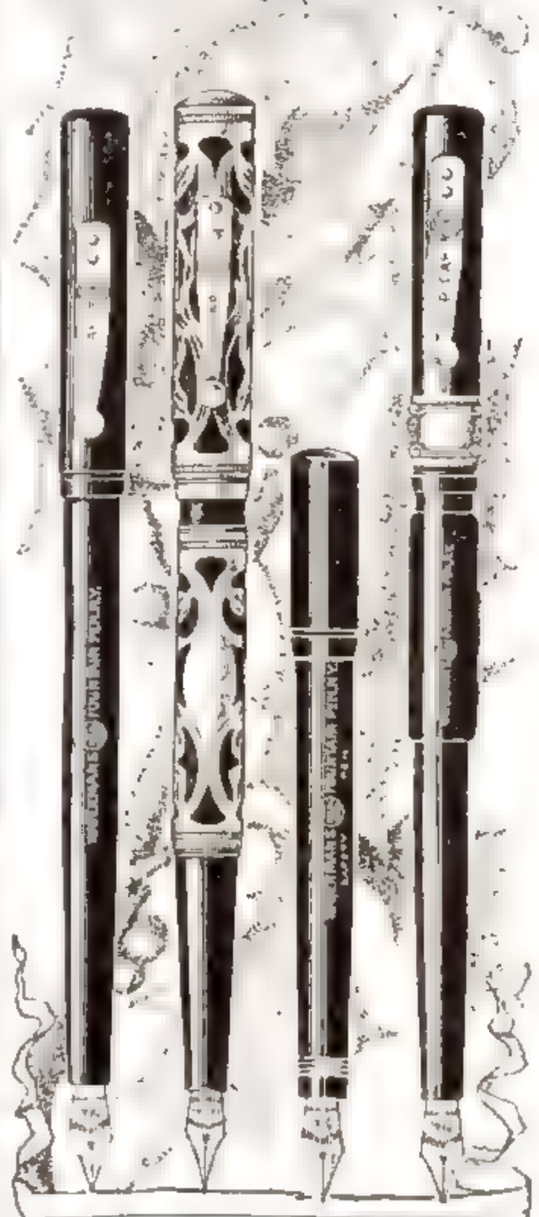

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My voice is clear as water, but it isn't quite so free
The best seats in the house are ten, the cheapest ones are three;
I also sing for phonographs that all the world may hear;
And in a quite brief season I make half a million clear;
I do not know but they may sell my pictures in the aisles;
For just ten little thousand I pose pictures for the styles;
And every time I turn about or speak or trill, you see,
My manager takes care that there are seats in it for me.

Poor Beethoven and Liszt
What chances they both missed
By having no good manager with money-grabbing fist;
And Schubert was so slow,
Box-office-ly, you know,
He needed Business Genius, with this cry:
"We want the dough!"

The Star

I act because I love my Art—and you may have a peek;
Two dollars is my cheapest seat—I'm billed for every week
Through all the coming season; and my contract, I may say,
Calls for five thousand dollars every blessed Saturday.
I also turn my little trick with moving-picture men
For every quarter taken in, my royalty is ten;
And when I'm at my summer home at Bay Ridge or Sandy Hook,
You may walk by and see me at just fifty cents a look;

Whichever way I turn
There's money I may earn;
My royalties are vast and I have funds and then to burn.
Euripides was slow
And Sophocles, you know!
They never heard that sweet refrain: "We're out to get the dough!"

The Author

I write because I love the world I want to help the race;
My books are net one-fifty and you'll find them every place;
I've sold in hundred thousands you'll very plainly see
How many people I have helped how many have helped me.
They've dramatized my latest book; and though it may be trash,
What matters it to me so long as it brings in the cash?
For just two dollars you may hear me read my voice is grand.
For fifty cents additional you may and grasp my hand:

Oh, Milton, just to think
You wasted precious ink
That I could turn to money in a way to make you blink!
And poor Boccaccio,
Your methods were so slow
What worlds you might have conquered if you'd gone out for the dough!

The Twirler

In summertime you see me as I mow the batsmen down;
In winter I'm in vaudeville you'll find me right in town;
My picture's sold with chewing gum, and chewing day and night
Brings me a handsome income, for my face is copyright;
They biograph my pitching arm, and every time I fling
I'm right at the cash register, so I may hear it ring;
I love the great and glorious game—I would shake hands with you,
But handshakes have been valued up to fifty cents for two:

Oh, Spartacus of old,
What ducats might have rolled
And jingled in your coffers if one home run you had poled!
With sense enough to know
That fame's a fleeting show;
And while it lasts the thing to do is go and get the dough!

Ensemble

Our laurels we have won—we're Artists every one;
And if you don't believe it look in Bradstreet or in Dun.
We'd love to greet you true! We'd like to smile at you;
But we're potented and copyright indeed, it wouldn't do!
We've fought our way uphill we're headlined on the bill.
And we are here to thrill you at, say, fifty cents a thrill.
The genius that may glow in us is yours, you know.
We love our Art, indeed we do; but O, We Love You, Dough! —*J. W. Foley*

As Clear as Mud

SOME years ago, in a lonely part of Long Island a few miles from the city of New York, the body of a young woman, expensively dressed, was found in a thicket. She had been murdered—shot through the head. Harry Stowe, of the Evening World, was the first reporter to reach the place. The body had not been moved; and in searching about it Stowe happened upon something the local coroner had overlooked—a scrap of discolored paper, bearing printed and written words in German upon it.

Stowe quietly slipped the paper into his pocket and caught the first train for town. He couldn't read German himself, so he took his find to the office of the German consul. There he met an elderly, spectacled, exceedingly serious-looking under secretary, who translated the printed and written inscriptions for him.

Then the secretary wanted to know what it was all about. Stowe told him, explaining that the identity of the murdered woman was still a profound mystery—that nobody could guess who or what she was. He described her clothing at some detail.

"Pooh!" snorted the German. "Stupid fools that these American policemen are! To the trained mind the whole thing is simplicity itself. By a process of elimination and deduction it is possible to ascertain beyond question what manner of woman this was."

"Could you do it?" asked Stowe hopefully.

"In one minute!" said the under secretary impressively.

"Go ahead then, for Heaven's sake, and do it," begged Stowe.

"Very well," said the German. "My young friend, please follow me closely. This paper shows that some woman bought at a store in Leipsic certain small articles and kitchen utensils—a breadknife, a potato-masher, a coffee-grinder. No woman, unless she was a housewife, would buy such things. So!

"On the other hand, this woman, you tell me, wore a pair of forty-dollar corsets. No woman in Germany, unless she was an actress, would wear forty-dollar corsets.

"No actress would buy common household utensils. That would make her a housewife! No housewife would wear forty-dollar corsets. That would make her an actress! And there you are!"

The Mother Call

Did ever your heartstrings flutter to the breath of the bush and the pine?
Have you heard the night wind mutter its lullaby? yours and mine.
The reek of the blue smoke curling lazily upward and up?
The vista that life is unfurling—life to the brim of the cup?

See the moon that is lazily rising o'er the top of the tangled brush;
The fragrant and misty evening, wrapped in a somnolent hush!
List, and you'll answer, my brothers, to the call of the bush and the wild;
'Tis the sigh of a saddened mother, who waits for her prodigal child.

Answer, oh, answer, my children, my call on the night winds borne;
Come to the heart of your mother, stripped and your fetishes torn;
Here is my temple—my altar; here will I lift up my voice.
Uphold I thy feet lest they falter, and thy heart as a child's shall rejoice.

—*E. W. Toder.*

Present the Family With a "Baby Grand" Home Billiard Table

Take Over a Year to Pay!

You may search through a hundred stores and shops without finding anything to equal the BRUNSWICK "BABY GRAND" BILLIARD OR POCKET-BILLIARD TABLE as a present for *the entire family.*

—For from Shakespeare's time to the present the game of Billiards has held the highest place among all forms of amusement.

These home-size Tables belong to the "royal family" of Billiard Tables—they are genuine BRUNSWICKS—not mere *imitations* of Billiard Tables that make a travesty of this greatest of all indoor games.

They offer inexhaustible resources of entertainment for young and old.

And, best of all, the *prices* are so *modest* and the *terms* so *convenient* that the *average family* can now easily afford the luxury of a real Billiard Table.

In designing these beautiful Tables the ultimate aim was to put Brunswick Quality into a line of HOME SIZE Billiard Tables whose chief [illegible] was to [illegible].

Being the perfect and largest Billiard Table concern in the world, with factory facilities that cut the cost of production to the minimum, and purchasing power that secures for us lowest prices on Mahogany and other materials that enter into the construction of high-class tables, we have succeeded in bringing real Billiard Tables within easy reach of people of moderate incomes. Over sixty years of undisputed Billiard Table supremacy is your guarantee that the Brunswick "Baby Grand" will give lifetime satisfaction.

Small Rooms Available for Home Billiards

The Brunswick "Baby Grand" can be used satisfactorily in rooms of average size.

Our smallest Table can be used in an 11 ft. 6 in. x 14 ft. 6 in. room.

These Tables thus open up to thousands who live in average-size houses or apartments the delightful possibilities of Home Billiards on *real Billiard Tables*—not Toys.

Since the introduction of our HOME SIZE Billiard and Pocket-Billiard Tables, the popularity of Home-Billiards has been growing by leaps and bounds.

Home-Size Tables of Genuine Mahogany

Brunswick "Baby Grand" Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Tables are [illegible] of the finest thoroughly seasoned Mahogany [illegible]. The Table is polished to perfection. They are [illegible] the same high quality of workmanship by which the skilled artisans of our company [illegible]. The lines are simple and exquisite [illegible] with the finest home environment.

Each Table has a bed of three-ply Vermont Slate, whose surface is as perfect as modern machinery and human skill can make it, covered with Imported Billiard Cloth. Some of the most Expert Billiard Players in America have duplicated their most marvelous shots on the Brunswick "Baby Grand". Accurate angles and scientific construction throughout.

Built With Cue Rack and Accessory Drawer

These Tables embody not only the best features that have been developed in designing Standard Size Billiard Tables, but several decided *innovations* which double their desirability for home use, where space is more or less limited.

The entire playing equipment of the Brunswick "Baby Grand" Billiard Tables is contained in the Accessory Drawer and "Built-in" Cue Rack that forms a part of each Table. This unique arrangement is a great convenience. Does away with all [illegible] mess. Keeps everything in perfect [illegible] and right at hand whenever you wish to play.

Full Playing Equipment Free With Each Table

With each of these magnificent Tables you get, *without extra charge*, absolutely everything needed in the way of playing equipment. Outfit includes the celebrated "Baby Monarch" Cushions, Cloth, Cues, Rack (Ball Rack, Ball Basket Composition Pocket Balls for Pocket Tables), Billiard Balls for Carom Table, Chalk, Tips, Glue, Bridge, Table Cover, Brush, Cue Clamps, Markers, Set of Rules, etc. Also Book of Instructions on Billiards and How to Play. Complete information accompanies Table, showing how anyone with ordinary tools can easily set it up.

Combination Davenport Carom or Pocket-Billiard Table

As a Billiard Table

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As a Davenport

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The problem of keeping the boys home evenings is solved—automatically—by providing one of these superb Brunswick Home Billiard Tables.

The Home Billiard Room becomes the meeting point for the boys and girls of the family and neighborhood. It is fun for beginners and as the players gain in skill the interest increases.

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The fact that Billiard and Pocket Billiard Tables are now a part of the equipment in nearly every Y. M. C. A. building that has been erected, speaks volumes in favor of Billiards.

Mental and Physical Benefits of Home Billiards

You will draw big daily dividends of health and pleasure on the very [illegible] investment required to place in your home one of our fine Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Tables.

Every member of the family and of its intimate circle of friends will share in the joys of its possession.

You will [illegible] evening entertainment, *without expense*, for your guests.

No need to seek the Club or the Theater when you wish for mental diversion. Just a friend or two—a good Table and cue—*and there you are!*

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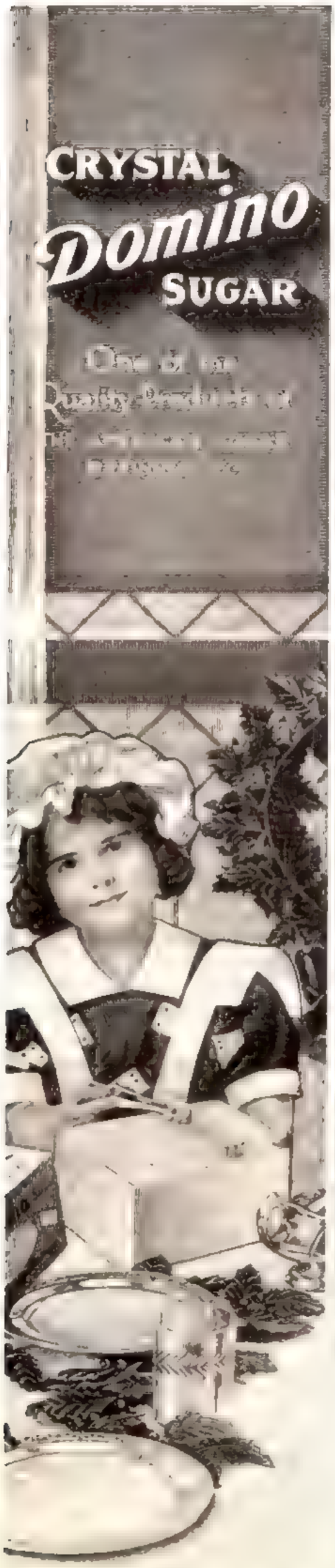

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YOUNG SLEUTH

By R. W. HOFFLUND

CHRISTOPHER JENSEN rode down the winding trail to the valley. He was a long, lean youth of twenty, clad in a yellow shirt and blue overalls, and mounted on a lean, white, half-broken bronco that he drove with a rope hackamore. With him, on the saddlebow, rode Romance—Romance, the goddess of things that happen in distant lands.

It would never have occurred to Christopher that countless other youths of twenty also worshiped Romance from afar, and that this same bleak land of his, the very mountain ranch where he struggled with his silent, hardworking father over their few lean cows and their few lean peach trees, would seem to those others a most fitting abode for the deity of the remote. These were the details of daily life—Romance was what he had boldly taken to himself from the world outside to ride with him now down the winding Santa Maria Cañon.

At the edge of the valley he came to a few scattered ranch-houses. As Christopher passed them his breast swelled a little with the importance of his secret. If these people knew! They thought of him, if they thought at all, as the same old Christopher Jensen—silent, aloof, sensitive on the subject of poverty and the lack of good clothes—an awkward boy from the mountains. Some day, of course, the truth would be published. Then they would know that he alone, of all this vast county, had been selected to represent a powerful organization made up of men chosen for daring, skill, strength—did not the letter say so?—all the qualities that separate the great man from the herd.

Christopher rode through the valley to the general store and post-office, dismounted and inquired with some diffidence for his mail. Old Man Martindale handed him a long, flat envelope, the sight of which threw Christopher's heart into high speed. With an effort to conceal this emotion he thrust the letter into his inside coat pocket, his hand touching, as it passed, the five-pointed, nickel-plated star that was the badge of his new dignity, which he had been advised by the powerful organization to wear in this inconspicuous spot.

The usual group of loungers was in the place and it seemed to Christopher that they regarded him with more than usual interest. Old Man Martindale came from behind the post-office partition, cleared his throat and broke the silence.

"I hear ye've taken up some new work, Christopher," he offered.

Christopher flushed. It seemed to him that a subdued titter went the round.

"Nothin' much," he said awkwardly.

"Goin' to be a secret-service man, I hear," persisted Old Man Martindale. "I been told ye were goin' to sleuth round and unearth some of the desprit criminals that hide out in these parts."

The titter opened up into a broad grin. A man whose name Christopher did not know, who was sitting on the only chair, shifted his crossed legs and spoke with deliberative enjoyment.

"Say, Young Sleuth," he suggested, "I got a chicken-yard, and there's been a skunk comin' round the last four nights for his supper. I kin detect the skunk all right, so fur as that goes, but I can't ketch him. You come up some night and seduce him into a trap; and I'll offer a reward of ten cents!"

The loungers roared, rocking back and forth and slapping their legs. The man in the chair leaned back, a well-satisfied leader.

"Or if you want a real case, Christopher," said Old Man Martindale, "go after Ignacio Smith. He's busted loose up near San Berdoo and shot his boss, accordin' to the papers; an' the county offers a reward of one thousand dollars for his capture. You remember Ignacio, Christopher, when he worked here? He's headin' for the border. Go out and stop him, and get the thousand dollars."

"But don't let him know you're stoppin' him," advised the man on the chair. "Sneak up on him an' do it while he's asleep, because Ignacio is a hard man to argue with. Not knowin' you're a detective, he might get onreasonable an' refuse to stop."

Into the laugh that followed Christopher tried to eject an "Aw, shut up!" He failed, because his throat wouldn't work, and he retreated in confusion to the porch. He mounted his bronco, swung his head toward home and dug the spurs in deep. He had a shrunken feeling.

When he had gone a mile or so Christopher pulled up, took out the flat envelope and opened it. It contained two circulars—one setting forth the fact that a bank clerk was wanted in Lima, Ohio, for embezzlement; the other that a Wisconsin convict had escaped from the custody of a sheriff while en route to the home provided for him by the state. The indignant sheriff offered inducement for his return. The sight of the circulars restored some of Christopher's confidence. True, it was extremely unlikely that either of the gentlemen mentioned would appear near the Santa Maria Cañon; but the receipt of the letter brought him once more in touch with the powerful organization and away from the scoffers.

However, let them laugh! Now that he was a mile away from them, let them laugh all they wanted to. The fact remained that he was actually a detective. The honor had been too hard won to be cast aside easily. Christopher had seen an advertisement in a newspaper for "Men wanted in every locality to represent us; no experience needed." He had answered it and had received from Chicago, the far-distant home of Romance, a reply stating that the Interoceanic Detective Bureau wanted a man in Christopher's county, and they were satisfied from the tone of his letter that he was the man they wanted. Never in his life had Christopher felt so elated. He had accepted eagerly, to learn that a badge—a five-pointed star—went with the post; price, ten dollars. It was like a blow in the face. Heart-brokenly he had reported his lack of ten dollars; and the generous company in a two-page letter had assured him they were so eager to secure his services that they would make an exception to their rule and permit him to pay on the installment plan. Christopher had immediately forwarded three dollars and sixty-five cents, followed later by two dollars and fifteen cents. He now had the star. His own gains were to come from the rewards earned by capturing criminals, the company allowing him fifty per cent.

Could all this be cast aside? Would Morgan give up a new bank because his friends laughed at him for wanting it?

Christopher rode slowly up the trail. Just at the top he saw a man on a horse crossing the road into the sagebrush. The slanting rays of the sun shone full on his face. In a flash Christopher recognized him. It was Ignacio Smith. He glanced at Christopher and rode on into the brush at the same steady cow-pony trot, looking neither to right nor left. He had a rifle under his arm and a canteen slung across his back.

Christopher noticed these details without turning his head or slackening his own pace, though the blood was racing in his veins. He rode straight ahead to the turn round the big boulder. Here he stopped and looked back, concealing himself behind the rock. Ignacio Smith had disappeared.

Christopher tightened his girth, examined a knot or two in the rope hackamore, remounted and rode back to the place where the Mexican had left the road. Then he turned into the brush and proceeded carefully, his eyes on the ground. He did not know it, but he was doing easily and casually what perhaps not one real detective in a thousand could have accomplished—he was tracking a man by the prints of his horse's hoofs.

For several hours he rode steadily, stopping from time to time to examine the ground—until it became too dark to see. Then he tied the pony and went ahead on foot. In the course of an hour he heard a slight noise, investigated carefully and found a horse staked out for the night. He returned to his own bronco and led him closer—not too close, as a whinny of recognition might be disastrous. Then he sat down with his back to a tree. Through a long, foggy, cold night he sat there, forcing his eyes to resist an inclination to close.

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INGRAM'S MILKWEED CREAM

Ignacio Smith, having dined on half a tin of sardines and a peach, woke very early to the prospect of a breakfast consisting of the rest of the sardines and another peach. He cursed the prospect in energetic Spanish, but proceeded to make the best of it. He was just about fifty-five miles from liberty and the ability to pursue happiness in his own way—conditions represented to him by the Mexican border. Thus it was possible to put up with temporary hardship. Having consumed the sardines and the peach, he rolled a thin cigarette, lit it and inhaled deeply. At this moment some one behind him remarked:

"I reckon you got to come with me, Ignacio."

He sprang to his feet like a cat, facing round in the air, and lighted crouching, his hand at his holster. The move was so quick that Christopher involuntarily took a step backward. For a moment the Mexican remained thus; then he took the hand from his revolver and straightened up.

"Oho!" he said. "I think I reco'nize. I think I remember. It is the Jensen boy—no?"

"Sure," said Christopher. Not being posted on the proper professional attitude that an officer of the law should adopt toward a fugitive murderer, he started to advance and offer to shake hands. This approach seemed to lack in dignity and authority, however; and he thought better of it, standing in some confusion as to what to do next.

"You have frighten' me!" Ignacio confessed. "I do not sospect there is any *hombre* in this place. I smoke the cigareet—soddenly you spik. Oho! How I have jump'! " He grinned pleasantly, showing a row of white teeth in a frame of black, heavy beard and mustache. "Will you smoke one cigarreet?" he asked.

"No, thanks," said Christopher. "I don't smoke." He came forward and sat on a log. "I reckon you got to come with me, Ignacio. I'm an officer."

The Mexican's eyes narrowed.

"I do not onderstan'," he protested. "You are the Jensen boy—now you say you are an officer. How is that—eh? You have join' the army—eh?"

"No," said Christopher. "I'm a detective."

"Oho! the polees!"

Christopher threw back his coat and displayed the star.

"I represent this agency," he admitted proudly.

"It is not, then, from the sheriff of this county? It is from far off?"

"Sure."

Ignacio Smith held his thin cigarette between thumb and forefinger and blew away the ash. Then he threw back his hairy head and laughed. First, out of courtesy to his guest, he laughed in English. Then, to get the full flavor of the joke, he went over it again in Spanish, which consists in taking a lungful of smoke and chuckling throatily until it is expelled.

Christopher turned a dull red.

"Never you mind my father, Ignacio," he said. "I ain't jokin'—you got to come with me! You're wanted for that shootin' up at San Berdoo."

All the merriment died out of the Mexican's eyes, but lingered craftily on his lips.

"Oho!" he said. "So it is for that you follow me. They have found him eh? And they sospect me? And now you know this. It is too dam' bad, my friend, that you know this!"

Softly his hand slipped to his side. Softly it came forward and the revolver spat viciously. With a look of pure astonishment in his eyes, Christopher sat down on the ground, the support of his legs being suddenly withdrawn. Then he turned over, emitted a deep grunt that took all the breath out of his body, and lay down, with his face and chest in the dust.

"It is too dam' bad!" said Ignacio Smith.

In half an hour Christopher woke up—not easily, as on a sunny morning, but heavily, as a man comes out of anesthesia. The recovery, however, was rapid. He put his hand to his head and found it coated with blood, where the bullet had scraped the scalp. He stood up, rocking dizzily and feeling a sick headache. Memory came to him—he remembered Ignacio as the Mexican threw back his head and laughed, and as his hand slipped softly to his side.

"Goldarn him!" said Christopher, flushing again at the thought. "Let him laugh—goldarn him! I'll get even with him."

Christopher clenched his thin brown hand and shook it in the air. He forgot his dizziness and sick headache, went to his horse and returned mounted. Then he searched for marks of another horse, found them and rode steadily through the brush, his eyes on the ground. He never once thought of the reward; but he thought often of how Ignacio Smith had looked as he chuckled mirthfully over his cigarette. He drew his revolver from his hip pocket, where it had lain forgotten. It was an automatic gun, flat and wicked-looking, and represented the careful hoardings of half a year.

Ignacio Smith, according to his reckoning, was forty-two miles from liberty. He was lying flat on the ground, smoking, while his horse rested, still saddled. Soon he would mount and ride the twelve miles to Cottonwood Valley, where his good friend, Pancho Aldana, conducted a small grocery store for the purpose of selling liquors. Here he would get a good meal—his mouth watered—tobacco and a fresh horse; then a quick run for the border, at the place where he had often crossed with scrubby Mexican colts on which it would have been absurd to pay duty.

At this moment some one behind him said:

"Get up, you murderin' Mexican sneak! Put your hands in front!"

Ignacio glanced once at the automatic revolver and placed his hands as directed. Christopher came up behind him and relieved him of his gun and pocketknife, which he threw in the bushes. Then he ordered:

"Walk over to your horse and stop ten feet the other side!"

Ignacio did so. Christopher untied the rifle from the saddle and sent it to join its fellows.

"Now then," he said, "I'm goin' to bore a hole plumb through you, beginnin' at the back!"

His voice clearly indicated the boiling wrath within. There was not a particle of indecision or fright in it. It conveyed the impression of truth. Ignacio, being something of a philosopher, shrugged his shoulders.

"Unless," Christopher continued, "you do what I tell you. Will you do it?"

"*Si, señor.*"

"Walk ahead, then. I'll lead your horse until we come to mine; then you can get on and ride. I can hit a tomato-can with this gun at forty yards, and if you make any breaks I'll sure pay you what I owe. You just keep rememberin' that while we take the short cut to the valley."

It was a long, tortuous trip, but it was made under the guidance of a youth who had hunted mountain quail over every foot of it and who was consumed with eagerness to have it end. In an astonishingly short time Christopher was riding on a level valley road toward the store. Five feet ahead of him rode Ignacio Smith, his eyes still searching craftily for a chance of escape, but hope within him was dead. In Christopher's right hand was the automatic revolver; twice, at sharp turns, the Mexican had glanced back and seen it there.

They came to the store. A man on the platform yelled to those inside:

"Hey! Come on out here!"

They came, headed by Old Man Martindale. Ignacio Smith kept steadily on, followed by Christopher, riding negligently, resting on one leg, looking straight ahead at the small of the Mexican's back. When they had passed, going toward Altadena the railroad town where there was a deputy sheriff, Old Man Martindale looked round at his fellow starers.

"First and last," he said, "in spite of all his quiet ways, I hev always maintained there was a good deal in that Jensen boy."

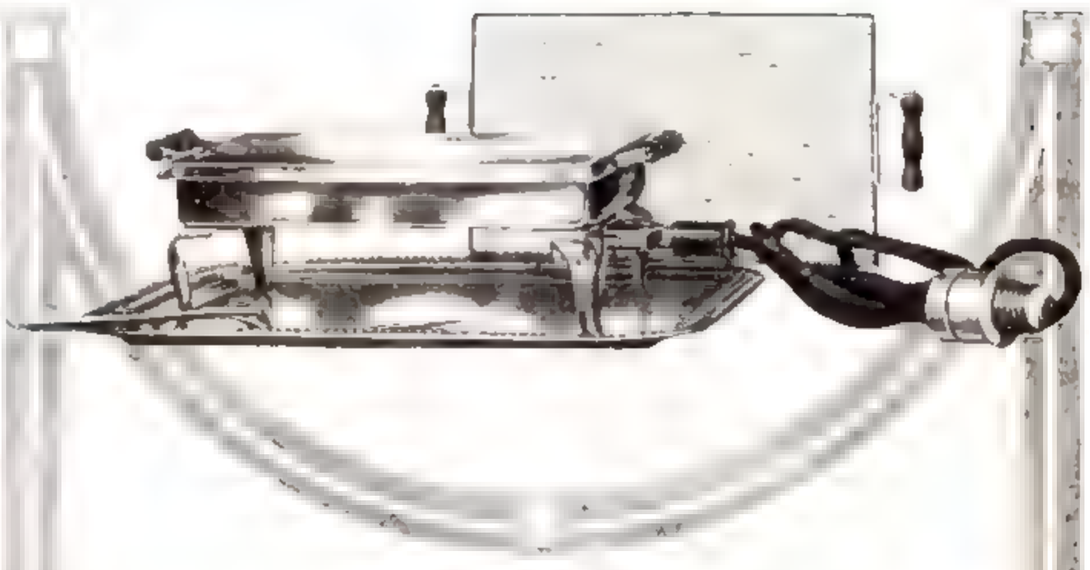
. . . . . .

Some three weeks later a letter was received at the office of the powerful organization. A sharp-faced, coatless young man who was operating a typewriter on a plain pine table opened it. It read:

INTEROCEANIC DETECTIVE BUREAU,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Dear Sirs: I owe you four dollars and twenty cents, for which please inclosed find post-offis order. I ain't a sucker and I know I bin robbed! I took your star and slung it down the cañon. I got a thousand dollars for ketchin' old Ignacio Smith; but, I tell you, you dam highbinders ain't goin to get none of it! I give your share to my father. I reckon I can be a detective on my own hook.

Yours respectfully,
CHRISTOPHER JENSEN.



It's a Lucky Christmas for the Woman who gets a Westinghouse Electric Toaster-Stove

Most women who live in up-to-date communities have heard of this famous electric table stove. Many have seen it in use at a tea or a cozy luncheon in a friend's home.

You can cook dozens of dainty dishes on its aluminum top. Or, replacing top with toaster grid, you can make the best toast that ever was.

No special fixtures necessary. Just attach the electric cord on the stove to any electric outlet and your stove is ready to work.

The Toaster-Stove is one of many pieces of Westinghouse Electric Ware, any one of which will make an appreciated Christmas gift. Always remember Westinghouse quality when you buy an electric percolator, samovar, chafing dish, milk warmer, smoothing iron, or anything else.

You need the Christmas booklet of Westinghouse Electric Ware before you finish your Christmas shopping list.

Send a post-card today for a copy to "Westinghouse, Household Dept. P, East Pittsburgh, Pa." If you wish, we will tell you a dealer or lighting company or department store near you that will give you Westinghouse goods and the best of service.

Westinghouse
Electric & Manufacturing Company
Pittsburgh

Sales Offices in Forty-five American Cities. Representatives All Over the World

No. 460, Standard Set, Triple Silver Plated Razor, **$5.00.** Pigskin Case, Gold Plated Razor, **$7.50.**

No. 502, Triple Silver Plated Case and Razor, **$5.00.** Gold Plated, **$6.00.**

No. 501, Triple Silver Plated Case and Razor, **$5.00.** Gold Plated, **$6.00.**

No. 00, Combination Set. Leather Case, Soap, Brush, Triple Silver Plated Razor, **$6.50.** Morocco Case, Gold Plated Razor and Fittings, **$10.00.**

This **No. 00** Set, also with Beautifully Hand Engraved and Initialed Fittings, all Gold Plated, **$50.00.**

No. 103-A, Collapsible Metal Handle Shaving Brush, **$1.00.**

No. 106, Badger Hair Shaving Brush, **$2.00.**

No. 102, Badger Hair Shaving Brush, **$1.00.**

No. 504, Triple Silver Plated Case and Razor, **$5.00.** Gold Plated, **$6.00.**

Gillette Blades, Packet of 5 (12 Shaving Edges) **50c.**

THIS CHRISTM
A GILLETTE SA

GIVE YOUR MEN FRIENDS SOMETHING PRACTICAL—something they will value. The GILLETTE makes a splendid Christmas present—simple, useful, lasting, sensible.

The traveler, the motorist, the college man, the young man just reaching the shaving age, or the man who shaves at home—all will welcome such a gift and enjoy its use every day of the year.

No matter what walk of life your friends may be in, you can easily select a GILLETTE to suit their tastes and requirements.

The GILLETTE can be had in various styles—from $5.00 up to $50.00—some of which are shown here.

"If it's a Gillette—
it's The Safety Razor"

GILLETTE SAL
22 West Sec
Boston,

No. 505, Black Cowhide Case, Triple Silver Plated Razor, **$5.00.** Pigskin Case, Gold Plated Razor, **$6.00.**

No. 503, Triple Silver Plated Case and Razor, $5.00. Gold Plated, $6.00.

Gillette Blades, 12 (24 Shaving Edges) in Nickel Plated Box, $1.00.

Gillette Shaving Stick in Nickel Plated Box, 25c.

No. 460-B, Nickel Plated Case, Triple Silver Plated Razor, $5.00. Gold Plated Razor and Case, $7.50.

No. 461, Combination Set Soap, Brush, Triple Silver Plated Razor, $6.00.

No. 461-B, Same in Nickel Plated Case, $6.50.

AS, GIVE *HIM* AFETY RAZOR

This advertisement appears eighteen days before Christmas.

If the dealers in your town or city cannot supply you, send us the number and description of the article desired, with money for same by post-office order, express order, bank draft or registered mail, and shipment will be made immediately, carriage paid.

The matchless **GILLETTE BLADE** has made the GILLETTE Safety Razor the world's standard. Sold everywhere 50 cents for 6 (12 shaving edges); $1.00 for 12 (24 shaving edges).

Those of your friends who are already GILLETTE users will appreciate a gift of GILLETTE BLADES at Christmas — say half a dozen packets.

King C Gillette

ES COMPANY
ond Street
Mass.

No. 500, Triple Silver Plated Case and Razor, $5.00. Gold Plated, $6.00.

No. 422, Combination Set, Pigskin Case, Brush, Soap, Plate Glass Mirror, Triple Silver Plated Razor, $9.00. Gold Plated Contents, $12.00.

Adler's
Collegian Clothes

PERMANENCE of style is one of the chief qualifications of these unusual clothes. Among men who know and care, Adler's Collegian Clothes have the reputation of retaining their style and shape to the end. If you admire clothes of sterling quality and perfectly tailored, possessing the highest degree of refinement, dignity and character, go to the store that sells Adler's Collegian Clothes and see your clothes ideals realized. The moderate price range is $15 to $30.

Our new Style Book—an authentic guide for men's correct fashions—mailed to any address on request. It also tells you the store in your town or vicinity that sells Adler's Collegian Clothes.

David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.
Milwaukee Chicago

THE SILVER SHOES

(Continued from Page 19)

"Indade an' there was—a thatched cottage wid a nate little cowshed, an' a big sycamore risin' above the roof."

"It's well I remimber the sycamore, but there's not been a house there in my recolliction—an' I'm go'n' on sivinty."

Cahal didn't know what to say; but the far-rmer tould him that it may have been his good fairy who'd caused the house to appear there, so's she could warn him agin the evil fairies.

And thin Cahal remimbered that, though she had silver hair an' rosy cheeks, she looked like a younger sister of the woman of manny trades in Limerick; an' he felt sure the far-rmer was right. And—why, yes; whin he had turned to look at the house he couldn't see it.

"Ye'll be go'n' to the palace, I suppose, to see the games an' tournimints on the occasion of the marriage of the king's darter?" says the far-rmer.

"Sure, I hadn't hair-rd of thim; but I'd like to see thim."

"Perhaps you're a suitor for the hand of the princess!" says th' ould man; an' that put an idee in Cahal's head. Hadn't he the silver shoes? That meant somethin', an' it would be as good as go'n' to the fair to ask for the hand of a princess.

Full of the new idee, he star-rted out after he'd smoked wid the far-rmer in the shade of his grapevines.

'Twas a quare thing that he no longer cared for the golden-haired, pink-faced ger-rul! "Sure, she probably was back into dust five minutes arter I left. Me fairy godmother! Sure, I didn't know I had such a thing. They're handy."

In the middle of the afternoon he left the highroad to climb a bit of a mountain, rocky an' barren, excipt for heather an' furze. He wanted to see somethin' of the wer-ruld; an' he saw it whin he had raiched the top, for there, far to the north, lay a castle like he had dramed of but niver seen. It looked half a mile long an' was built of gray stone. There was people arrivin'—Cahal had eyes as good as a sailor's—an' evidently great things go'n' on. He picked some fraochans—like blackberries—an' made a lunch of thim, an' thin wint down the other side of the mountain, back to the highway. He had hardly got to it whin he hair-rd a rattle of wheels behind him an' a felly drove by in a carriage, whippin' his hor-rse like fury an' carlin' to ivery wan to git out of the way.

Be the side of the road was an oozy strame of dirty-lookin' water. So soon as Cahal had seen the castle he had put on the silver shoes; an' now, in le'pin' out of the way of the mad driver, he went into the ooze up to his ankles, an' his silver shoes was the color of moleskin again.

Cahal looked har-rd at the driver, an' he had a strong resimblance to the felly whose nose he had polished—particularly the nose. The dog would have le'pt up into the carriage if Cahal hadn't held him back by the neck.

"Sure, it's better this way; for the silver shoes would make too great a show. Whin I need thim to shine th' ould woman's flannen will do the trick."

An', takin' a hint from the dullin' of his shoes, he smeared his staff wid mud till it looked like walnut, an' not a bit like the staffs of the sivin princes.

Thin, wid a quick step an' a stout hair-rt, the hound follerin' close behind, he hastened to the palace of the rid-headed King Noname.

Anny wan at arl at arl was welkim to enter the palace an' pass into the great hall where the examinations took place; but those that didn't come up to the scratch, unless they was of the nobility, was chucked out head fir-rst by anny wan that wanted to take a hand in it.

As Cahal ascinded the long windin' road that led to the big brass doors of the castle he saw a stout man sail t'roo the doorway an' slide on his stummick as manny as tin feet. He picked himself up an' shook his fist at the castle, then wint to a clump of bushes an' took out his stick an' bundle an' wint along; an' probably the nixt place he stopped at was for the pur-rpose of gittin' a glass of milk, wid niver so much as a "T'ank you" for it.

"Lie down, sir, an' wait for me," says Cahal, pattin' the dog's head; an' he wint in the shade of a fuchsia tree—you know fuchsias is trees in Irelan', an' not little plants like wid us—an' laid his head on his

Sloppy Weather—
No Rubbers—
Dry Feet

NO matter what the weather—you can discard your cumbersome, unsightly, uncomfortable rubbers if you wear a

Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe

The leather sole of the ordinary shoe is porous and quickly transmits moisture; thus cold and dampness are directly conducted to your foot.

In the Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe your foot rests on a specially constructed cushion insole that is a non-conductor and insulator—no cold or dampness can come through the soles of your shoes to chill your feet.

Colds, sore throat, pneumonia and rheumatism are contracted through insufficient protection afforded by ordinary shoes. Don't endanger your health and comfort. Write today for our

Free Style Book E

If your dealer does not handle Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes, we will gladly tell you who does.

Don't delay—
Write today.

J. P. SMITH SHOE CO.
Makers
CHICAGO

Give One for Christmas
To Your Men Friends
or
Send For
This New
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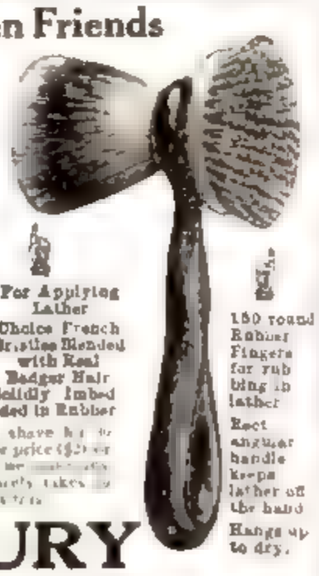
Brush For
30 Days
Free Trial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Choice French Bristles Blended with Real Badger Hair Solidly Imbedded in Rubber
150 round Rubber Fingers for rubbing in lather
Rest angular handle keeps lather off the hand
Hangs up to dry.

Use it every time you shave for 30 days. Then send us the price ($2.50) or return the brush. Can we make a better offer? A man rarely takes 30 days to decide he needs it.

LUXURY
Lather Brush

The greatest improvement in shaving tools since the invention of the safety razor

It's a revelation in shaving comfort. The 150 tapered rough rubber "fingers" rub in the lather at least ten times as far better than human fingers can do it. A few minutes with a tender skin or ingrowing beard—makes any razor shave well.

Write on your business stationery, giving your business card or give references. We will promptly send this Brush, postage prepaid.

Your dealer is authorized to give you a 30-day free trial of the Luxury Brush before buying.

Luxury Sales Company 420 River St. Troy, N. Y.

A Superb Xmas Gift

The "SWAN SAFETY" Fountpen

Appreciated and valued by men and women.

Easy to buy—It can be purchased at any first-class stationer or jeweler.

Easy to carry—It can be carried in any position in pocket, hand-bag or purse without fear of leaking.

Easy to write with. The "Gold Top Feed" keeps the point of the pen wet with ink which makes the pen write smoothly and easily.

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Cannot Leak, Blot or Skip

Writes Instantly

GUARANTEED to Give Satisfaction

Made in chased hard rubber, rolled gold, Sterling Silver and 14 Kt. Gold. Excellence in quality of material combined with expert workmanship has made the "Swan" the perfect pen.

At all stationers and jewelers $2.50 and up

MABIE, TODD & CO.

17 Maiden Lane New York — 209 S. State St. Chicago

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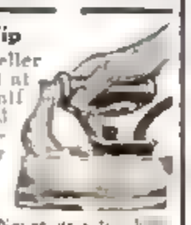
"Pelouze" Electric Iron

Has Heat Control At Finger Tip

No need to reach up to the chandelier switch nor to disconnect the cord at iron. Heats quickly—about half usual time. Has hot point and uses [illegible] surprisingly little current. 4 or 6 lb. size $6. If your dealer hasn't it, order direct.



You Can't Burn Your Hair

with a Pelouze Electric Curling Iron. Never gets too hot. Heating cover. Cord can't [illegible] shield is removable. No flame, no danger from fire. Cost of current less than one-third cost of a hot fire. Iron always bright and clean. [illegible] with nickel plated cord, $3.50. For sale by all leading dealers. Send for booklet.

PELOUZE ELECTRIC HEATER CO., 240 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Pelouze "Quality" Scales

The new Pelouze Slant Top Dial Family Scale is invaluable in the home. Capacity 24 pounds by ounces—made of steel. Double upright supports insure accuracy—a great advantage. Remember the name "Pelouze" and look for the "double posts."

A Pelouze Postal Scale

Suitable gift for man's or woman's desk. Capacity 1 pound by ounces. Finished in brush brass or bronze. Gives amount of postage in cents. Accuracy guaranteed. 14 styles for office and home. For sale by all leading dealers. Send for booklet.

Pelouze Scale & Mfg. Co.

240 East Ohio St., CHICAGO, ILL.

crossed paws, but kept lovin' eyes on his master until he passed out of sight t'roo the door.

Cahal was so struck wid astonishmint whin he got inside that he stood wid his mouth open like a big gawk; but after a time he remimbered the silver shoes an' stood up straight an' began to talk to the man nixt him. There was about fifty in the hall, an' ivery hour the rid-headed king kem out an' axed thim questions while the princess looked down at thim from a balcony like an' glad to look down on thim, for she was like wan of these bachelder maids ye hair so much about these days, an' very indepindint.

She'd red hair, too, but it was a color that was full of light, an' it gev her the look of a queen.

Cahal had nair an hour to wait, but he didn't care—there was so manny different kinds of min round him. Some was high lords, sure enough, an' some looked like carpinters an' masons an' teamsters; but while they was waitin' they was arl free an' aisy togither; an' par-rt of the time Cahal talked wid a dook, wid some such title as the Lair-rd of Sligo, an' some of the time wid a tanster from Limerick—an' found thim both intertainin'.

The sun was beginnin' to set, an' in the west end of the hall was a great round golden-glass window as lair-rge as a mill-wheel an' lettin' in the sunset light most beautiful.

Whin the king kem in his hair an' whisker-rs looked like they was afire; but whin Issoolt kem in she looked like wan of thim saints ye see in cat'adr-ral winder-rs, an' the light in her hair was not like anny-thing ye could find elsewhere on air-rth, sir-r. It must have been somethin' to sober a light-minded man!

Whin King Noname kem in a hundred trumpeters blew a blast so loud that the great window trimbled.

Thin he carled the fir-rst suitor up.

"Have ye noble blood?"

"No; but I t'ink noble t'oughts!" says the felly, who looked like wan of these collige min.

"What does he look like to you, Issoolt?"

"I'm sorry for him, father; but he's not for me. Plaise don't let him be kicked out though."

So the fir-rst wan was allowed to walk out. An' thin kem a richly dressed knight wid a spear, an' a big plume in his steel cap.

He had noble blood, but the princess didn't like to make up her mind right away; so he was shown to a bench on the edge of the hall.

Cahal noticed wid little surprise that the felly whose nose he had polished was there—an' his nose was still red an' glistened in the sunlight.

"She'll niver have him," says Cahal.

He was surprised that there was none of the sivin silver-shod wans in the hall; an' while he was wonderin' it kem his tur-rn to be questioned.

"Have ye noble blood?"

"I t'ink I have," says Cahal; but at that the red-nosed wan set up a sneerin' laugh an' says: "Pitch him out, fellies!"

The princess said somethin' and leaned out of the balcony; but no wan hair-rd her, for the rist, glad of a bit of spoort, bundled Cahal out.

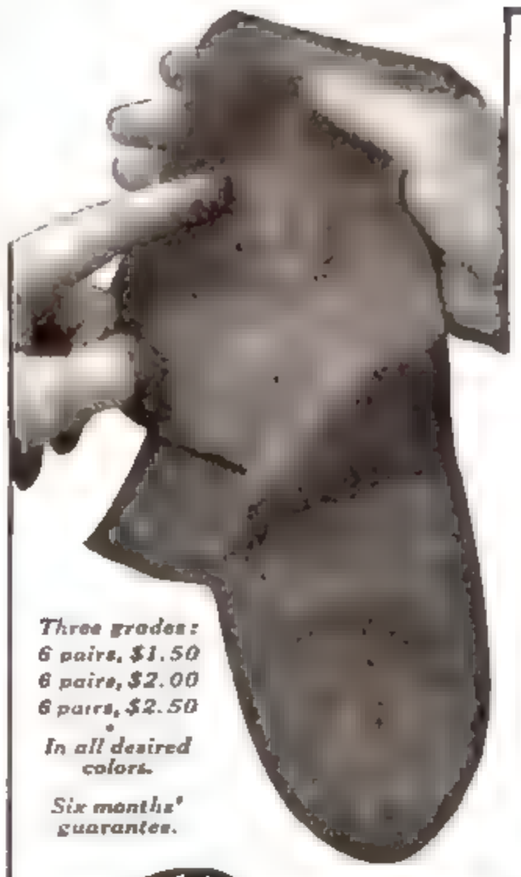
He was like a cat on his feet an' they didn't do more than hurry him out; an' as he tur-rned to fight his way back he saw ivery wan of thim tur-rn an' rush back into the castle as if the divil himself was after thim. Sure, the hound had niver left his eyes off the door, an' whin his masther kem out thataway he flew at the crowd an' managed to bite a bit out of the cuff of the red-nosed wan.

"Sure, I was a fool to forgit me dannen! I'll try again nixt hour, for that princess is so wonderful that I'd t'ink she was Queen of Heaven—an' I must have a talk wid her, even if they kill me for it. Come," says he to the dog. "We'll go down an' git somethin' to ate in the town beyant. I'm hungry enough to ate me staff."

Now whin they t'rowed Cahal out of the door the princess tould her father it was a shame an' said she'd see no more till the nixt hour; an' as she ginerally had her way the crowd was tould to amuse itself as it wanted, an' a cask of ale was brought in to refresh thim.

The princess stole out into the twilight an' strolled round the paths in the par-rk, thinkin' of the felly who wasn't sure if he was noble or not.

Arl of a sudden she kem on him, follied by his dog. Cahal was atin' the last of a big



Three grades:
6 pairs, $1.50
6 pairs, $2.00
6 pairs, $2.50
In all desired colors.
Six months' guarantee.

It's this new reinforcing that gives you extra value in this hosiery.

You can hardly detect where the heel reinforcement begins and ends. It doesn't show above your stockings to call attention to your heels. Yet it gives double strength.

We could use yarn that would cost half as much, but we wouldn't get that result. So we pay $1.40 a pound for this reinforcing yarn.

Combed Sea Island Cotton only is used in the making of

Bachelors' Friend TRADE-MARK HOSIERY

The foot is reinforced below the heel. Toe looped on two-thread looping machines. The top is the famous French Welt—the best top ever put on a seamless stocking. A better, more elastic, better looking cotton stocking simply isn't possible.

No need of this since he wears Bachelors' Friend.

Sold by leading jobbers and retailers throughout the United States. We do not sell direct to the user, but if no dealer in your town has Bachelors' Friend, send money order covering amount, and we will see that you are supplied, charges prepaid.

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At the Plaza New York

On Important Occasions

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"Makes the Skin Like Velvet"

keeps it soft, clear, inviting. ELCAYA prevents roughness, chap or redness; protects the skin from the harsh winter weather and keeps it naturally beautiful. ELCAYA is also the discriminating woman's favorite "Dressing Cream"—powder applied after its use imparts that soft, velvety look without the artificial appearance. Those who demand the *best beauty-aid* select ELCAYA. It is no more expensive than the ordinary creams and one jar *proves* why it is held in so high esteem everywhere. Let it be your choice too, ask for ELCAYA.

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The Howard Watch

THIS Christmas is surely the time to gratify for him one of his dearest wishes—*to own a HOWARD WATCH.*

Not that he hasn't a watch of some kind already.

But the higher up a man gets in the councils of the business and professional world the more HOWARD owners he finds among his associates.

It is brought home to him more and more that the HOWARD has a distinctive standing among the leading men of all callings and occupations.

And when a man once absorbs the prestige of the HOWARD—when he realizes what "HOWARD time" is and the service it performs in the world's affairs, only the Howard can quite satisfy him.

Through its seventy years' career the HOWARD has come to be known as *the finest practical timepiece in the world.*

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each watch—from the 17-jewel *(double roller)* in a Crescent or Jas. Boss gold-filled case at $40, to the 23-jewel at $150, and the "EDWARD HOWARD" model at $350—is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached.

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Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," giving the record of his own HOWARD in the U. S. Navy. You'll enjoy it. Drop us a post-card, Dept. N, and we'll send you a copy.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.

Cardinal Gibbons says:

I urge upon all Catholics the use of the

Manual of Prayers

Best Morocco Binding

and a Rolled Gold Chain Rosary—Both for $3.

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Only $25.25 Freight Prepaid East of the Mississippi

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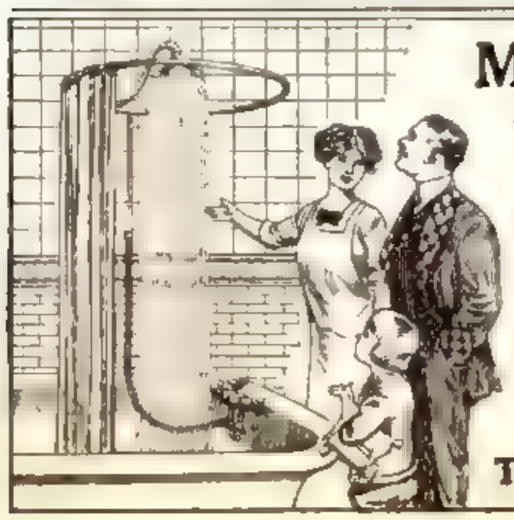
Size of Chest 44 in. long 20 in. wide 20 in. high

Your furs, blankets, linens, laces, silks and woolens come from the fragrant depths of a Piedmont Southern Red Cedar Chest as perfect as the day they were laid away. Absolute protection from moths. Lasts a lifetime. VERY DECORATIVE and the MOST ACCEPTABLE Christmas gift. Shipped DIRECT from factory, at big saving to you. SENT ON FREE TRIAL. Send for booklet, "The Story of Red Cedar," and our catalog showing many styles and prices of Chests. Upholstered Wardrobe Coolers.

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 13, Statesville, N. C.



Men, here's a REAL Christmas Present

The Speakman Shower $12.50

Complete

GIVE your best crony a Speakman Shower and he'll bless you forever—better still, ask the wife to give you one.

She can use it too, a rubber bathing cap will keep her head dry. And she can know the *fun*, the feeling of superb, bounding *health* that comes from a shower bath

The Speakman Shower is complete—curtain, rings and all—delivered at your door for $12.50 (except in the far West and you, yourself, can put it up in a few minutes. When you want to use it, fasten it to the faucet in a second—it can't pull off—and take it off in a jiffy when you're finished.

See your plumbing dealer or write us for our free booklet.

The Speakman Shower 111 Market Street Wilmington, Del.

bun, but he wiped his mouth on his sleeve, not carin' to appear before the princess wid a dir-rty face, an' passed the time o' day wid her.

"What a lovely dog!" says she.

"Yes; but he doesn't like strangers. Look out, if ye plaise!"

"Oh, he's not a stranger," says she, pattin' the head of him. "It's manny of his brothers I've seen. There's on'y the wan pack. An' if he's your-rs you'd no need to say you 't'ought' you were noble."

Arl of a sudden it struck Cahal that here he was talkin' wid a princess, an' she as easy as an ould hat! He looked straight in her lovely face an' the hair-rt of him began to bate. "If I don't marry her I'll live an' die an ould bachelder!" says he. Thin he thought of the nixt hour, an' realized that his good fairy had given him this chance to make love to her. He looked round, wonderin' was she nair, but all he saw was a wood-dove.

"Princess," says he, "by this and by that I know I'm noble. Will ye look?"

He pulled out the piece of flannen an' gev the tip of his staff a polish.

Whin she saw the silver light she clapped her hands and said: "Sure, your name must be Moran!"

"An' none better-r!" says he stoutly, "But till the sivin princes come I must keep dar-rk." He laughed an' she j'ined him.

"I don't want to see the rabble nixt hour," says she. "Hair thim in there, roarin' over their ale! I got tired of decidin', an' me father tould thim to make merry. You're noble enough for anny wan."

"None could be noble enough for you, me dair-r," says Cahal, puttin' his strong ar-rm round her waist—an', be the same token, she liked it!

They was deep in love matter-rs whin they come face to face wid the young man wid the red nose. Whin he saw whose ar-rm was round the princess' waist he was in a rage at wance.

"Ye lowdown puppy!" says he—"to dare to put a dir-rty finger on the most beautiful princess in the wer-ruld! This time I will draw on ye!"

Wid that he drew his swor-rd—an' a minute later he drew his last breath, for the dog was at his t'roat like a stroke of lightnin' an' he fell wid a gurgle. And from the hedge rose a rook wid a red beak, cawin' dismally.

Cahal expicted the princess to bur-rst into tair-rs, but she patted the dog on the head an' said: "The silver-grays niver make a mistake."

Just thin the trumpeters sounded their trumpets, an' the princess, allowin' Cahal to kiss her cheek, ran up the path to a side intrance to the castle, while he wint round to the front.

"Whin I whistle come in," says he to the dog. An' the dog licked his hand an' thin wint an' lay down under the fuchsia, wid his eyes on the door t'roo which his master had passed.

Whin Cahal wint back to the great hall he hoped he'd see the sivin princes, for he felt he could claim kinship wid thim; but there was no sign of thim, an' whin King Noname saw him he was very angry at the lad for darin' to come back.

"Put him in chains!" says the king to a sort of polisman that stood be his side.

"Wan momint, Your Rivirince—I mane Your Lairdship." Up in the balcony the princess was hidin' her laughter wid her han'kercher at the innocince of the boy. "I have a letter to you that I forgot arl about."

Thin he pulls out the letter th' ould woman had given to him an' hands it to the king. The king put on his spectacles an' read: "To the wan it's written to." But there was nothin' else. He looked at the fir-rst page, an' shook his head; thin he tur-rned to the sicond page, an' his brows began to wrinkle; thin the thir-rd, an' he uttered an oath; an' thin the four-rth, an' ——

"Be arl the power-rs of darkness, ye are the most insolent young man I iver met! There's nayther line nor wor-rd in that letter—nothin' but a white sheet. Have him put in the yellow dungeon ——"

"I have it, Your Grace," says Cahal, not a bit afraid, but a bit ashamed of his forgitfulness. "L'ave me have the letter an' I'll bring out the m'anin'."

"L'ave him have it, father dair," says the princess; an' the king hands him the letter, while the rist of the suitors growled and scowled at the young upstar-rt that was takin' up so much of the king's time.

Children are eager for Ralston—they never tire of it. It has the delicious flavor of whole wheat. You can serve it, morning after morning, and it will taste just as good—be just as welcome, as it was the first day. Ralston never stays on the pantry shelf—children like it, and want it every morning. Give your children

Ralston Wheat Food

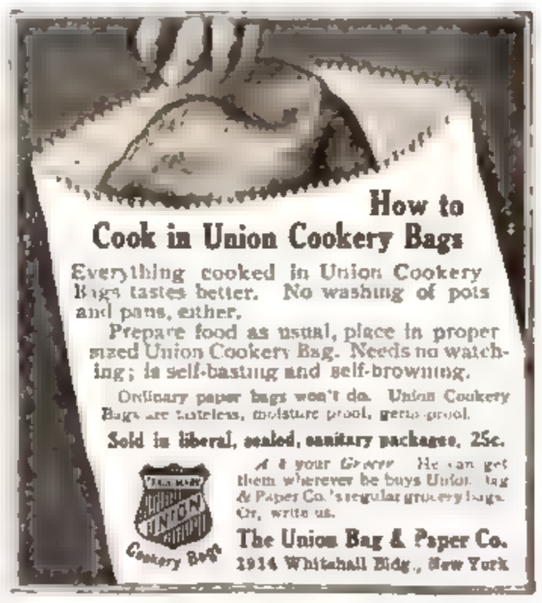
and you will be giving them the very food that they most need to build them up and keep them strong.

Ralston is a solid, common-sense food of natural wheat color, with all of the flavor and nutriment of the whole wheat left in.

Ralston is not factory cooked—but fresh cooked, every morning, in your own kitchen—and brought to your table, tempting and delicious. Serve with cream and sugar.

Ralston is a most economical food—one cup, when cooked, makes a breakfast for six. Get a package today—for your children's sake. You will like it, too.

Purina Whole Wheat Flour
makes delicious, nourishing bread, muffins, rolls, etc. Try it, too.



How to Cook in Union Cookery Bags

Everything cooked in Union Cookery Bags tastes better. No washing of pots and pans, either.

Prepare food as usual, place in proper sized Union Cookery Bag. Needs no watching; is self-basting and self-browning.

Ordinary paper bags won't do. Union Cookery Bags are tasteless, moisture proof, germ-proof.

Sold in liberal, sealed, sanitary packages, 25c.

At your Grocer. He can get them wherever he buys Union Bags & Paper Co.'s regular grocery bags. Or, write us.

The Union Bag & Paper Co.
1914 Whitehall Bldg., New York

Perfect Go-Cart Runners

Use your go-cart or baby carriage all winter. Easily adjusted to any make. Cart folds with runners attached. Top and storm front of your cart protect your child better than a sled. **Put Perfect Runners on your cart for your baby's Christmas.** Descriptive catalogue free—At your dealers or send $1.00 for a pair. Jobbers and retailers write for prices. **Perfect Runner Sales Co., Attica, Ohio**

CLASS PINS AND BADGES

For College, School, Society or Lodge

Descriptive catalog with attractive prices mailed free upon request. Either style of pins here illustrated with any three letters and figures, one or two colors of enamel. **STERLING SILVER, 35c each; $3.60 doz.; SILVER PLATE, 10c each; $1.00 per doz.** BASTIAN BROS. CO., Dept. 638, ROCKESTER, N. Y.

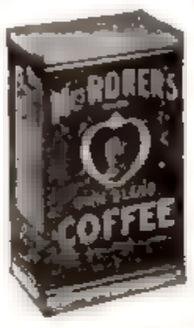
The Best New Year Resolution

Mrs. Rorer's
OWN BLEND
Coffee

Then when 1912 guests compliment your coffee—just say "I use Mrs. Rorer's Own Blend." This coffee is composed of South American berries, *selected* by Mrs. Rorer, blended and roasted *under her direction* in a modern factory.

You can get it from your grocer in a *triple sealed non-aroma-leak package*—always fresh.

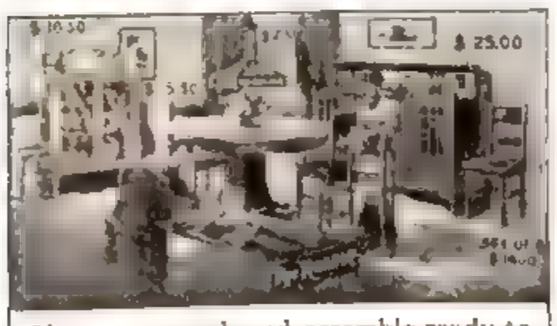
Over 5,000,000 pounds sold in this country this last year.



Very valuable directions for making coffee and numerous helpful suggestions for using coffee as a dessert flavor are contained in **Mrs. Rorer's Free Booklet—"27 Coffee Recipes"**—sent *free* on request.

When you send for this helpful booklet please mention your grocer's name and whether or not he handles Mrs. Rorer's Coffee.

Harry B. Gates, President
Climax Coffee & Baking Powder Company
38 Main St. Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A.



You can unpack and assemble ready to use all the above furniture in one evening.

The Reason—back of these prices is that we ship the sections in a compact box direct to you, reducing freight two-thirds, eliminates wrapping and avoids two profits.

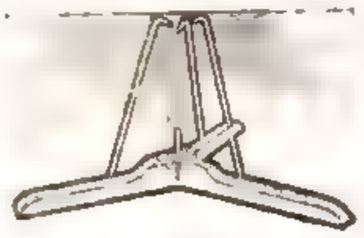
Use the furniture for thirty days in your home. If we can show that you cannot duplicate it for double our price—then if not satisfied, we will return all the money you have paid. Free Catalog.

Brooks Mfg. Co., 212 Rust Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

MADE IN TWO SIZES

Large Size 35c

Small Size 25c



Osborn Xmas Tree Holder CAN'T TIP OVER

Easily and quickly adjusted; strongly made, of hard wood; with steel braces; holds large or small tree firm and straight; can be folded up and put away for many years' use.

Sold by department stores, seedsmen and Christmas-tree dealers, or we will ship direct, express prepaid, on receipt of 50 cents.

THE OSBORN MFG. CO., 5412 E. Hamilton Av., Cleveland, O.
The Cleveland Osborn Mfg. Co., 213 Center St., New York City

Cahal unpins the flannen an' thin he polishes aich page—an' there was a letter in silver ink.

"Rade that now, Your Honor," says he; an' the king takes it an' rades it out loud:

"*Mighty King Noname:* If it please Your Majesty, this is young Cahal Moran, of the silver-shod Morans. He has as good a claim to the hand of the Princess Yseult as any one who may come to your castle.

"PRINCESS WOOD-DOVE."

"But where are your silver shoes?" says the king in a vexed voice, he bein' tired of the whole affair an' anxious to get out of the hall an' into a game of car-rds wid the Bishop of Bundor-ran, who was visitin' him.

Just as Cahal bent over to polish his shoes a great clatter of hoofs was hair-rd outside an' the brass doors was flung wide open; an' just as he polished his white birch staff the sivin princes rode in in splendor, follied by their dogs.

The king gave thim welcome an' thin said: "Is this lad an imposthor or is he wan of your clan?"

The sivin princes looked at Cahal, looked at his shoes, looked at his staff—an' thin the ouldest said: "By two counts he is; but if he has no dog he kem by his staff an' shoes dishonestly."

Instantly Cahal gev a low whistle an' the dog bounded in at the doors just as they was closin'. He wint up to Cahal and put his paws on his shouldhers an' Cahal twisted his silky ears.

"He's wan of us!" says the ouldest prince, an' rides over to Cahal to give him the kiss of cousinship.

Thin out of the balcony stole Princess Issoolt an' ran down the windin' staircase, an' walks into the hall toward Cahal.

He saw her before anny wan else an' advanced to meet her.

"King Noname," says he as he put his ar-rm round her waist, "ye can break up this meetin', for your darter has found a husband."

An' whin the king looked at the smile on his darter's face he was sure of it.

The sivin princes raised their helmets an', lookin' straight at Princess Issoolt, they cried out somethin' in Gaelic an' for-rmed a cir-rcle round the two.

And t'roo the west window of the hall flew a rook wid a red beak, closely followed by a dove that was chasin' it.

Ancient Sleighbells

PECULIAR among bells is the sleigh-bell. It is not in the least like any other kind of bell. Where did it originate?

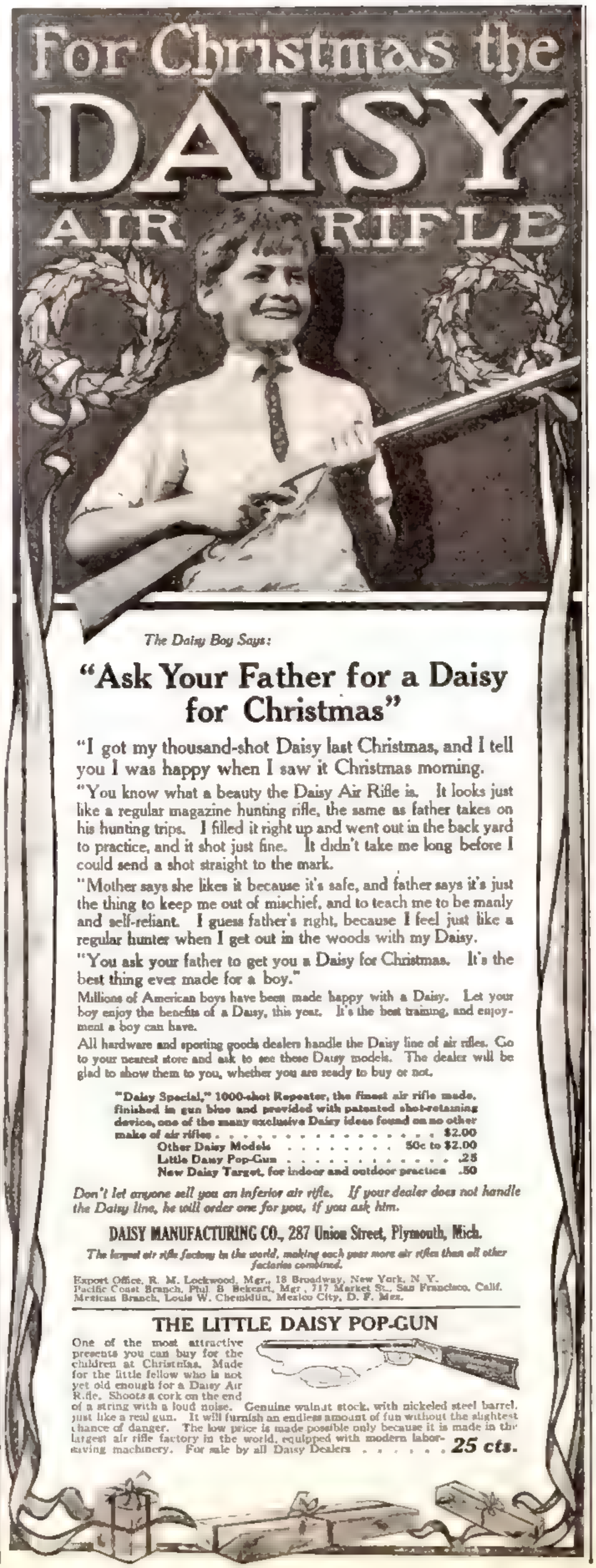
Such questions are usually difficult to answer; but there is no doubt of the fact that bells of this kind were familiarly known to the natives of Central America and Northern South America for centuries before Columbus landed. They were, indeed, in common use for ornamental and other purposes.

Bells of the sort were usually provided with a metal loop at the top to hang them by; and were slit on the under side so that the tinkling of the pellets of metal they contained might be audible. Great numbers of them are found in graves all over the narrow neck of land that connects North with South America. They bear obvious signs of having been cast in molds; and, as a rule, they are plated with gold.

The aborigines of that part of the world were highly skilled in the casting and hammering of gold and silver, and they had a marked taste for imitating natural forms—especially those of animals. Perhaps the most curious articles in this line, however, are golden reptiles in which the eyes are represented by tiny sleighbells—the slit of the bell standing for the slit between the eyelids.

Many people in this country today wear on their watch-chains, as charms, small golden images, of the history of which they are entirely ignorant—the fact being that these images have been dug out of prehistoric cemeteries in Central America and Colombia. Some of them are of pure gold, others are alloyed with copper. Mostly they represent mythological creatures, their original significance having been more or less religious.

The aboriginal goldsmiths of Colombia were remarkably expert and appear to have had a method of washing objects with gold which modern experts in their craft are not acquainted with. In this way they were able to plate with permanence articles of copper and other materials.



The Daisy Boy Says:

"Ask Your Father for a Daisy for Christmas"

"I got my thousand-shot Daisy last Christmas, and I tell you I was happy when I saw it Christmas morning.

"You know what a beauty the Daisy Air Rifle is. It looks just like a regular magazine hunting rifle, the same as father takes on his hunting trips. I filled it right up and went out in the back yard to practice, and it shot just fine. It didn't take me long before I could send a shot straight to the mark.

"Mother says she likes it because it's safe, and father says it's just the thing to keep me out of mischief, and to teach me to be manly and self-reliant. I guess father's right, because I feel just like a regular hunter when I get out in the woods with my Daisy.

"You ask your father to get you a Daisy for Christmas. It's the best thing ever made for a boy."

Millions of American boys have been made happy with a Daisy. Let your boy enjoy the benefits of a Daisy, this year. It's the best training, and enjoyment a boy can have.

All hardware and sporting goods dealers handle the Daisy line of air rifles. Go to your nearest store and ask to see these Daisy models. The dealer will be glad to show them to you, whether you are ready to buy or not.

"Daisy Special," 1000-shot Repeater, the finest air rifle made, finished in gun blue and provided with patented shot-retaining device, one of the many exclusive Daisy ideas found on no other make of air rifles	**$2.00**
Other Daisy Models	**50c to $2.00**
Little Daisy Pop-Gun	**.25**
New Daisy Target, for indoor and outdoor practice	**.50**

Don't let anyone sell you an inferior air rifle. If your dealer does not handle the Daisy line, he will order one for you, if you ask him.

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., 287 Union Street, Plymouth, Mich.

The largest air rifle factory in the world, making each year more air rifles than all other factories combined.

Export Office, R. M. Lockwood, Mgr., 18 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Pacific Coast Branch, Phil B. Bekeart, Mgr., 717 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.
Mexican Branch, Louis W. Chemidlin, Mexico City, D. F. Mex.

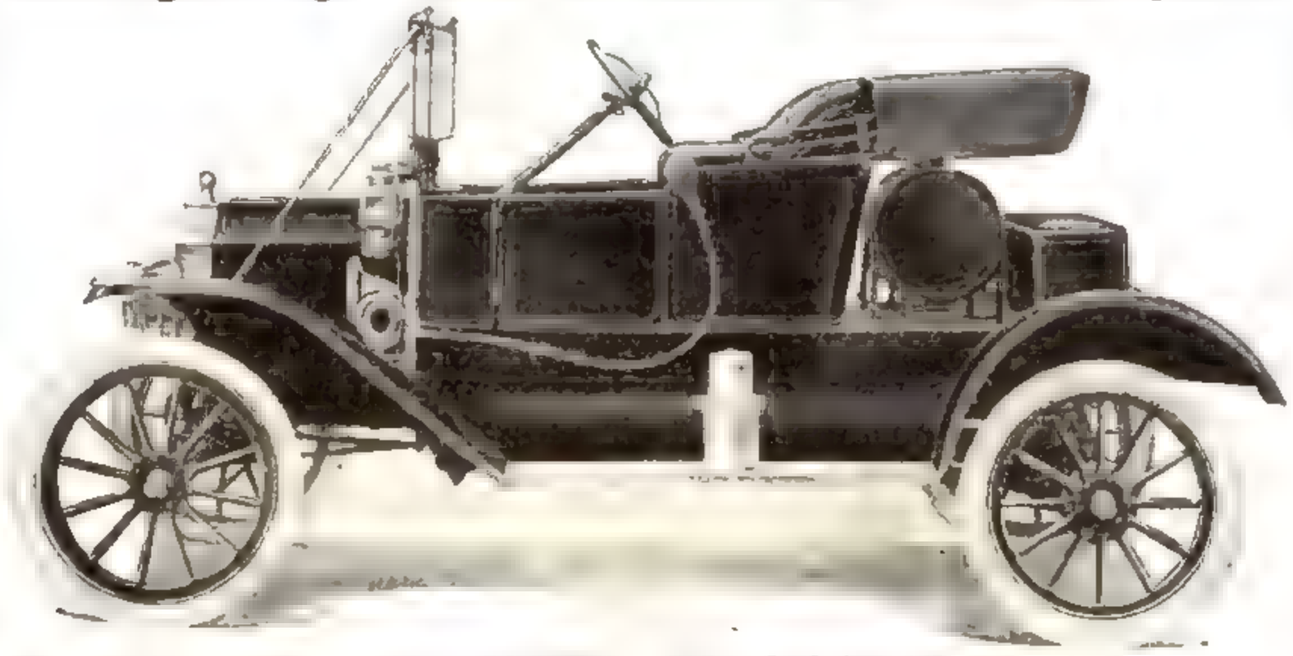
THE LITTLE DAISY POP-GUN

One of the most attractive presents you can buy for the children at Christmas. Made for the little fellow who is not yet old enough for a Daisy Air Rifle. Shoots a cork on the end of a string with a loud noise. Genuine walnut stock, with nickeled steel barrel, just like a real gun. It will furnish an endless amount of fun without the slightest chance of danger. The low price is made possible only because it is made in the largest air rifle factory in the world, equipped with modern labor-saving machinery. For sale by all Daisy Dealers . . . . . ***25 cts.***

Ford Ford Ford

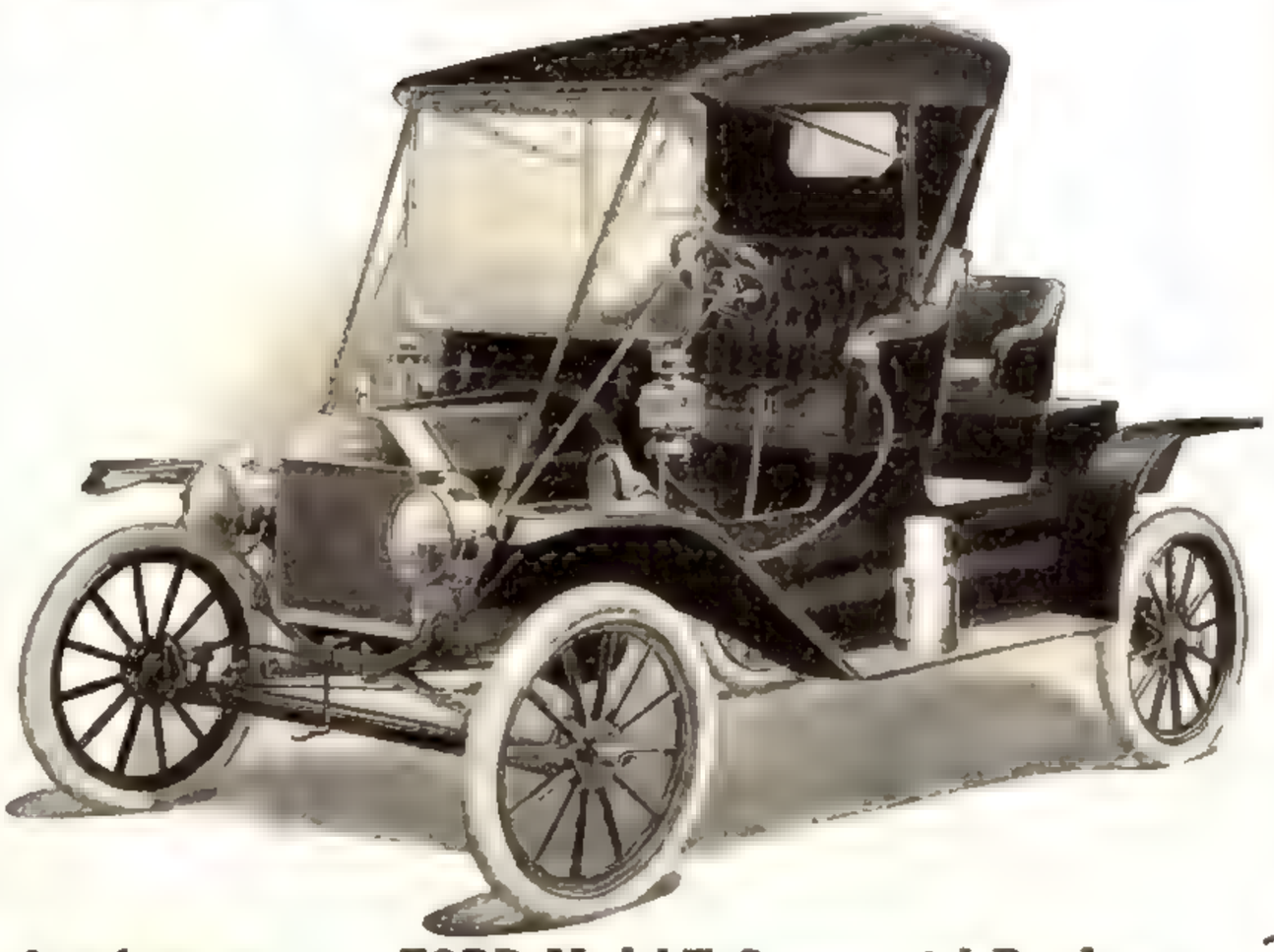
Higher Than Ever In Quality

FORD Model T—famed for its service on all the highways of the world—is still of the same scientifically accurate and simple design, same heat-treated Vanadium Steel Construction, same light weight—same economical car to own and operate.



$590 FORD Model T Torpedo

4 Cylinders, 2 Passengers
Completely equipped as follows:
Extension Top. Speedometer
Automatic Brass Windshield
Two 6-inch Gas Lamps. Generator
Three Oil Lamps
Horn and Tools
Ford Magneto built into the motor
This car thus fully equipped for $590, F. O. B. Detroit



$590 FORD Model T Commercial Roadster

4 Cylinders, 3 Passengers
Removable Rumble Seat
Extension Top. Speedometer
Automatic Brass Windshield
Two 6-inch Gas Lamps. Generator
Three Oil Lamps
Horn and Tools
Ford Magneto built into the motor
This snappy Commercial Roadster thoroughly equipped as above for $590, F. O. B. Detroit

Of course you expect us to be enthusiastic in our advertisements of Ford Model T. You think that naturally, as the designer and maker of Ford Model T, we are biased in our judgment and exaggerate the merits of this standard car.

So we propose that when you are considering the purchase of a motor car, you investigate for yourself, by talking with owners of Ford Model T cars—they are all around you—or write them for their opinions and experience with this satisfying car. Call on any Ford dealer and he will direct you to Ford owners, or write us direct and we will send you the names and addresses. This is an easy and dependable way to satisfy yourself as to the reliability of every claim we make for Ford Model T. Then have the Ford dealer give you a practical demonstration. Take a ride and see how simple it is to drive, how perfect the control and how smooth Ford Model T runs.

We tell you frankly Ford Model T is better today than ever before, because while there have been no changes in detail, in design and construction of the car, it has been possible to refine certain features and add certain conveniences.

The increased demand has led naturally to increased manufacturing facilities, and this larger production has given us economies through which we are able to reduce the price, while increasing the quality.

We repeat the assurance that Ford Model T is the highest priced quality. It is made in the most compact and efficient factory in the world, bar none. Henry Ford, the designer of Ford cars and the founder of the Ford Motor Company, has never been more active and efficient in his work than at the present time. He is continually moving through the immense plant, here, there and everywhere, alert, observing, thinking, doing—one object in view—increase the quality; increase the efficiency; increase the serviceability of the car and reduce the price.

This car will give you the pleasure and comfort you desire; the speed you expect and an unlimited practical service. It costs you less in purchase price, and it is the cheapest car in the world to maintain in operation.

Here's the Ford line—

Ford Model T Touring Car, 4-cylinders, 5-passengers, completely equipped, $690, F. O. B. Detroit

Ford Model T Torpedo, 4-cylinders, 2-passengers, completely equipped, $590, F. O. B. Detroit

Ford Model T Commercial Roadster, 4-cylinders, 3-passengers (removable Rumble seat), completely equipped, $590, F. O. B. Detroit.

Ford Model T Town Car (Landaulet), 4-cylinders, 6-passengers, completely equipped, $900, F. O. B. Detroit

Ford Model T Delivery Car, 4-cylinders, capacity 750 pounds merchandise. The most practical delivery car on the market Completely equipped $700, F. O. B. Detroit.

No Ford cars sold unequipped.

Ford Motor Company

Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

Branches and Dealers in All Principal Cities

Ford Ford Ford

—Lower Than Ever In Price

There have been no mistakes to correct—no experiments to try out—but conveniences have been added and a *marked reduction in price* made possible through larger production and added factory facilities.

Some of the original and exclusive features which have made FORD Model T the most popular and serviceable car in the world:

Marvelous Simplicity in Design—Few parts, but every part in harmony with scientific principle. There is nothing superfluous in Ford design, every part has its specific place, making a chassis compact, clean cut, neat, with great strength

A Car of Vanadium Steel (scientifically heat-treated), the strongest of all steels under tensile stress and against vibration and shock.

Ford Magneto built into the motor. No wearing surfaces, no moving wires, no ignition troubles.

Ford Planetary Transmission. Motor always connected with car. Transmission always in gear; when the car is running on high speed the gears are quiet. No crunching or stripping of gears.

No Weight on Moving Parts. This assures durability, economy and long service.

Ford Spring Suspension. The axles are attached to the car at the extreme point of the springs, thus giving the utmost flexibility, smoothness in riding, and least wear on tires.

Ford Rear Axle. No truss rods. Look at it, no weight but its own to carry; think of the saving in wear this means to the rear tires.

Simplicity in Operation. The movement of the car may be controlled by the feet, the hands need never be taken from the steering wheel.

Light Weight. Ford Model T is the lightest in weight of any four cylinder car in the world, size, power and capacity considered. It has 60 pounds to the horse power. It costs money to move weight. If weight is an advantage in a motor car, why don't the makers of heavy weight cars advertise the fact?

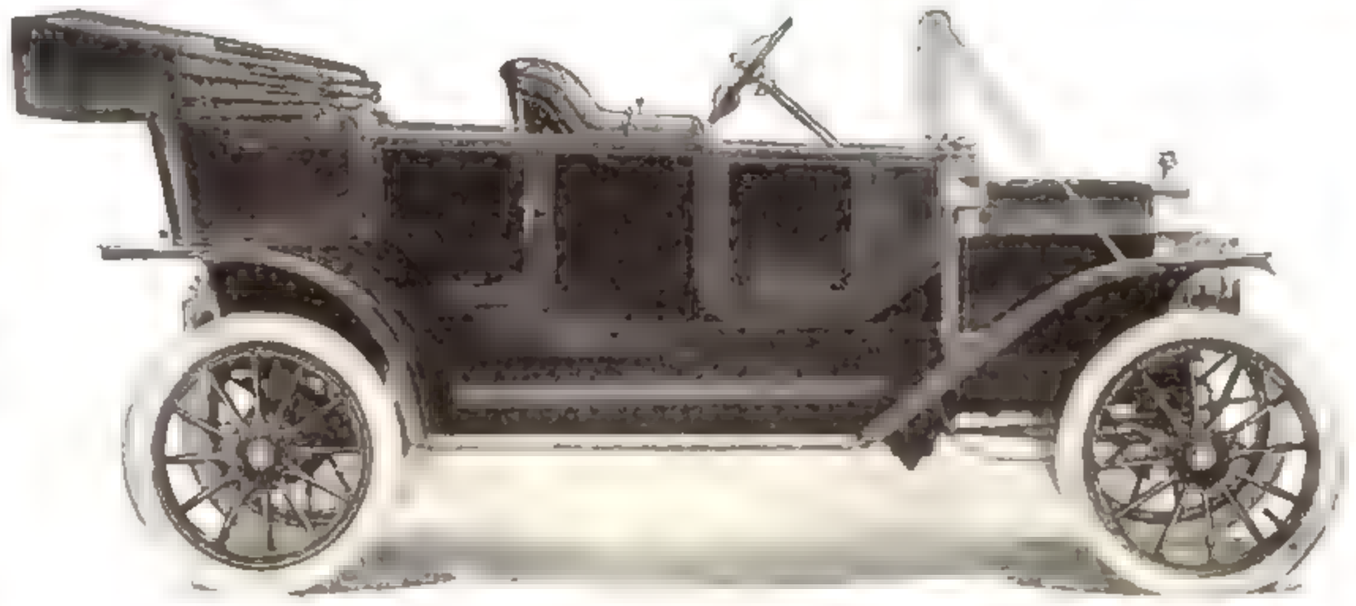
Accessibility. Every part of the mechanism of Ford Model T is easily accessible. There is nothing intricate—nothing confusing. It is as simple as A B C.

Cheapest to Maintain. Ford Model T is an exceedingly economical car to keep. It goes from 20 to 28 miles on one gallon of gasoline. It is equally economical with oil, and gives from 5,000 to 8,000 miles on one set of tires.

Ford Service for Ford Owners is a feature which must not be forgotten. No matter where you are, with your Ford car, if accident or trouble occurs, you are sure to find immediate service right at hand. Over four thousand individual dealers, each one carrying a supply of Ford parts in stock all the time, each one anxious and prompt to assist Ford owners. Ford service for Ford owners is an exclusive advantage. It is a world-wide advantage. No matter where you go, the Ford dealer is there waiting for you.

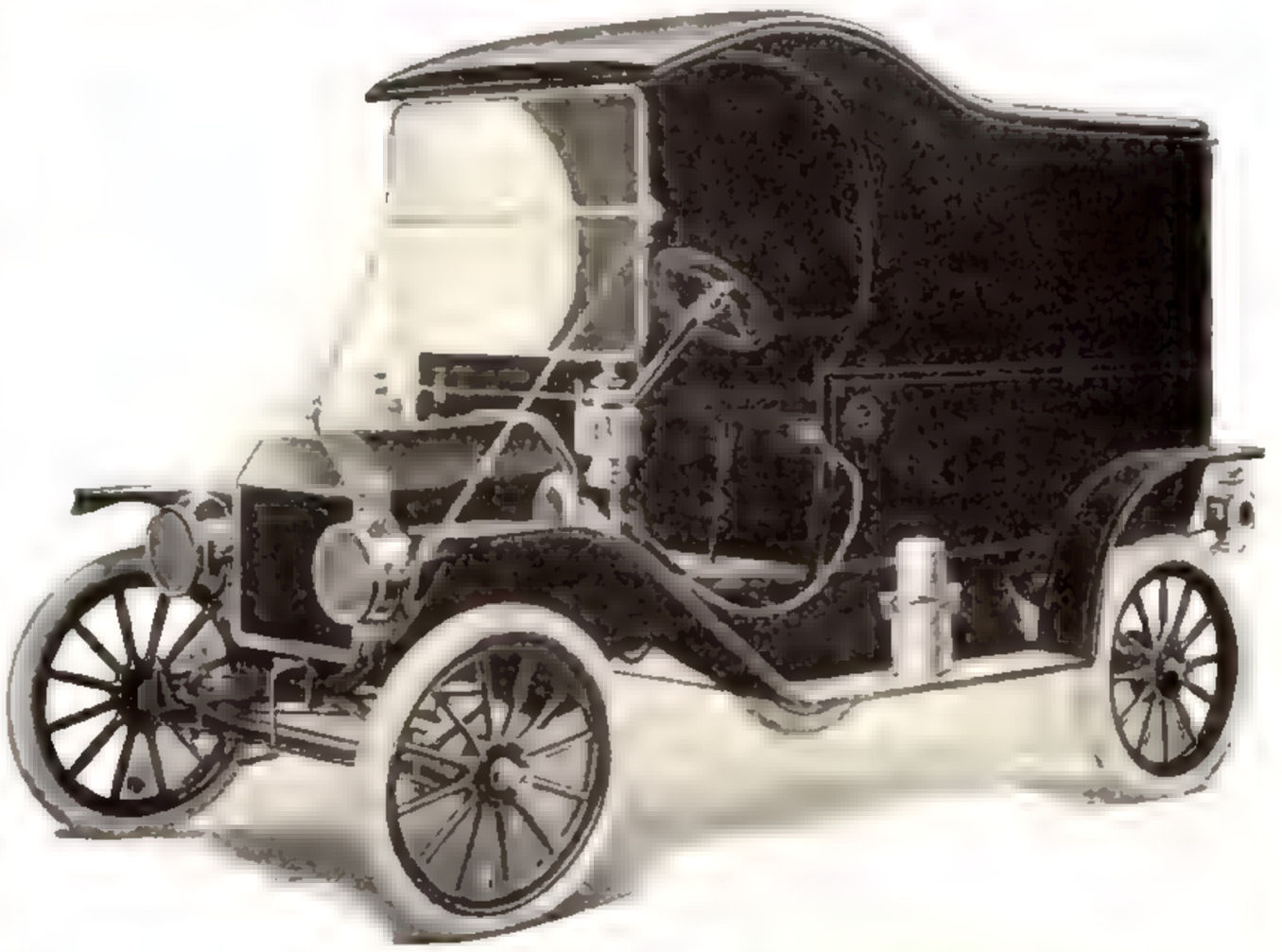
No Ford Cars Are Sold Unequipped. When you buy a Model T you get a whole car.

We would like to have you write for our series of books, illustrated and fully descriptive of the various features of Ford Model T cars. Send for the series It won't cost you anything.



$690 FORD Model T Touring Car

4 Cylinders, 5 Passengers
Completely equipped as follows:
Extension Top. Speedometer
Automatic Brass Windshield
Two 6-inch Gas Lamps. Generator
Three Oil Lamps
Horn and Tools
Ford Magneto built into the motor
This splendid Touring Car for $690, F. O. B. Detroit



$700 FORD Model T Delivery Car

4 Cylinders. The regular Vanadium Steel constructed chassis which has made the FORD Model T world famous, steel body, giving roomy interior. Capacity 750 pounds of merchandise, complete equipment as follows:
Automatic Brass Windshield. Speedometer
Two 6-inch Gas Lamps. Generator
Three Oil Lamps
Horn and Tools
Ford Magneto built into the motor
And the car complete as above, costs only $700, F. O. B. Detroit

Ford Motor Company

Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

Branches and Dealers in all Principal Cities

CHRISTMAS

Give "Him" the Safety Razor

THE BARBERS

Recommend

A few weeks ago we published double page advertisements in *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's*. They contained letters from eight premier hotel barbers telling why they recommend AutoStrop Razors to their customers.

These eight premier Hotel barbers were Mr. Butts of the St. Regis, New York, Mr. Ritz, Ritz-Carlton, New York, Mr. Motz, Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia, Mr. Hoffmann, Belvedere, Baltimore, Mr. Myers, New Willard, Washington, Mr. Emery, Pontchartrain, Detroit, Mr. Carey, La Salle, Chicago, and Mr. Atchison, Planters, St. Louis.

Don't give "him" a safety razor for Christmas that you just happen to know the name of. Give him the AutoStrop Razor—the only safety razor that the greatest barber experts in America recommend to their customers.

Why do barbers recommend the AutoStrop Razor? Because it is the only safety razor which a novice can strop expertly. Mr. Hoffmann, of the Hotel Belvedere, said in his letter: "Few barbers can strop a keener edge than a novice can strop with the AutoStrop Safety Razor. That is why I recommend it to my customers."

AutoStrop stropping not only gives "him" a head barber edge for each shave, but it makes each of the 12 AutoStrop blades shave from 50 to 300 times. Therefore, when you pay $5 for an AutoStrop Razor, you are buying 600 to 3600 Head Barber Shaves.

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If you 'phone or write for the AutoStrop Razor today, you will have his Christmas settled today. Address:

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 327 Fifth Ave., New York
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AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

THE COUNTY TROT

(Continued from Page 17)

Half a second later, side by side, Captain Buck Owings and Judge Priest's Jeff sped northward across the earth, and Sergeant Jimmy Bagby staggered toward the only comforter near at hand, with his two empty arms upraised. Filled with a great and sudden sense of loss he fell upon Judge Priest's neck, almost bearing his commander down by the weight of his grief.

"Carried her four years!" he exclaimed piteously; "four endurin' years, Jedge, and not a single dam' Yankee ever laid his hand on her! Carried her ever since, and nobody ever dared to touch her! And now to lose her thisaway!"

His voice, which had risen to a bleat, sank to a sob and he wept unrestrainedly on the old judge's shoulder. It looked as though these two old men were wrestling together, catch-as-catch-can.

The judge tried to shake his distressed friend off, but the sergeant clung fast. Over the bent shoulders of the other the judge saw the wheels flash by, going south, horses and drivers evened up. The "Go!" of the starting judge was instantly caught up by five hundred spectators and swallowed in a crackling yell. Oblivious of all these things the sergeant raised his sorrowing head and a melancholy satisfaction shone through his tears.

"I lost her," he said; "but, by gum, Jedge, it took all four of 'em to get her away from me, didn't it?"

None, perhaps, in all that crowd except old Judge Priest saw the two fleeting figures speeding north. All other eyes there were turned to the south, where the county's rival trotters swung round the first turn, traveling together like teammates. None marked Captain Buck Owings as, strangely cumbered, he scuttled across the track from the outer side to the inner and dived like a rabbit under the fence at the head of the homestretch, where a big oak tree with a three-foot bole cast its lengthening shadows across the course. None marked Judge Priest's Jeff coiling down like a blacksnake behind an unlatched wooden gate almost opposite where the tree stood.

None marked these things, because at this moment something direful happened. Minnie May, the favorite, was breaking badly on the back length. Almost up on her hindlegs she lunged out ahead of her with her forefeet like a boxer. That far away it looked to the grandstand crowds as though Van Wallace had lost his head entirely. One instant he was savagely lashing the mare along the flanks, the next he was pulling her until he was stretched out flat on his back, with his head back between the painted sulky wheels. And Blandville Boy, steady as a clock, was drawing ahead and making a long gap between them.

Blandville Boy came on grandly—far ahead at the half; still farther ahead nearing the three-quarters. All need for breaking her gait being now over, crafty Van Wallace had steadied the mare and again she trotted perfectly—trotted fast too; but the mischief was done and she was hopelessly out of it, being sure to be beaten and lucky if she saved being distanced.

The whole thing had worked beautifully, without a hitch. This thought was singing high in Jackson Berry's mind as he steered the stud-horse past the three-quarter post and saw just beyond the last turn the straightaway of the homestretch, opening up empty and white ahead of him. And then, seventy-five yards away, he beheld a most horrifying apparition!

Against a big oak at the inner-track fence, sheltered from the view of all behind, but in full sight of the turn, stood Captain Buck Owings, drawing down on him with a huge and hideous firearm. How was Jackson Berry, thus rudely jarred from pleasing prospects, to know that Sergeant Jimmy Bagby's old Springfield musket hadn't been fired since Appomattox—that its lock was a solid mass of corroded metal, its stock worm-eaten walnut and its barrel choked up solid with forty years of rust! All Jackson Berry knew was that the fearsome muzzle of an awful weapon was following him as he moved down toward it and that behind the tall mule's ear of a hammer and the brass guard of the trigger he saw the cold, forbidding gray of Captain Buck Owings' face and the colder, more forbidding, even grayer eye of Captain Buck Owings—a man known to be dangerous when irritated—and easy to irritate!

Before that menacing aim and posture Jackson Berry's flesh turned to wine jelly and quivered on his bones. His eyes bulged out on his cheeks and his cheeks went white to match his eyes. Had it not been for the stallion's stern between them, his knees would have knocked together. Involuntarily he drew back on the reins, hauling in desperately until Blandville Boy's jaws were pulled apart like the red painted mouth of a hobby-horse and his forelegs sawed the air. The horse was fighting to keep on to the nearing finish, but the man could feel the slugs of lead in his flinching body.

And then—and then—fifty scant feet ahead of him and a scanter twenty above where the armed madman stood—a wide gate flew open; and, as this gap of salvation broke into the line of the encompassing fence, the welcome clarion of Judge Priest's Jeff rose in a shriek: "This way out, boss—this way out!"

It was a time for quick thinking; and to persons as totally, wholly scared as Jackson Berry was, thinking comes wondrous easy. One despairing half-glance he threw upon the goal just ahead of him and the other half on that unwavering rifle-muzzle, now looming so close that he could catch the glint of its sights. Throwing himself far back in his reeling sulky Jackson Berry gave a desperate yank on the lines that lifted the sorely pestered stallion clear out of his stride, then sawed on the right-hand rein until he swung the horse's head through the opening, grazing one wheel against a gatepost—and was gone past the whooping Jeff, lickety-split, down the dirt road, through the dust and out on the big road toward town.

Jeff slammed the gate shut and vanished instantly. Captain Buck Owings dropped his weapon into the long, rank grass and slid round the treetrunk. And half a minute later Van Wallace, all discomfited and puzzled, with all his fine hopes dished and dashed, sorely against his own will, jogged Minnie May a winner past a grandstand that recovered from its dumb astonishment in ample time to rise and yell its approval of the result.

. . . . . .

Judge Billy Priest being a childless widower of many years' standing, his household was administered for him by Jeff as general manager, and by Aunt Dilsey Turner as kitchen goddess. Between them the old judge fared well and they fared better. Aunt Dilsey was a master hand at a cookstove; but she went home at night, no matter what the state of the weather, wearing one of those long, wide capes—dolmans, I think they used to call them—that hung clear down to the knees, hiding the wearer's hands and whatsoever the hands might be carrying.

It was a fad of Aunt Dilsey's to bring one covered splint basket and one close-mouthed tin bucket with her when she came to work in the morning, and to take both of them away with her—under her dolman cape—at night; and in her cabin on Plunkett's Hill she had a large family of her own and two paying boarders, all of whom had the appearance of being well nourished. If you, reader, are Southern-born, these seemingly trivial details may convey a meaning to your understanding.

So Aunt Dilsey Turner looked after the judge's wants from the big old kitchen that was detached from the rest of the rambling white house, and Jeff had the run of his sideboard, his tobacco caddy and his wardrobe. The judge was kept comfortable and they were kept happy, each respecting the other's property rights.

It was nine o'clock in the evening of the last day of the county fair. The judge, mellowly comfortable in his shirtsleeves, reclined in a big easy rocking-chair in his sitting room. There was a small fire of hickory wood in the fireplace and the embers popped as they charred a dimmer red. The old judge was smoking his homemade corncob pipe with the long cane stem, and sending smoke wreaths aloft to shred away like cobweb skeins against the dingy ceiling.

"Jeff!" he called to a black shadow fidgeting about in the background.

"Yes, suh, Jedge; right here!"

"Jeff, if your discriminatin' taste in handmade sour-mash whisky has permitted any of that last batch of liquor I bought to remain in the demijohn, I wish you'd mix me up a little toddy."

"Muvver Says These Won't Hurt Me"

NOT the slightest harm can come from eating *good* confectionery. Just remember that, and when little folks or grown-ups get candy hungry, set out a big, dandy box of Lenox Chocolates and let them help themselves.

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are the kind of confectionery you never tire of. Those great, creamy nuggets of rich brown chocolate hold such splendid fillings that you never know when to stop eating. It makes one's mouth water merely to think of them—nut, nougat, caramel, fruit, cream, jelly, and lots of other flavors equally tempting.

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Fits into a suitcase. Rust-proof steel ribs. Guaranteed cover fabrics. Stylish and serviceable handles

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Jeff snickered and mixed the toddy, mixing it more hurriedly then common, because he was anxious to be gone. It was Saturday night—a night dedicated by long usage to his people; and in Jeff's pocket was more ready money than his pocket had ever held before at any one time. Moreover, in the interval between dusk and dark, Jeff's wardrobe had been most grandly garnished. Above Mr. Clay Saunders' former blue serge coat a crimson necktie burned like a beacon, and below the creased legs of Mr. Otterbuck's late pearl-gray trousers now appeared a pair of new patent-leather shoes.

Assuredly Jeff was anxious to be on his way. He placed the filled toddy glass at the old judge's elbow and sought unostentatiously to withdraw himself.

"Jeff!" said the judge.

"Yes, suh."

"I believe Mr. Jackson Berry did not see fit to return to the fair grounds this evenin' and protest the result of the third heat?"

"No, suh," said Jeff; "from whut I heared some of the w'ite folks sayin', he driv right straight home and went to bed and had a sort of a chill."

"Ah-hah!" said the judge, sipping reflectively. Jeff fidgeted and drew nearer a half-open window, listening out into the maple-lined street. Two blocks down the street he could hear the colored brass band playing in front of the Colored Odd Fellows Hall for a "festibul."

"Jeff," said Judge Priest musingly, "violence or a show of violence is always to be deplored."

Jeff had only a hazy idea of what the old judge meant by that, but in all his professional life Jeff had never intentionally disagreed in conversation with any white adult—let alone a generous employer. So:

"Yes, suh," assented Jeff promptly; "it suttinly is."

"But there are times and places," went on the old judge, "when it is necessary."

"Yes, suh," said Jeff, catching the drift—"lak at a racetrack!"

"Ah-hah! Quite so," said Judge Priest, nodding. "And, Jeff, did it ever occur to you that there are better ways of killin' a cat then by chokin' him with butter?"

"Indeed, yes, suh," said Jeff. "Sometimes you kin do it best with one of these here ole rusty Confedrit guns!"

At that precise moment, in a little house on the next street, Sergeant Jimmy Bagby's family, having prevailed upon him to remove his shoes and his cartridge-belt before retiring, were severally engaged in an attempt to dissuade him from a firmly expressed purpose of taking his Springfield musket to bed with him.

The Foragers

SCHOOL'S out, and homeward with the ebbing day
They come—Tom Jones, Jim Brooks and Eddie Gray;
And half a million others far or near,
Not much unlike the boys I know right here;
With empty dinnerpails and schoolbooks slung
Across their shoulders by a strap. The tongue
Of boyhood at the kitchen door gives cry:
"Ma, can't I have a doughnut, or some pie?"
For, say, the appetite of boys is prime
And cannot be content till suppertime.

'Tis four o'clock, and I can hear them go—
A million youngsters—homeward, fast and slow;
The drowsy schoolroom clock has dragged its hands
Across its face until Time's signal stands
At long-awaited four—that blessed hour
When schoolbooks close and teachers lose the power
That despot rulers have—and flags unfurled
Lead schoolboy armies to a waiting world!
And up the back steps bound returning feet:
"Ma, can't I go and get a bite to eat?"

School's out—what ransacking of cooky jars!
What letting down of pantry gates and bars!
What dipping into barrels here and there,
With heads far down and feet high up in air,
For Winesaps, Baldwins, Pippins! What a charge
Upon the jars of jam and loaves baked large
And round and brown—what a tumultuous cry;
"Ma, can't I have a little piece of pie?"
And so this schoolboy army waxes fat
Upon its foraged commissariat!

—*J. W. Foley.*

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Has specially prepared wind proof wool lining, with strongly [illegible] gray stripe weave like [illegible]

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BUCKEYE

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

Why Smith *Stayed* Home

HERE'S news to gladden *your* home-evenings—and every other time that's *pipe* time. Your old smoking tobacco friend—Lucky Strike—the kind that you've always liked best in the *smoking*—is now made, in addition to the regular sliced plug form, so that you'll like it best in the *handling*.

Lucky Strike *Roll Cut*—ready for the pipe—in a convenient 10c pocketbox.

Just tilt the tin—light up—shut your eyes—and *revel!*

The smoke that's *all* richness and fragrance. *Not* the kind that flares and sizzles and snaps at your tongue—but the pure, mild, cool, dry, even *satisfaction smoke* of the man who knows good tobacco.

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Remember you can now get Lucky Strike Roll Cut—ready for your pipe. 10c—at all dealers.

R. A. PATTERSON TOBACCO CO.
RICHMOND, VA.

To The Tobacco Trade

10c
All Dealers

16-oz. Package 90c.

THE CALL

(Continued from Page 5)

"He's the man who promised me work," was Una's half-sobbing answer.

"Did he?" snapped the cabdriver with a quick and scolling sidelook at the house-front and its curtained windows. Still again that inner voice was telling Una that this ruddy-faced man was her friend, that he was right, that he was saving her from something perilous. She did not resent his hand on her arm.

"Look here, child; I'm wise to this town. You ain't. What you want is a nice, clean hallroom, wit' clean people, till you outgrow them pinfeathers o' yourn. Now git in—git in, or I'll tack a time-charge to that fare o' mine!"

"What is that house?" asked the weakening girl.

"Rotten!" was the one word that exploded from the cabdriver's lips.

Some primal instinct, as she stood staring up into that kindly claret-colored face, again told her that she was wrong and he was right.

She climbed back into the cab, fighting to keep down her tears. She lay weakly back against the musty cushions, feeling herself being drawn deeper and deeper into the heart of a strange city that was already incomprehensible to her—a strange city where she had already found and lost a home, where there were so many vague things to menace and intimidate her.

She was puzzled and bewildered, but hope had by no means withered from her heart. Her youthful eyes, staring out into the night, saw a moving-picture house, gay with electrics and lithographs. It stood out like a familiar word in a foreign script. She remembered that this was a part of the life she had come to enter; that somewhere in some corner of it was a place for her. Her spirits came back to her. She even had the heart, when the cabman deposited her before a humble-looking red-brick house, with old-fashioned iron balconies, to object to his demand for a fifty-cent fare, serenely oblivious of the fact that earlier in the evening he had inwardly decided that she was to be just two dollars his debtor—but there were many things which were still unknown to Una.

IV

UNA drew a deep breath and looked about her room. It was hers for one week, at least. For it, after withstanding the inquisitorial inspection of Mrs. Binner, a police-sergeant's wife and the owner of the house, she had paid two dollars, with an extortionate twenty-five cents for a latch-key, a flat, small piece of steel strangely different from any key she had ever seen.

Una's room was seven feet wide and eleven feet long. Its walls were covered with sulphur-colored paper, much soiled above the washstand. Behind the door stood a row of hooks under a shelf strung with a calico curtain. In front of the window stood a single chair with a compress-board fitted over its broken cane seat. Beyond this, the room was as bare as a vault, as empty of accessories as though a spring flood had swept it clean. The only residuary signs of life lay in the row of faded newspapers along the shelf-bottom and the undulatory surface of the red-draped couch where so many unknown sleepers had rested.

Una turned these newspapers over, studying the pictures one by one. Then she looked at the room again. Then she sat down on the narrow bed. Weariness weighed upon her; but an unrest, such as she had never known before, made this weariness seem a thing of little moment. She grew resentful of the incaging sulphur-colored walls. She longed for another glimpse of the city that hummed and murmured below her. Yet she dreaded to venture out, remembering the inquisitorial eyes below-stairs. She did not realize that she was now her own mistress; she had not yet discovered the freedom with which that brief migration from Chamboro had endowed her.

She suddenly remembered that she was hungry. This, she felt, might serve as an excuse for venturing into the street. She opened her bedroom door and listened at the stairhead. The house seemed strangely quiet. She stepped back and closed the door, then slipped quietly down the long and narrow stairways. Once she had gained the street, she turned and made a study of the housefront. It worried her that they should all be so much alike. She fixed in her mind every distinguishing mark—the broken grillwork over the basement window, the rusty balcony-iron, the brownstone sills patched with red-tinted plaster, the empty flower-box in the second-story window.

She next made note of the house's position in the street, of its number, of its distance from the corner. Then, mothlike, she moved instinctively toward the point of greatest light. She marked the drug store on the corner and methodically continued her observations until she found the names of the avenue and its cross-street printed on the neighboring lamp-post. She paused a moment to marvel at a mid-air train, as it thundered by above her head, along a track on steel stilts. Then she went on again toward the more alluring brighter lights. It was late, but curiosity submerged all other feelings. The theaters would soon be out, and it was something even to rub elbows with those who were returning from that kingdom of happiness. So she wandered on, amazed at the crowding motor cars, the restaurants and the countless nocturnal activities that surrounded her.

She found herself suddenly in a veritable valley of lights. They glowed and flared from walls, they wavered and ran and circled from the tops of buildings, they blazed from shopfronts, they shone like jewels from the façades of lofty walls—lights of all colors: red and white and green and blue, some of them milky and pearl-like and motionless, some of them restless and ruby-tinted; millions and millions of lights it seemed, dazzling the eye, bewildering the brain, making the street as bright as day, filling it with a glory that seemed celestial—too effulgent for earthly devices.

Una stood staring up that long valley of lights like a mountain-child face to face with a first vision of the sea. She stood staring at the lights of moving street cars, at the drifting and shifting globes of motor cars, at the arches and squares, the spirals and circles and letters of many-colored fire winking and blinking from the very heavens themselves.

Her rapt young face was fanned by the humid night air, heavy with its exotic odors, its spiced smell of dust and mildly acrid street waste. Thrill after thrill sped up and down her slender legs, her flat and boy-like back, as she stood there watching it all. Never, in other years, did she stumble on it without a reluctant wave of admiration for its barbaric and febrilely competitive display; but never again would she know that swift and intoxicating tingle, that suffusing and all-engulfing thrill of rapture, that first fine glow of girlish joy as she stood for the first time face to face with Broadway, lying like a many-hued and lethargic python across the steel-stubbled acres of midnight Manhattan. She forgot her weariness, her homelessness. She saw only an alluring and luminous valley leading into the future.

Una, after the manner of vigorous youth, slept well that night. It was after nine when she wakened and stared about at the sulphur-colored walls. She was neither homesick nor lonely. She was conscious that she was exceptionally hungry. She also remembered that as soon as she had breakfasted she would have to see about getting on the stage.

Not to eat breakfast under the same roof where she slept struck her as odd, but she did not waste thought over it. In one day, indeed, her whole universe had been turned topsyturvy. She was now fortified against any shock, prepared for any surprise. Had she been told that this city without trees or yards or gardens, where trains cannonaded about in midair and cars crawled through the bowels of the earth, pumped claret through its water-mains, she would have accepted it without question.

She wandered about the streets, contented and curious, until she came to an eating place with pyramids of apples and oranges in the window. Within she found marble-topped tables and paper napkins. Yet her breakfast, in the face of all her frugality, cost her twenty-five cents, for she had the good appetite of a boy.

Then she turned back toward Broadway, where she felt sure the theatrical district would be. She told herself it would be foolish to waste time.

Her experiences that first warm morning in New York were as ignominious as

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her efforts were unsuccessful. She was laughed at; she was joked with; she was smiled at and turned politely away from; she was ignored; she was stared at and brushed aside—but nowhere was she taken seriously. Nowhere could she get an audience.

Her instincts were not inactive. She had a quick eye for form and color. She began to institute comparisons. She began to see that from the standpoint of dress alone she was impossible. A theatrical man even had turned and spoken of her as "one of the upstate cornhuskers."

She was only defeating her own ends. She was beginning wrong.

She had already fallen to studying the women who passed her on Broadway their strange clothes, their pert hats, their wonderful coiffures, their heavily powdered faces. They must be right, she told herself. She was wrong. And that afternoon, having plied the perplexed and suspicious-minded Mrs. Binner with many far-reaching and rather ridiculous questions, Una made her way to a Sixth Avenue department store. Here, having once more adjusted herself to a new and complicated world, she studiously recalled the figures she had met on Broadway, and from a bargain-counter sale purchased a gray serge ready-made suit. To this she added a cheap tiptilted hat and an equally cheap pair of tan shoes. These she carried home in an immense parcel, quite ignorant of the fact that without extra cost they might have been safely delivered for her.

It left her only two dollars and a half; but she told herself it was necessary. The one thing she could not endure was the thought of being ridiculous. She would rather go hungry than be laughed at.

She still felt, as she dressed herself in those overconspicuous new clothes, that there was something foolish about them. The tiptilted hat was the only thing she liked. It made her look older and there was a touch of "boldness" about it. Yet it satisfied something within her, some dormant inner sense which she could not describe. The transformation brought about by that change of apparel, indeed, amazed her. It seemed to equip her in a sort of armor. She felt on a more equal footing with those about her. It put her one step nearer the end toward which she was working.

Then she sat down and thought. New York still lay a sealed book to her. She was more puzzled than intimidated by its immensity. Even those things which she saw for the first time came to her with a sense of familiarity. Newspapers and magazines and moving pictures had already given her glimpses of city life; and each of these she had secretly treasured against the time when it might be of service to her. She thought over her possibilities point by point. She weighed one against the other. She bought newspapers and studied the list of theaters, noting their localities and the names of the different plays. She had no one to help her, no one to give her a hint as to what was right or wrong; so she made a list of the theaters whose names appealed to her. Then, deciding on her plan of action, she looked about to get her bearings. She wandered up through Madison Square, crossed Fifth Avenue and entered Broadway—a Broadway that seemed noisy and dusty and sordid compared to the valley of light she had beheld the evening before; but she did not let this discovery dampen her ardor.

She found the theater and made sure of the position of its stage entrance. She neither approached nor addressed the doorman lounging beside that entrance; but she waited, covertly watching. She waited until the audience had poured out into Broadway, until the family circle disgorged its crowds into the side street. Then she stepped closer to the stage entrance, alert and intent, watching each figure as it emerged from that narrow doorway. And each figure was mentally challenged, inspected and adjudicated by those wide and anxious hazel eyes under the tilted hat-brim. She appraised them all, one by one. Then she decided on one particular figure.

It was one even smaller than her own. It wore a tilted blue turban, a blue serge suit with a skirt that reached only halfway to the ankles, a pair of tan lace shoes on very trim small feet. Its round, good-natured face was smudged and smeared with rice-powder until the retroussé nose looked like a cruller that had been amply sugared. The hair under the blue turban was a pale and almost lemon-tinted yellow. Yet there was something childlike and ingratiating about that white-coated face. Una felt this would prove the most approachable figure. She felt, too, that it would be better to walk along beside her than to stop her.

The heavily penciled baby-blue eyes blinked a little at the solemn and raptfaced girl, who apparently had just fallen out of the moon.

Una did not speak for a few steps.

"You belong to the show?" she began quietly, yet with a *vibrato* of emotion in her voice.

"Sure," was the young girl's answer; but the baby-blue eyes narrowed and shifted. Everything about her suggested suspended judgment, touched with suspicion.

"Then please don't mind what I'm going to ask you," pleaded Una, meeting the narrowed eyes with her quavering smile. "But I'm a stranger in New York. I just got here. I want to go on the stage—I've got to go on the stage!"

"Well?"

"I don't know how to begin—what to do first."

The smaller figure stopped dead. The two looked at each other for a silent moment.

"What's the bunk?" demanded the girl with the sugar-cruller nose.

"I want to know how to get on the stage," reiterated Una.

"On the stage! And you jus' hit this burg?"

"Yes," admitted Una, too resolute on her ends to be discountenanced by the mockery which she held in such aversion. The other girl gasped.

"You suttinly got your noive!"

The smile faded from the pert young face however. An answering solemnity crept into the baby eyes as they stared at the solemnly passionate face of the "yap" girl in the ill-fitting gray suit.

"What must I do first?" persisted Una.

"I s'pose you've studied elocution?" scoffingly asked the smaller girl.

"No," sorrowfully admitted the other.

"Then that's one thing in your favor," was the cheery answer. Then, after a pause: "Know any steps?"

She did not. She even wondered what steps meant.

"Just sing, eh?" suggested the other, eying the lines of the figure under the gray serge.

"I can't—can't sing much," Una compelled herself to confess. The other girl again came to a stop.

"Then what're you goin' to do wit' the stage?" she demanded. "Take tickets?"

"I want to act!" passionately protested the girl from Chamboro.

The smaller girl's lip curled.

"Then you don't want advice. What you want's a backer!"

"What's a backer?" demanded the unsophisticated Una.

"A guy who'll—but what's the good? You wouldn't be jerry to that!" Her blandly insulting gaze swept over Una again. "Got any decent clothes?"

Una looked down at her gray suit, not without approval.

"I said clothes!" remarked the small woman with the powdered face.

Una did her best to fight back a rising tear or two. It was more than she could endure. A wound to the heart, with her, was a trivial thing beside wounded vanity.

"Can't you help me?" she demanded with the immediacy of hot and impatient youth.

"Say, you'd better slope back to the theater and talk it over wit' Miss Wimbleton. She's the star. P'raps she'd like your style for an understudy!" And the girl with the powdered nose turned contemptuously about on her heel and walked away.

Una stood looking after her. It took her several seconds to digest her defeat. Then she turned about and walked doggedly back toward the theater. There, facing the ogre of the stage entrance, she announced that she had been sent to see Miss Wimbleton.

"Dressing room number one!" the doorkeeper announced without so much as stirring from his chair. And Una stepped in through the narrow entrance.

Never before had she been behind the scenes. Never before had she sniffed that strange mixture of dust and paint-frames and gloomy mustiness. There was something awesome to her about that cavernous region, something that caught the breath as the sight of a coffin might.

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Everything about her seemed endowed with sacredness. Sets and props, splashed canvases and braces, all seemed touched with a glory, a mystery, not of earth. She was stumbling along amid these wonders when a voice echoed out through the cavern of semidarkness:

"Here you, laundress! I said number one!"

It was the doorman, and Una felt that he was calling to her. A perspiring stagehand in his shirtsleeves said, "Here, kid—to the right"; and a moment later Una was knocking on the door of dressing room number one.

"Come in!" cried a voice from the other side of the door. And Una went in. Her nostrils were assailed by a new battery of odors—grease paint, overheated air, Turkish cigarette smoke, stale flowers on a ledge backed by a mirror. In front of this mirror was a woman partly dressed. At the other side of the room was another woman, a maid, hanging garments on a row of hooks. Una's gaze riveted itself on the woman before the mirror. She was in the same room with a star of the theater.

"What does this kid want?"

The query came suddenly, angrily, from the woman at the mirror. She did not even turn about as she spoke. It was the maid who crossed the narrow room and faced the tingling Una.

"Ain't you the laundry girl?" asked this maid.

Una looked past her to the woman at the mirror.

"I want to see about going on the stage," she announced. She took a step or two toward the star. The star slammed down the lid of a japanned tin box. Then she turned on the maid, ignoring Una as though she were something not human.

"Emma, haven't I told you to keep those nuts out of my dressing room?" she cried.

The maid said, "Yes, ma'am," and, crossing to the door, swung Una bodily about.

"You ought t' know better than t' come botherin' Miss Wimbleton when she's worried and worn out," she admonished, holding the door in a manner which could not be misinterpreted.

"When can I see her?" asked the crushed but dogged girl.

"You can't see her!" cried the maid, infected by a touch of her mistress' hysteria. "And you nuts've gotta leave us alone or I'll kill some o' you!"

Una went out through the door as it closed none too gently behind her. She groped her way out past the splashed canvases and the props and the paint-frames and the sullen-eyed doorman. She had met her second defeat.

■

UNA'S second defeat left her dazed but not disheartened. She felt, nevertheless, a need of reassembling her scattered thoughts, of securing a newer and saner viewpoint. She walked the streets in deep and vaguely dejected aimlessness, rambling on and on until the hunger of the body made her forget that of the spirit. She stumbled on a restaurant where she could get boiled mutton and mashed potatoes for fifteen cents, though she had to sit on a stool before a counter to eat it.

She found, after this frugal meal, that the world was not so dark as she had imagined. The consciousness of her utter solitude was not oppressive to her. She rejoiced, in fact, in the new and unlimited freedom that had so suddenly come to her. She gloried in the thought of being her own mistress, of directing her steps wherever she might fancy. And her fancy, that night, took her far down the whole valley of Broadway, across Union Square, east along Fourteenth Street. There the lurid lights and lithographs of a moving-picture house were too much for her. She forsook the fresh and balmy night air for the fetid and companionable heat of the crowded hall.

A narrow-faced youth who sat next to her during the intermission offered to buy her a box of chocolates. She flushed and stammered out a refusal. Ten minutes later, as she sat entranced before the Western melodrama being enacted on the white sheet in front of her, she felt a hand come in contact with hers as though by accident. She ignored the incident. A minute or two later she felt the hand deliberately close about her own. Its fingers caught and inwrapped hers odiously, like a cluster of tentacles. She had to struggle to free herself from that clutch. A wave of nauseating faintness swept through her as she felt

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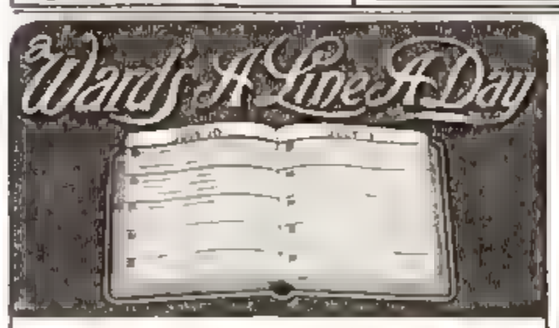

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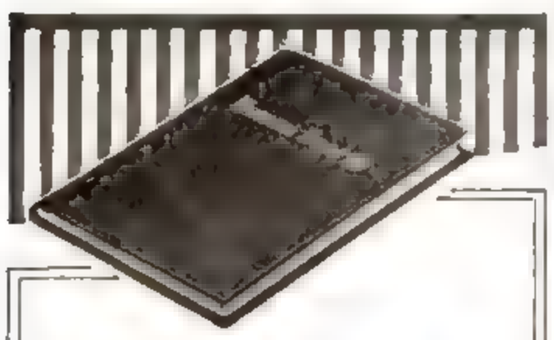

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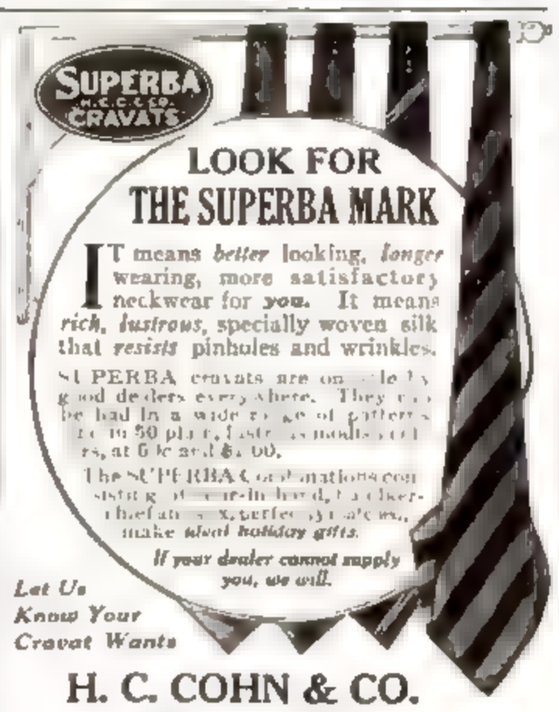

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the hand again reach out in the darkness. She determined to scream for help, for protection; but the sudden end of the film and the return of the hall lights made this unnecessary.

She struggled to her feet and made her escape from the theater. Her heart came up in her mouth as she saw her narrow-faced persecutor follow her to the street. She became desperate. A single passion that of escape—possessed her. No farm fowl that ever glimpsed a henhawk ducked and scurried and fluttered more frenziedly than did this gray-clad figure through the crowds of Fourteenth Street. She threw him off her track at last. She knew he was no longer following her, but his memory remained. It brought a new trouble into her life. It left a canker in the perfect rose of her freedom. She was compelled to remember that she was no longer alone in that great city, that she would always have to be guarded; that there were certain things she must learn to evade and certain other things she must learn to endure.

As she continued her more leisurely way through the lighted and crowded streets she remembered that she had been in New York little more than twenty-four hours. Yet in that time much had happened not outwardly, but inwardly, in a manner which she could not define. The lights were still mysterious and celestial in their multicolored brilliance, the streets were still alluring in their ever-shifting movements; but the smell of the street dust was already less exotic, less palpable. She was a little less a stranger to it all. She was now practically a part of it. And still again her youthful body thrilled with anticipatory passion as she stopped to peer up at the light-strewn valley where some day, she told herself, her own name might flaunt in colored electric globes.

By the time she had eaten her breakfast of wheatcakes and coffee the next morning Una had arrived at a number of new conclusions. One was that her money was almost gone and that she must find a way of earning more. Another was that the claret-faced cabman, for all his good intentions, had actually brought her to the wrong kind of house and that she must set about to find the right kind, the kind that held people who worked for the stage. She now acknowledged to herself that she would have to move more circuitously, that her earlier manner of open assault had been a mistake.

She sat on a bench in Madison Square that morning, studying the want advertisements in three penny newspapers. She went through them methodically, marking those that appealed to her, rejecting those that suggested menial labor. She was anxious not to lose her freedom; she wished to leave the road to her stagework open. That the line between her and starvation was so thin did not greatly alarm her. Her one apprehension was that she might not find the right sort of theatrical rooming house for her purpose. And so, even before she found work or earned money to pay for it, she began looking for a new room. She interviewed landladies and climbed stairs; she made excuses and argued about prices, all the while keeping her eyes open for just the right place. Before this place could be found, however, her money had dwindled away to a final dime. Then and then only did she revert to the idea of finding work.

She first tried addressing envelopes; but her hand was cramped and slow, and an endless half-day of toil brought her only enough to buy a cheap dinner. Coloring photographs next appealed to her; but this, too, proved impossible. She merely sat in a row with eleven other girls, "artistically gifted," as the advertisement said. Before each girl stood a basin of liquid color, each worker doing an allotted portion of the print and passing it hurriedly on to her neighbor. It was hopelessly monotonous and a day's work did not bring Una quite fifty cents.

In her next place she was affronted with an openness and promptness which caused her to make an equally prompt escape. During that quest for employment, in fact, she learned many new things about the seamier side of city life. She came to know what advertisements were "traps" and "fakes." She acquired the trick of appraising a would-be employer; of determining almost at a glance whether he was reasonably honest or a rogue.

She kept at the search doggedly, with the quiet fortitude of inexperience, with the mild audacity of unimaginative youth. She finally earned a dollar and a half posing for a Twenty-third Street poster artist. She found it very tiring and hard to hold the pose. After the second hour, in fact, she felt almost faint, notwithstanding her resilient wiriness. At the third hour she had to give up. The artist, little more affluent apparently than herself, made tea for her; with it they had bread and butter and apricot jam. Una ate a great deal, for she was hungry. Before she went away her shabby-coated and paintspattered friend gave her a list of uptown artists to whom she might apply for work.

Some of these artists declined to see her; others dismissed her. Several of them smiled at her pityingly; one laughed outright; and still another offered her a dollar an hour to pose "for the figure." Another, who lifted her chin and called his wife to admire her profile, said he was sure he could use her after she had had a few months' experience.

Una learned a great deal during those active and eventful days. She lost her habit of fidgeting and blushing when spoken to; she became more confident and direct in her speech; she learned how to look strangers squarely in the eye. Without realizing it, she was hour by hour acquiring fresh knowledge—soaking it in at every pore as a sponge soaks up moisture.

The one artist who could make use of her as a model proved to be an illustrator in the Van Dyck Studios, who made a specialty of "Rube" types, as he expressed it. He offered her regular work for two hours every Sunday morning and an occasional sitting during the week later on, when he would have more time for experiments in a new medium.

Una snapped up the offer, though the work proved hard. It was camera work, and meant the ceaseless putting on and taking off of costumes, crinolines, gingham wrappers, pantaletted short skirts though to strike the desired pose while the camera was snapped was only the work of a minute or two. Una dressed and undressed behind a Japanese panel-screen covered with gold storks, between a shelf full of dishes and a gas range, her garments sometimes being tossed in to her over the screen-top.

The artist, whose name, "Andrew Hempel," was painted on the studio door, explained to her how he made enlarged drawings of the photographs with a pantograph, putting in a background and securing enough snapshot poses on Sunday to carry him through the entire week.

"You can't call it art," he confessed, with his bashful, boyish smile, "but it pays the gas bills. And some day I'm going to do the other sort of work!"

Una's conception of the artist was still a romantic one. It wounded her sensibilities to see the untidiness of his studio, the unkempt condition of his paint-stained workclothes. She had an innate love for order, an abhorrence for the unclean.

Hempel and his new model, however, soon reached a plane of easy companionship tempered by a politeness not customary in the offhanded relationships of studio life.

He found Una, for all her rawness, very eager and unctuous, and capable of catching at the drama in the passage that he would read aloud from the galley-proofs of the story or article he chanced to be illustrating.

She, in turn, acknowledged to herself that she neither liked nor disliked him. Yet she flushed youthfully under his praise, one afternoon, when he chanced to catch her face in a certain light.

"Say, I'd be a second Christy if I had you round to work on!" he declared as he sat back from his drawing board, with his head on one side, studying her hair.

It took some time for her to learn passivity under these professional enthusiasms. She saw that it was all a part of the day's work. She experienced a strange tightening of the throat, however, when Hempel one Sunday shared with her a basket of Jersey peaches, expressed in to him from his sister's farm in Orange County. That, she knew, was not ordinarily in the day's work.

Una meantime made hurried side excursions into the Rialto neighborhood, always on the lookout for a two-dollar room in the right sort of house. Before the week was up she found a back hall in a Thirty-eighth Street lodging place entirely given over to the profession. The price, however, was two dollars and a half a week.

(Continued on Page 52)

Ingersoll Watches

Attractive inexpensive presents for the boy, his father, mother or sister can be selected from the four models of Ingersoll Watches illustrated by the two upper groups on this page.

Each is a reliable time-keeper, positively guaranteed for practical use.

Men's and Boys' Models

Regular $1.00 Thin model $1.50 Small size $2.00

Women's and Girls' Models

$2.00

Sold by 60,000 dealers throughout the country, or postpaid by us in U. S. A.

Ingersoll and Ingersoll-Trenton

Ingersoll-Trenton Jeweled Watches

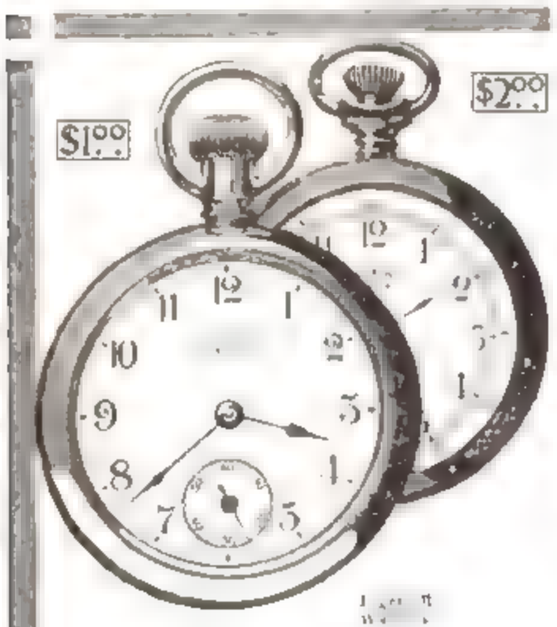
Refined, accurate-to-the-dot, durable for years.

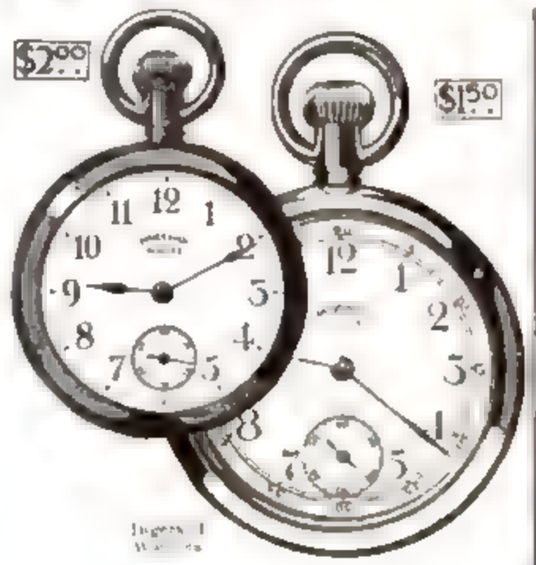
Sold exclusively in Ingersoll-Trenton guaranteed cases, a few of which are illustrated on this page

Three grades of movement, 7-jewel, 15-jewel and 19-jewel, extra adjusted each obtainable in nickel and gold-filled, plain or fancy engraved, open-face or hunting case.

$5.00 to $35.00

Sold only by jewelers or prepaid by us in U. S. A.





For a Man's Christmas, a Watch is best

For nineteen Christmases we have made it easy for the public throughout this whole country to solve the Christmas problem.

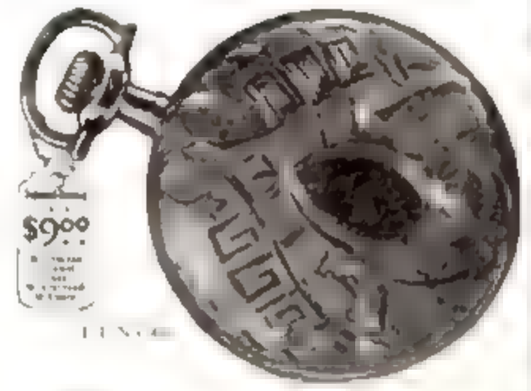
We have made it possible to get the Ingersoll Watches in every nook and corner of the United States at uniform prices, without haggling or risk of overcharge.

So reliable and attractive, in spite of their low prices, have the Ingersoll watches been found that over 30,000,000 have been made and sold.

And on this record of thirty million Ingersolls and nineteen years of honest public service stand the newer *Ingersoll-Trenton Jeweled Watches*, representing Ingersoll value in fine watches—no such quality exists elsewhere for the money.

All of this is the evolution of a fixed idea—a determination to see that the people get a square deal in watches with every step of the marketing protected against extortion, so that even one who knows nothing of watch values may rely completely upon the Ingersoll name, the price-tag attached to each watch and the guarantee in the back.

Go to your jeweler and see the Ingersoll-Trenton watches. There is no finer American watch than the 19-Jewel Extra-adjusted model and no really high-grade watch so inexpensive as the 7-Jewel "I-T."



Ingersoll-Trenton, 7 Jewels, $5 to $11.50

Here is a 7-jewel watch made with the thoroughness and workmanship of operation [illegible] 7-jewel watch [illegible] of the [illegible] bridge model [illegible] 7-jewel [illegible] in the [illegible] jewel watch of this [illegible]. It will last 20 years.

[illegible] more expensive watches. [illegible] was ever built this way [illegible].

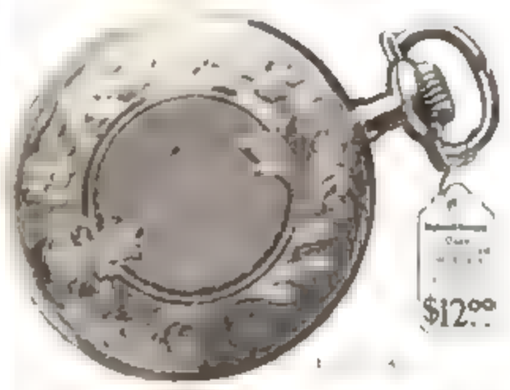
(Illustrated in 10-year open-face case No. 2, and 20-year open face case No. 421.)

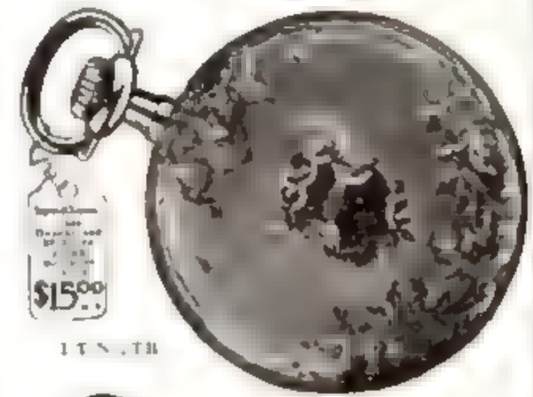
7-jewel "I-T" in solid nickel case	$5.00
7-jewel "I-T" in 10-year gold filled open-face case	7.00
7-jewel "I-T" in 10-year gold filled hunting case	8.00
7-jewel "I-T" in 20-year gold filled open-face case	9.00
7-jewel "I-T" in 20-year gold-filled hunting case	11.50

Nickel case made in plain style only

10-year gold filled cases in engine-turned and many fancy engraved patterns

20-year cases in plain, engine-turned and many hand-engraved fancy patterns.





Ingersoll-Trenton, 15 Jewels, $8 to $19

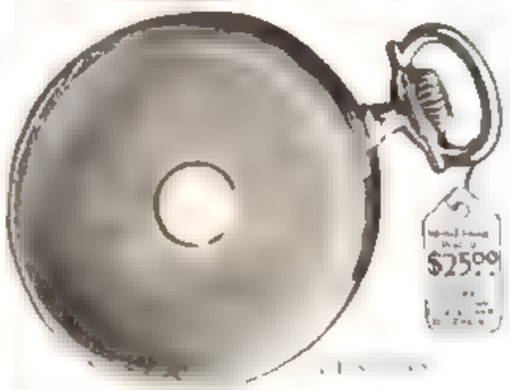
The 15-jewel Ingersoll-Trenton movement is as beautiful a watch as any man need ask for. Its precision is more than most men require.

It will give a full generation of faithful service and with the superior patterns and choice designs of the gold-filled Ingersoll Trenton cases it makes an irresistible gift for a man

(Illustrated in 20-year open-face case No. 423; 25-year open face case No. TB; and 25-year hunting case No. SMA.)

15-jewel "I-T" in plain solid nickel case	$8.00
15-jewel "I-T" in 20-year gold filled open-face case	12.00
15-jewel "I-T" in 20-year gold filled hunting case	15.00
15-jewel "I-T" in 25-year gold filled open-face case	15.00
15-jewel "I-T" in 25-year gold-filled hunting case	19.00

20 and 25 year cases in plain, engine-turned and many hand-engraved fancy patterns.



Ingersoll-Trenton, 19 Jewels, $22 to $35

There is nothing better than the 19-jewel, extra [illegible] Trenton. In beauty, in strength, in [illegible] and perfect workmanship, coupled with [illegible] fact that it will [illegible] for several generations, [illegible] the proper gift for the man [illegible] the best watch [illegible].

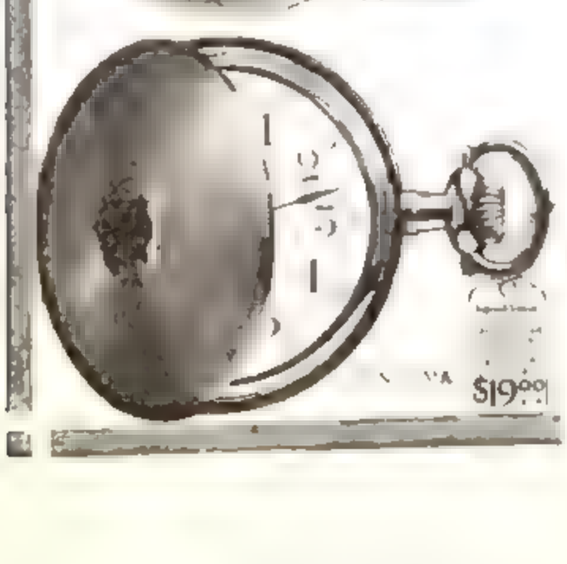
[illegible] to temperature, 5 positions and [illegible] the most exacting tests given any watch before leaving the factory.

Each is in a fine mahogany box

[illegible] 20-year, open face, engine-turned [illegible] 25-year open face case No. SMG; [illegible] 25-year, plain [illegible] case.

19-jewel "I-T" in plain solid nickel case	$22.00
19-jewel "I-T" in 20-year gold filled open-face case	25.00
19-jewel "I-T" in 20-year gold filled hunting case	28.00
19-jewel "I-T" in 25-year gold-filled open-face case	28.00
19-jewel "I-T" in 25-year gold filled hunting case	35.00

20 and 25 year cases in plain, engine-turned and many hand-engraved fancy patterns.



Ingersoll-Trentons are sold only by responsible jewelers. Booklet free

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 21 Ashland Building, New York

SEALPACKERCHIEF
HANDKERCHIEFS
AN IDEAL GIFT
FOR EVERYBODY

When making up your list of Christmas gifts,
be sure to include
SEALPACKERCHIEF
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
A small holiday gift that's greatly appreciated.
Neat Holly "Stickers" furnished during the holiday season to cover up prices on packages.

Men's Packages | Ladies' Packages

You *select* from these hanging samples
You *buy* a sealed package.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send, prepaid, on receipt of price.
Simply address: SEALPACKERCHIEF, 137th Street, New York

PARIS
GARTERS
No Metal Can Touch You
25¢ 50¢

For Xmas
A. STEIN & CO.
Chicago, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 50)

Una hesitated about paying this much. She stood undecided until she looked up and met the vision of a rustling and resplendent blonde—a blonde with actress written in every line of her perfumed apparel as she carried her Skye terrier up to the first floor front. Una took the room, and when her week was up promptly and dispassionately left Mrs. Binner's roof.

Her new room was not so clean as the old one, nor did its back window give her a glimpse of anything but the bricks and fire-escapes of an apartment hotel; yet the entire house seemed strangely different from the sedate and cramping atmosphere of the Binner abode. The hallways forever smelt of tobacco smoke shot through with the passing odors of toilet waters and perfumes. Pianos were being forever pounded belowstairs; sketches and acts were forever being rehearsed in the large front parlor, frugally hired out for this particular purpose. A xylophone player, Una found, had the habit of making midnight melodious with his instrument balanced on the sill of an open window. There was always singing; and there was much noise—dogs barking in the hallways, late beer parties by night, quarreling couples behind doors, trunks thumping against banisters, women in half-dress calling to one another from story to story, vaudeville artists monotonously practicing their turns, out-of-date tragedians telling in abdominal tones of past triumphs and present necessities.

Una did not complain however. She liked it. She knew she was at last in the right atmosphere, in the right position, among people from whom she could learn something. She liked the free-and-easy air of it all; the lightheartedness; the careless and continual stir and movement; the thought of being at the heart of things, of being in the midst of workers who, as she imagined, counted in the world—who were known to everybody, whose pictures were in the Sunday papers, whose names were on wall-posters and theater programs.

It did not mark a great advance, but Una felt that this new environment would not be barren of opportunities. And she did not intend to neglect them.

These chances did not come quite so promptly as Una had expected. That noisy and ever-bustling house seemed intent on its own affairs—affairs in which the newcomer in the lonely hallroom had no share.

It came home to her for the first time that she had made still another mistake. Instead of moving into a mere lodging house, where every room walled in its own secluded life, she should have gone to a theatrical boarding house, where mealtime at least brought every one together at a common table. It would be some time, she saw, before she could afford a second migration. Her tacit fib to her new landlady, who accepted her as a broiler, with a year or two of stage experience behind a well-sustained baby air, cut her off from that fountainhead of theatrical wisdom. Una, in fact, was even driven to interrogating the mulatto housemaid who attended to her room; but that sullen and overworked slattern had little time for the exchange of small talk and little consideration for a lodger from whom no tip could be extracted.

The girl from Chamboro was left very much alone. She was stared at as she passed in and out of the house—she was inspected by the ladies in dishabille who fluttered from one room to another; but otherwise she was ignored. No one accepted her as a mixer. She was in a class by herself, an outlander, an anomaly. And she was beginning to learn how great is the loneliness of a great city, when Fate intervened in the form of nothing more pretentious than a six-weeks-old Irish water spaniel.

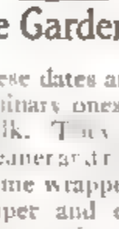
This shaggy-haired and ungainly pup invaded Una's room one morning as she was dressing, peered about with its head on one side, and promptly and playfully seized one of the shoes standing beside the narrow bed. This shoe the pup made off with, scampering the full length of the hall until it came to the front room—the room from which Una continually heard the sound of coughing. Into this room it disappeared, leaving the half-dressed girl in doubt as to what to do.

She was still hesitating on a line of procedure as she hurriedly dressed, when she heard the click and trail of loosely slippered feet on the bare hall floor. These feet stopped outside her door. There was the

The Ideal Sweetmeat

At Christmas time every one, and perhaps especially the children, eat more sweets than are good for them. Here are sweetmeats with as delicious sweetness as a favorite candy and yet in eating them there is absolutely no harm. They are.

Dromedary Dates



From the Garden of Eden

These dates are unlike the ordinary ones you buy in bulk. They are better, cleaner and fresher. They come wrapped in waxed paper and enclosed in attractive dust-proof cartons. Put a package in each stocking's top Christmas Eve and you will be making a present that gives unalloyed pleasure.

Dromedary Dates also have great food value. Send for Free Cook Book. In writing mention dealer's name.

Special five cent sample carton
10 cents.

The Hills Brothers Co.
Dept. K, Beach and Washington Streets
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For Christmas

Any man would appreciate the

Krementz Collar Button Set

for a Christmas Gift—a Bridge or Euchre Prize

Four Krementz One-piece Buttons—for front and back of neck and sleeves, in an attractive ribbon tied box.

14 K Rolled Gold Plate will wear a lifetime
ONE DOLLAR THE SET
10 K Gold $4.00 14 K Gold $8.00

Quality stamped on back of each button and guaranteed. Sent on receipt of price; if not sold by your jeweler or haberdasher. Booklet on request

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EARN FROM $21 TO $50 PER WEEK

LEARN ABOUT OUR NEW COURSE IN SHOW CARD AND SIGN WRITING

"Litholia" Ready-to-use colors ... show-card writing and artists' ..., we are offering for a limited time only ...

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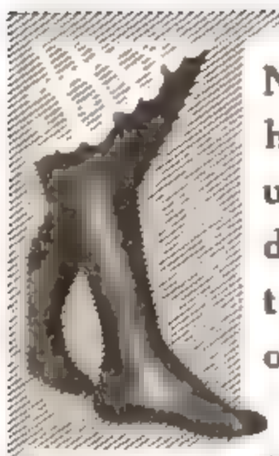


Nothing else has contributed so decidedly to make this an age of silk hose wearers as

PHOENIX
GUARANTEED SILK HOSE

Everybody who appreciates the luxurious comfort, the sense of refinement that pure silk hose imparts, can now wear Silk Hosiery every day, yet expend no more than good cotton costs. Phoenix Silk Hose is economically priced, and its wear is definitely guaranteed.

When purchased in four-pair boxes, we guarantee to replace free any that wear holes in the heels or toes within a quarter year.

All popular colorings.

Men's
- No. 285, medium weight (4-pair box $2.00) — 50c
- No. 281, winter weight (4-pair box $3.00) — 75c

Women's
- No. 365, medium weight (4-pair box $3.00) — 75c
- No. 370, winter weight (4-pair box $4.00) — $1

At all good dealers or direct from us on receipt of price, style number and dealer's name.

PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS
300 Broadway, Milwaukee

Makers of the Famous Phoenix Rubber

sound of a cough, followed by a knock and a thin and throaty voice saying: "Hello, there!"

The half-open door swung wide before Una could reach it. Confronting her she saw a man in a dressing gown, holding her shoe in his hand.

Una, as she stared at him, gave little thought to his expression.

He was the leanest, the most emaciated-looking man she had ever seen. His neck was long and thin, with a protuberant Adam's apple. About this neck the yellow skin hung loose, like a turkey's. The skin on the gaunt face had drawn up into a thousand little wrinkles, ludicrously like an ill-kept winter apple. So fallen away did this face seem, so reduced to its framework of bone loosely covered with parchment, that the ears stood out prominent and waxy, like the ears of a white mouse. The eyes, too, looked unnaturally large in their withered sockets. The top of the head, as bare and polished as a billiard ball, showed each small vein and each valley and contour of the undulating skull.

Yet there was something mild and gentle, something ingratiatingly quizzical, about the gaunt figure as a whole.

"Say, did my purp run off with this shoe o' yours?" he piped with a hitch at the leathern waist-strap as he blinked about the narrow room.

"Yes, sir," said Una. She found it impossible to feel any resentment toward him, even though she knew that somewhere under that yellow skin of his some part of him was laughing at her and her plain-looking little square-toed shoe. For the first time he turned and looked her in the face. She seemed to surprise him, even as much as her shoe must have done when he first took it from his spaniel's mouth.

"Say, you're not in the show business, are you?" he demanded, looking down at the shoe, which he still held in his hand.

"Not yet; but I'm going to be," was Una's answer.

"You're going to be?" he echoed. His incredulity was swallowed up in a fit of coughing. His dry and owllike face cracked into a smile again when he had recovered his breath. He leaned against the doorpost, studying her. He seemed so unlike other people that she could afford to smile back at him.

"Signed up yet?" he asked. Then, noticing her puzzled look, he added: "Got anything to do yet, I mean."

"I haven't been able to—yet," Una explained.

He wagged his head up and down, his face becoming suddenly serious.

"It's hard at first," he admitted. He was turning the shoe over in his gaunt hands slowly and thoughtfully. "What line do you intend to follow?"

"Anything," exclaimed Una, "so long as I get a start—so long as I can get on the stage!"

He fell to nodding his head again as though he fully understood.

"Sing a little?" he casually inquired.

Una, as he fell to coughing again, said: "No."

"Recite?"

Una shook her head.

"Dance?"

Again Una shook her head.

"Friends here?" was his next inquiry.

And still again Una shook her head. His lean face seemed to cloud with perplexity. Then it was suddenly swept by the mild and quizzical smile. The problems of the stage fell away from him apparently at a shift of the upraised eyebrow.

"Say, drop in and see those dogs o' mine sometime. They're wonders!"

He put the shoe down on a chair, turned away and stopped in the doorway.

"If that purp o' mine carries off anything, you come right after it. And maybe I can give you a pointer or two about this stage game."

"That's very good of you," said Una, following him to the door.

He stood looking down at her pensively, abstractedly.

"Oh, I've been through the mill all right, all right!" he quietly remarked. Una hesitated.

"When can I ask you about the stage?" she finally inquired.

"Any old time," he said with blithe solemnity, shuffling away along the bare hall, coughing as he went. "Any old time," he repeated as though to himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WINCHESTER

Repeating Rifles and Shotguns
Make Acceptable
Christmas Gifts for Sportsmen

Few, if any, sportsmen have so many guns that they wouldn't welcome gladly a Winchester rifle or shotgun for a Christmas remembrance. One of the latest models will perhaps make your sportsman friend's equipment complete. As for the boys, there is many a young Nimrod who has to borrow a gun when he goes hunting who would rather have a Winchester rifle or shotgun for a present than anything else. Aren't there some such cases on your Christmas list? Winchester guns are made in all calibers, styles and weights, so as to meet the requirements of every purpose, every pocketbook and every taste.

Winchester Guns And Ammunition—The Red **W** *Brand —Are Made For Each Other And Sold Everywhere.*

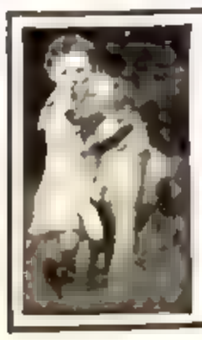
Esterbrook
Steel Pens
250 Styles

For business, the home, schools —every purpose.

Backed by a half-century's reputation.

At all Stationers.

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.
95 John St., New York.
Works: Camden, N. J.



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Send postal for Sample of real dog food—
Austin's Dog Bread
Made carefully of clean, high grade materials. The kind of food your dog deserves. Give us your dealer's name.
For small pets, ask for Austin's Puppy Bread
Austin Dog Bread & Animal Food Co.
307 Marginal St. Chelsea, Mass.

Keith's Konqueror
SHOE FOR MEN

Nearly half a century ago we realized that our success would be determined by the degree of satisfaction with which our shoes fitted.

Today we are keeping [illegible] and more exactly [illegible] ever before. The [illegible] "The Just Ahead Footwear" for Men

KEITH'S KONQUEROR SHOES at $3.50 and $4.00

have all the [illegible] Footwear while

KONQUEROR SPECIALS at $4.50

[illegible] keeping with [illegible]

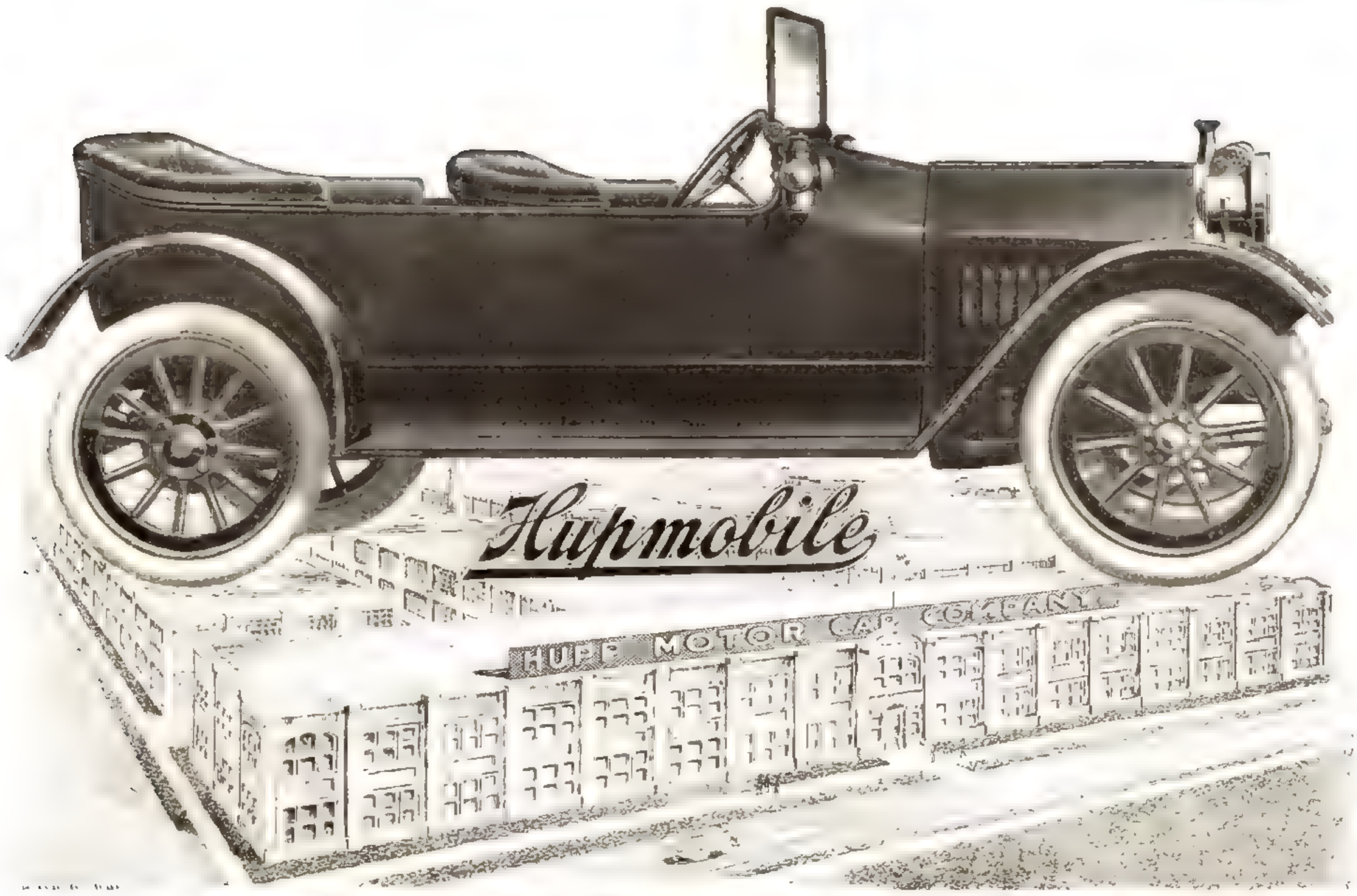
If Konqueror [illegible] your local dealer, we will supply you direct at regular prices. Send for Free Catalog telling all about them and illustrating 32 styles

THE PRESTON B. KEITH SHOE COMPANY
Makers of Keith's Konqueror Shoes for Men
Brockton (Campello Sta.), Mass.

Try at our Risk — EVERY LAMP GUARANTEED

Ann Arbor
Gasoline Lamps

[illegible] gives more light [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]



Hupmobile Long-Stroke "32"—Five-Passenger Touring Car—$900

F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3¼-inch bore x 5½-inch stroke. Bosch magneto. 106-inch wheelbase. 30 x 3½ inch tires. Color—Standard Hupmobile blue

The new touring car will be first exhibited at the Grand Central Palace, New York, January 1 to 17, and subsequently at the principal automobile shows throughout the country.

Out of a greater plant a greater Hupmobile—High water-mark in value; low water-mark in price

A new and larger Hupmobile which immediately thrusts upon your attention a score of *tangible superiorities* which set it in a class apart from cars of its price.

A car for less than a thousand dollars which *rejects every characteristic of commonplace construction;* and makes clear its invasion of the field above that price; by points of difference and departure which no motorist can mistake.

On the opposite page, a few of these highly specialized features speak so plainly of greater structural soundness; more progressive engineering principles; and costlier and more careful shop practice; that it is obvious they proclaim a product without precedent at the price.

The new Hupmobile was evolved out of the experience which has built thousands of the Hupmobile Runabout—the quality car today, as it always has been, of the runabout class.

The new car is impressed with the same strongly marked individuality as the runabout.

It was designed by E. A. Nelson, who has been the Chief Engineer of the Hupp Motor Car Company since its inception; who also designed the original Hupmobile Runabout.

To Mr. Nelson and the skilled shop organization which he has continuously maintained, we owe the inimitable lines, the marked simplicity and the high quality of workmanship incorporated in the Runabout.

To him also we owe the same characteristics, even more impressively expressed—in the new car.

His later production he has still further differentiated:—

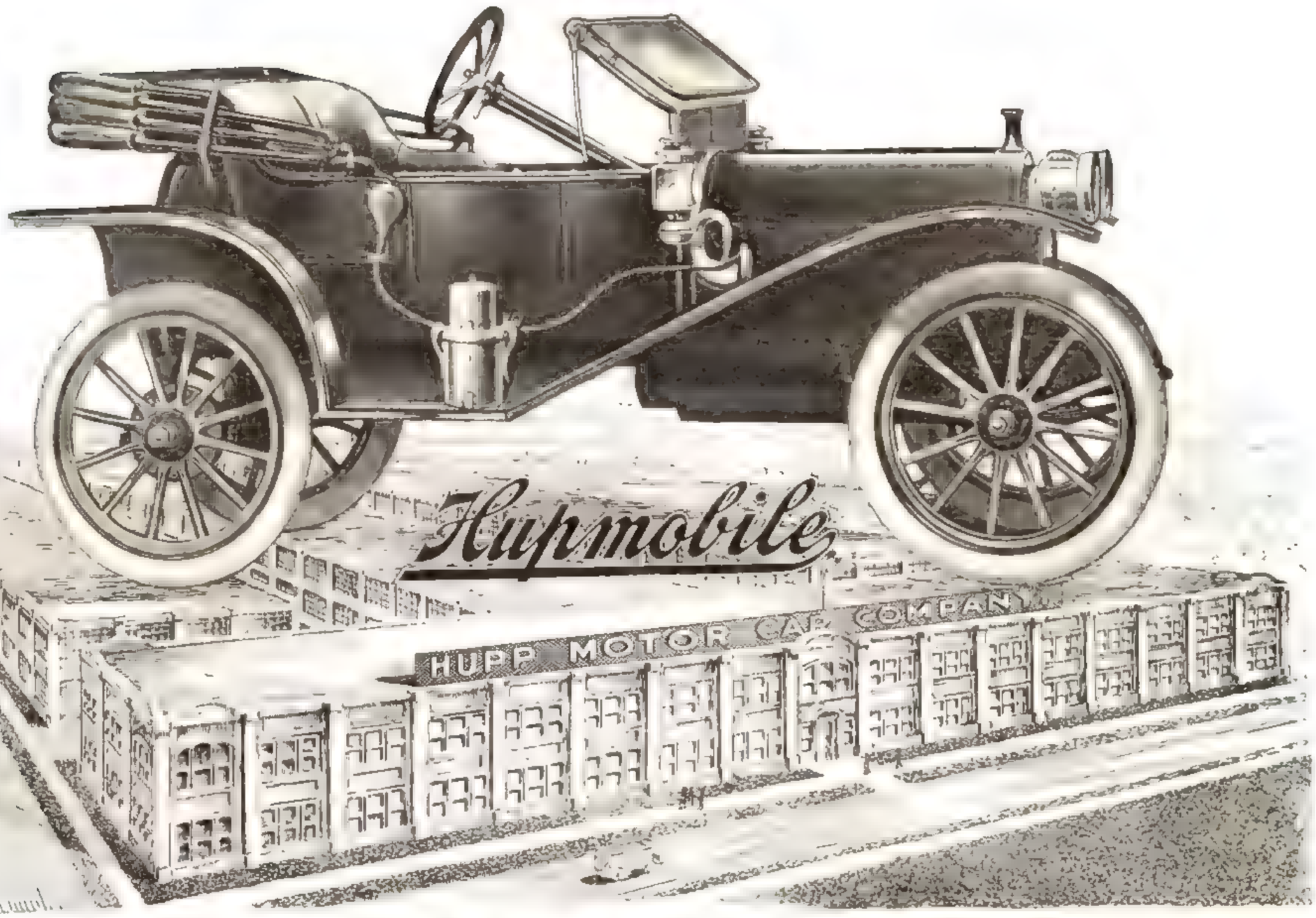
First, by means of the small-bore, long-stroke motor.

Second, by the body design and construction, which attains the purpose of the "underslung" and avoids all of its disadvantages; and

Third, by the Americanization, after close study abroad, of *invaluable engineering principles entirely new to this country.*

As you will see by a study of the detailed description on the opposite page, you have in the 5-passenger Hupmobile Long-Stroke "32," at $900, a car containing so many elements of value uncommon to its price-class, that you must of necessity turn questioning eyes toward cars of much higher price in an effort to find equality of value.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY 1229 Jefferson Avenue Detroit, Michigan



Hupmobile Runabout—$750

F. O. B. Detroit, including top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, three oil lamps, tools and horn. Four cylinders, 20 H. P., sliding gears, Bosch magneto. Color—Standard Hupmobile blue.

A car that gives you a totally new idea of what you ought to get for $900

The three chief characteristics of the new Hupmobile are Durability; Efficiency, and Ability.

By durability we mean that we believe that there are more years of quiet unpunctured service and a greater capacity for withstanding hard knocks in this car than has ever before been incorporated in a car at any figure near this price—because every part is made of good material and more than amply strong for a car of this size and weight.

By efficiency, we mean lower oil and gasoline consumption; a lesser tire cost; and a smaller outlay for repairs.

60% more pulling power

By ability, we mean 60% more *pulling* power for mountain work and heavy roads; 4 to 50 miles of speed at any time and all times, and ability to throttle instantly to a walking gait or to pick up quickly without feeling the weight of the car.

These latter advantages are due in a large measure, of course, to the design of the motor, which is one of the first of the small-bore, long stroke type peculiar to the finest foreign cars, ever manufactured in this country.

It means greater pulling power at low speeds; unusual capacity for high speed; absence of noise and vibration; and greater fuel and oil economy than you have ever experienced.

Three Bearing Crankshaft

The cylinders are cast en bloc, a practice which, except in cars selling for $2500 and more, implies a two-bearing crankshaft.

The Hupmobile crankshaft has three extra large main bearings, bronze back, Babbitt-lined—less wear—fewer adjustments—longer life.

Other bearings include high duty Hyatt roller and F. & S. annular; while the wheels are mounted on Bower bearings.

The valves—all on one side—are enclosed by a pressed steel cover, which keeps oil in and dirt out; and because dirt is kept out, the valves remain noiseless, show the minimum of wear and require the minimum of adjustment.

Weight is saved by using costly aluminum alloy for the one-piece crank and gear case; and drawn steel in those parts where strength and lightness are required.

13-inch Clutch Plates

Many a car of 50 to 60 horsepower carries a clutch no larger than the clutch of the new Hupmobile. Multiple disc type, with 13-inch discs, gives positive action and starts the car smoothly and easily.

The transmission gears are amply large for a car of 40 horsepower; run slowly; quiet at all speeds.

This provision of excess strength extends also to the full-floating rear axle, large and strong enough for a seven-passenger car. The gears have an unusually large number of teeth—another precaution against wear and the possibility of trouble.

The unit power plant—motor, clutch, transmission—makes possible a most simple, efficient oil circulating system.

Wonderful Oiling System

By this system, the oil is fed to all parts and bearings of the power plant under pressure; for the flywheel runs in oil and its centrifugal force takes the place of a pump. One kind of oil is used for engine clutch and transmission instead of oil and grease and it circulates and lubricates until it is literally worn out—a self-evident economy.

Observe, please, that these advantages are supplemented with the assurance of absolute ease of riding—because body and chassis design embody a low center of gravity and minimize skidding, without incorporating any of the manifest disadvantages of the "underslung" type.

The springs are strong and unusually flexible; the rear spring is the patented Hupmobile cross type; the upholstering is deep and soft—all features that add to the comfort of those in the car.

Specifications Hupmobile Model H

Motor—Four Cylinder, cast en bloc 3½" bore by 5½" stroke.
Ignition—Bosch High Tension Magneto, variable spark.
Cooling—Water, Thermo Syphon System; Cellular type Radiator; Belt Driven Fan.
Transmission—Selective Type, Sliding Gears; three speeds forward and reverse.
Crank and Gear Case—Aluminum.
Clutch—Leather, Multiple Disc; tempered saw steel, running in oil, with clutch brake.
Steering Gear—Irreversible.
Drive—Rear Wheel.
Control—Gear Shift and Emergency Brake Lever; center.
Rear Axle—Full Floating Type.
Brakes—12" x 2" internal expanding and external contracting.
Gear Ratio—3.6 to 1.
Speed—For ordinary everyday service—6 to 50 miles an hour.
Gasoline Supply—Tank under shroud at space usually occupied by dash.
Body—Full Metal, 5 passenger.
Wheel Base—106 inch.
Tires—30 x 3½ inch, front and rear.
Equipment—Windshield; Gas Lamps; Generator.
Price $900, f. o. b. Detroit.

Hupmobile Coupé—Chassis same as Runabout—$1100 F. O. B. Detroit.
Hupmobile Roadster—Chassis same as Model-Touring Car—$850 F. O. B. Detroit.

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Please send me photogravure of the new Hupmobile Touring Car.

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What He Missed

"Harry, come over to-night sure, the girls arrived home to-day and we're going to have a little party—put on a Tuxedo—don't disappoint us."

Harry couldn't be there even tho his best friends had just arrived from abroad. He had skipped the barber yesterday,—to-day he was "too busy," and *now* no barber shop at hand, and he's helpless.

A **GEM JUNIOR SAFETY RAZOR** would have been worth its weight in gold to him just then—but he didn't have one. He'll be wiser to-morrow.

GEM JUNIOR Safety Razor has educated millions of men to the delights of self shaving and freed them from the expense and troubles of the barber shop—**Outfit complete sells for $1.00** everywhere, including seven **Damaskeene blades**, frame, new bar and shaving and stropping handle in handsome plush lined case.

GEM JUNIOR $1.00 OUTFIT

GEM Damaskeene Blades

Made of the highest grade Damascus silver razor steel and tempered by our secret process—a blade known for its keen, smooth, cutting edge, which it retains indefinitely—can be stropped. Fits most standard safety razors but gives best results in a GEM JUNIOR frame. Separate set **Damaskeene blades 7 for 35c.**

Insist upon Damaskeene Blades—there is a difference

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The Original Modern Safety Razor Makers

After Shaving

Use MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM **Toilet Powder**

and insist upon your barber using it also. It is antiseptic and will assist in preventing many of the *skin diseases* often contracted. Sold everywhere or mailed for 25c.

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And there are big opportunities right now for good men in the retail field. Why not start a profit making retail store of your own? It's my business to find places where new stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the U. S. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning. No charge for information. And a two hundred page book telling how to run a store goes free. Edward B. Moon, 416 W. Randolph St., Chicago

SOME GIRLS AND BILLY ANDERSON

(Continued from Page 11)

"Well, I rid on yet a little ways, an' bimeby I heard some one hollerin': 'Git out! Go on away, dash-blame ye!'

"I touched a spur to old Pinto an' pushed on out to see what was up. I come out into a right pretty open place in the woods, with a big rock eight or ten feet high on one side of it, near the trail.

"Well, sir, up on top of the rock was Willy an' Bright Eyes, the captain, holdin' on to everything that offered fer support—the captain plumb pale an' Willy Anderson plumb mad.

"At the foot o' the rock, jest a little ways off, set old Pete on his hindlegs, his forefeet hangin' down an' his head wobblin' from side to side. Oncet in a while he raises his nose up, wrinklin' up his snoot an' sort of whinin' an' beggin' an' complainin'-like. Now I'll give you my word he's bigger'n any automobeel or grubwagon we had in the outfit.

"Back of old Pete, out on the pine-needles an' grass, was part o' the handle of a lunch basket an' a few pieces of paper. That was all they was left of the lunch Willy had put up fer the long an' perilous journey to Inspiration Point, which was about five miles the other way, as he very well knowed. It jest about served him right! Now old Pete you might say was broke on sardines an' cheese an' crackers. When Willy saves the invalid's life, gettin' her up on the rock when first surprised by the bear, Pete is plumb grateful fer them sardines an' things that he finds in the basket; so he natcherelly sets up an' begs fer more. An' he wasn't nobody's pet bear, neither, y'understand, but a plumb wild grizzly, only hand broke fer hotel an' photographin' purposes. What was in Pete's mind was that he didn't mind bein' photographed, but he expected a few more sardines in that case.

"Willy sees me ride into the open an' he hollers out:

"'Drive him away, Curly—I'm mighty glad you come, old man!'

"'Why don't you shoot him, Willy?' says I. 'That bear'll be plumb mean one o' these days.'

"'Can't. Left my gun in camp—an', besides, it's sealed. Bust the Park seal on your own gun, Curly, an' kill him. He's scarin' Miss Ransome half to death.'

"The girl, all she does is to hang on to Willy's arm an' sort o' groan an' pull her feet up; but the rock ain't more'n about a foot big on top, and anyway she can fix it it don't look good to her. All the time old Pete reaches an' claws up high, an' begs right pitiful fer some o' them there little slippery fishes.

"'Willy,' says I, after a while, 'what'll you give me to drive him away?'

"'Anything in the world, Curly,' says he—'anything you like; but don't tell anybody about it, that's all—the boys'd never let me hear the last of it!'

"'Willy,' says I, restin' on one leg on top o' my saddle an' takin' a chaw o' tobacco, 'you was among them present at the time I rid the Belgrade Bull—an' didn't ride him. As I recollect them events, you haven't ever let me hear the last of that neither. Now I don't want to bother no female in distress, but it certainly seems to me ——'

"'Curly,' says he, 'I'm plumb sorry—I'm awful sorry! I give you my word that I'll never mention that bull again; fact is, I know you can ride—you're about the dandiest straight-up rider I know of anywhere in these parts—you've got what I call style in your ridin'. I kin lick anybody that says you ain't the best rider in Park County; but, Curly, now ——'

"'Willy,' says I, 'are you plumb certain them sentiments is goin' to be permanent?'

"'I shore am!' says he. 'Look at this girl here.'

"Well, I did look at her. Now, so far as Willy's concerned, I'd 'a' left him asettin' on top o' that rock yet; but the girl was not in that same class. 'All right,' says I, 'I'll drive him away.'

"Now all this time that Pinto horse o' mine was standin' plumb peaceful, winkin' in the sun an' not troublin' his soul about nothin'. He'd seen bears an' other game before then—hadn't you, Pinto?" And Curly again struck a match on the hoof of his cow-pony, which dozed near him now. "Trouble is, you can't tell how long a cow-horse'll keep in the same frame o' mind in

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FOR party or for lunch—for handy cooking on any occasion—there's nothing like a Manning-Bowman Chafing Dish. Those having the Alcohol Gas Stove with Alcolite Burner have a double value, for this stove has the cooking power of a range burner, taking any cooking utensil as well as Manning-Bowman Coffee Percolators.

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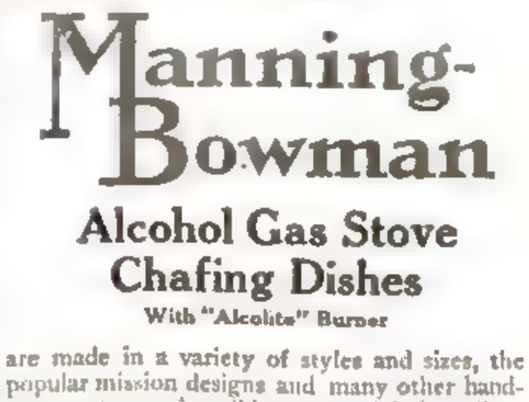

A Xmas Gift That's Different

Are you wondering what will be the most acceptable gift to send your friends? This Calendar solves your difficulties. There can be no more thoroughly appreciated gift than this beautiful calendar, and each recipe can be transferred to a permanent cook book. A gift that does not end with the passing of the holidays. It just commences.

Write to-day, enclosing $1, stamps or money order and receive this calendar mail postpaid, in holiday box, this beautiful calendar.

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THE TRUTH
about
Huyler's

IN spite of rumors to the contrary, the ownership, operation and active management of Huyler's have never left the Huyler family since the business was founded in 1874.

Why false reports of this nature should have been circulated might be variously explained; the important fact for candy purchasers to know is that the paramount quality of Huyler's Bonbons and Chocolates will be fully maintained.

We, the sons of John S. Huyler (founder), associated with him in the business for years, so pledge it.

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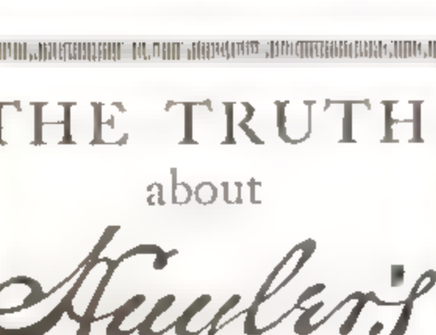
DAVID HUYLER
Treasurer and Manager of Manufacturing
COULTER D. HUYLER
Secretary and Manager of Stores



Huyler's FOR CHRISTMAS

A Christmas without show is unfortunate, but a Christmas without Huyler's is worse.

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this altitude; they git gay sometimes when they're thirty years old—same's men do when they're fifty. When I'd taken my chaw of tobacco comfortable I gathers my reins an' starts over to old Pete. 'Git out, you old fraud!' says I, headin' straight toward him. Old Pete looks over his shoulder at me, whinin' an' complainin' that the sardines was all, an', not havin' nothin' else, I picks a forty-four cartridge out o' my belt an' throws it at him.

"Well, sir, it hit him on the end o' the nose, which is just where a bear gits mad ef you do hit him. Besides, Pete was sort of peevish about them sardines. First thing I know, he wheels with a big 'Woof!' an' comes at us head down. It was then that Pinto concluded to take a hand in the proceedin's.

"Now I have rid Pinto an' others sometimes against their will, an' against my own wishes too; but I don't know as I ever seen a cow-horse buck more sincere, industrious an' plumb conscientious than Pinto done then fer about three or four minutes. I just rid him all over that open place; an' sometimes I could see a rock an' two pairs o' feet, an' sometimes I could see trees an' a bunch of gray hair which I knowed was old Pete. Stay on? I had to stay on! The way old Pete was feelin' then—plumb wolf-like—no tellin' what he'd 'a' done to me!

"Well, now, you'd think Willy Anderson'd been serious in a time like that; but he wasn't. He just slaps one hand down on his laig an' he hollers fer fair. 'Go to it, Curly!' he hollers. 'Set him fair now. Keep your hand off that leather, old man! Yee-yip! Yer doin' fine, Curly!'

"Well, we circulated all roun' that open space, till after a while old Pete he gets scared hisself, thinkin' Pinto is the one that's hostile. Pretty soon he pulls his freight back down the trail an' Pinto subsides as quick as he started up.

"'Curly,' says Willy Anderson, nearly fallin' off the rock laughin', 'anybody says you cain't ride they got to lick me!'

"'How about further stories regardin' my ridin'?' says I.

"He answers by slidin' off the rock, reachin' up an' liftin' Captain Bright Eyes down to the ground—her eyes about as big roun' as two apples an' her face white. She's game though.

"'Mr. Curly,' says she, 'it was grand—I didn't think anything like that could happen in all the world. That was ridin'! An' you wasn't scared!'

"'Ma'am,' says I, 'I've got a can o' tomatoes an' some sardines inside of my slicker ef the strings ain't broke. An' I'll tell you what we'll do—we'll all jest set down here an' have a little mornin' lunch together; an', havin' et thataway together, it'll be understood that neither of us is to tell any tales. Willy Anderson is to back me—any play—that I kin ride anything that wears hair—unless it has horns too—an' I'm not to say a word roun' the hotel or the camp about findin' you-all up there on the rock.'

"They both looked at me plumb grateful; so I unties my coat from behind the saddle an' we done what we could to make up for the lunch old Pete had spoiled.

"'Now, my kind young friends,' says I after a while, 'I've got to go back down the trail ag'in lookin' for my horses; but I might remark that Inspiration Point is just the other way from the direction your trail was headin'. I won't wait none, though, ef you'll please excuse me.'

"Of course they hated to see me go, but I give Willy my gun an' rode on back the way I'd come, laughin' to myself.

"All at once I seems to hear some kind o' noise ahead o' me on the trail. I rides up to the place where I last seen Poppa the chaperon. Blamed ef he wasn't up in that tree yet! An' down at the foot o' the tree, settin' up on his hind-quarters, wobblin' his head an' wrinklin' up his nose, abeggin' in all kinds of bear talk for more sardines, was that same fool bear, old Pete!

"'Shoo!' hollers the perfesser. 'Oh, git away! Git away! Please go away! Oh, my God, will no one come to save me!'

"Somehow it's kind o' hard to be serious, lookin' at a man treed by a bear; I don't know why it is. I nearly fell offen Pinto this time laughin' at Poppa up in the tree, pullin' his feet up; but final' I got plumb mad at that bear; so I clim' down off o' Pinto an' gathered me a nice club; an', walkin' roun' behind the tree, I reached out an' smashed old Pete a good one on the snoot. 'Git out, you blamed fool!' says I. 'You make me much madder an' I'll take a shot at you fer luck, Park or no Park!'

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Have you ever thought how lavish Nature is with oats?

She has made this grain a
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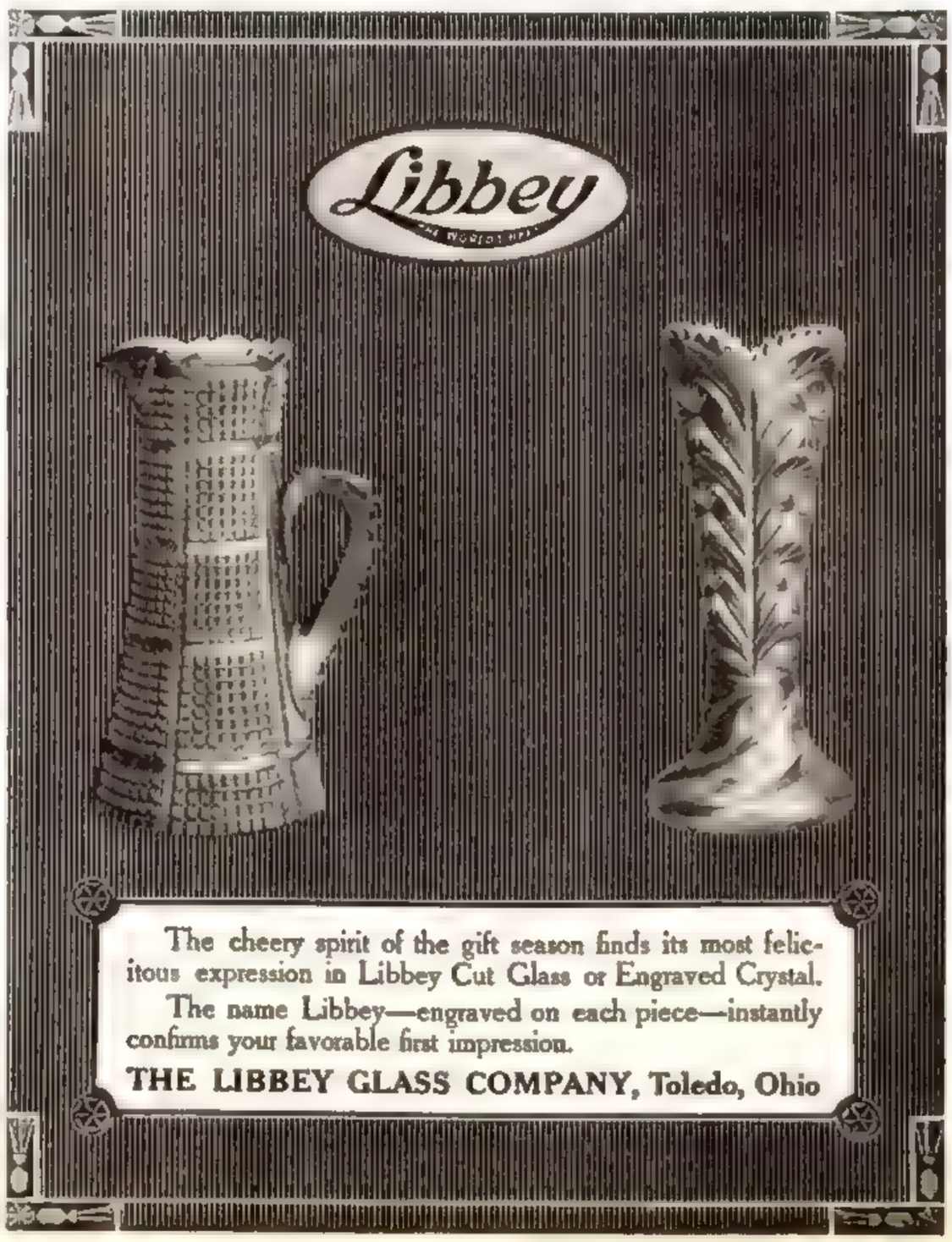

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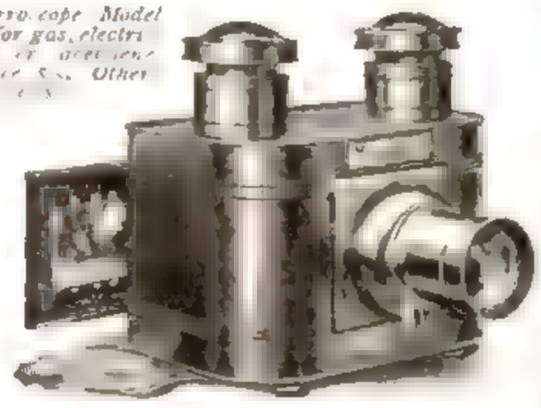

An old-time scene recalled by the Mirroscope at the Christmas gathering

A MIRROSCOPE guessing contest makes a happy ending for the Christmas reunion. Old tintypes, daguerreotypes, paintings and photos, enlarged on the sheet or screen, show each of the spectators in some interesting, ludicrous or long-past situation.

Wild guesses at identity provoke bursts of merriment. Dad is shown in his first trousers; Uncle Bill as a two-year old; Sister as she was caught by the kodak while spooning with Tom last summer. Last of all, Grandfather and Grandmother as they were in '61—that "brings down the house."

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Inexpensive, easily operated, safe, splendidly constructed, it affords unlimited possibilities of amusement and instruction for all the family year after year.

Go and see the many handsome models for gas, electricity, or acetylene, sizes $2.50 to $40, at photographic, art, furniture, music and photo departments of dry goods department and [illegible] stores. *Always look for the name Mirroscope on every instrument you accept no substitute.* If as we sell direct, can [illegible] dealer doesn't handle. (In Canada add one dollar for duty and express.)

We'll gladly write for our free "Mirroscope Entertainments." The new edition, just out, is one of the most complete and perfect books issued on home entertainment. Many entirely new Mirroscope ideas described in detail by Mirroscope enthusiasts. Complete catalog and price-list included.

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The lightest and strongest skates made, all steel—no malleable iron parts to bend under strain—and the **"U. S. Hockey Player"** model is the only skate made with the chrome-nickel steel runner. It stays sharp.

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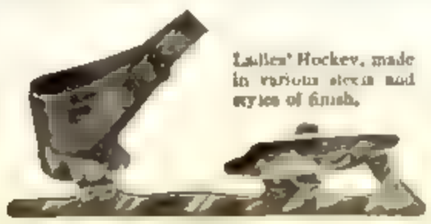

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which illustrates our graceful Hockey, Club, Rink, Racing, and Ladies' models—and gives prices.

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"Old Pete is pained an' surprised at this performance, so he gits down an' starts off into the brush, groanin' and complainin' o' the hardships that is inflicted upon a laborin' bear in these modern times.

"Did I say there was gratitude on Willy Anderson's face or the captain's? Well, it wasn't nothin' to what dawned now on the face of the perfesser up in the tree. I helps him down, an' for a while we both tried to ride Pinto, but he was only broke fer one; so I got him in the saddle at last an' I walked back to camp. Well, sir, he was scared so thorough an' permanent that nothin' 'ud do him but startin' back home. He said the country was too wild fer him. Come middle o' the afternoon, he made Jim hook up all the wagons an' git camp broke fer hittin' the trail back to Cody. Him ner none o' the invalids ever did see either one o' the falls or Inspiration Point, or anything else. They didn't even head fer the upper basin an' see Old Faithful. I reckon old Pete was enough.

"All the girls was glad enough to start back when they heard Poppa the chaperon tell how his life had been saved from a bear. Even me an' Willy an' the captain o' the team admitted we had seen the tracks.

"The invalids all looked plumb serious now; an' owin' to this—an' partial' owin', too, to a couple of busy days in camp—all the savages had to ride close up to the passenger wagon so as to be on hand to pertect the basketball team in the event of any sudden dangers. They was chirked up a good deal, though, by the time they got to the log hotel just outside the Park; an' we all danced another night—an' didn't change partners once. An' from there on down to Cody there wasn't nothin' worth mentionin' except that the head cook give out the tin plates in pairs, an' the savages et at the first table, open an' defiant—neither Jim ner the perfesser darin' to raise no kick.

"Well, now, Sir Algernon, what did I tell you? Everything in life is accordin' to the way you look at things. Fer you an' me, this country may seem a little bit quiet now. Fer them folks just come West fer the first time, the West was a curious an' interestin' place, full of excitements an' dangers. I'll bet you the first time the basketball team went back home, there was some large-sized bear stories told. Though, so far as I know, the story o' Willy an' the captain on the rock never did git out.

"But don't it beat the world, Sir Algernon," mused Curly after a while, as we both looked down the valley from our sunny mountainside, "how unjust human life is an' how ungrateful human bein's is? Sometimes I think women has more influence roun' the home ranch than men anyhow. Of course Willy an' Evelyn—that was the captain's name—they named theirs after me; but—will you believe me?—out of them whole twenty-four other married couples that settled down in an' roun' Cody, an' in the Sunshine, an' over toward Meeteetse, an' over on the Wood River, an' down along the Gray Bull—allowin', o' course, for scatterin' girl-babies—more'n sixty per cent was named after Henry Aloysius Henderson—that's Poppa the chaperon; an' thirty per cent fer that lowdown Emmett Dewees! That showed where they felt thankful! What chance has a grandpa got fer gratitude or anything else when it comes to this marryin' business among young folks? Come on, let's ride—it's more'n nine parasangs from here to the home ranch an' I'm hungry as old Pete hisself."

"Curly," said I, "on the level, did all twenty-five of those girls get married out here?"

"Look at the alfalfa," said Curly, sweeping a wide gesture to the gray valley far below us, banded here and there with broad strips of green.

Like a Barbler Shlop

IN NEW YORK'S Chinatown abides an ancient Chinese gambler with a name so unpronounceable that, by common consent, the white residents of the quarter call him Old Horse and Wagon.

At the time when the Tong wars were raging and Chinese feudists were being shot to death at the rate of about three a week, Old Horse and Wagon undertook to describe the situation to a Caucasian friend.

"Him jlus' like barbler shlop," he said. "Commie in—glettie chleck. Boom!—him glone—good-blye!"

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Drills continuously on both forward and backward movements of the driver and speedily gets through almost anything—steel, iron, brass, tile, wood, etc.

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Three jaw [illegible] accurate, strong and dependable. Takes any straight shank drill [illegible] inch or less. Ball bearing head.

Length of tool, 16 inches; movement of driver, 8½ inches.

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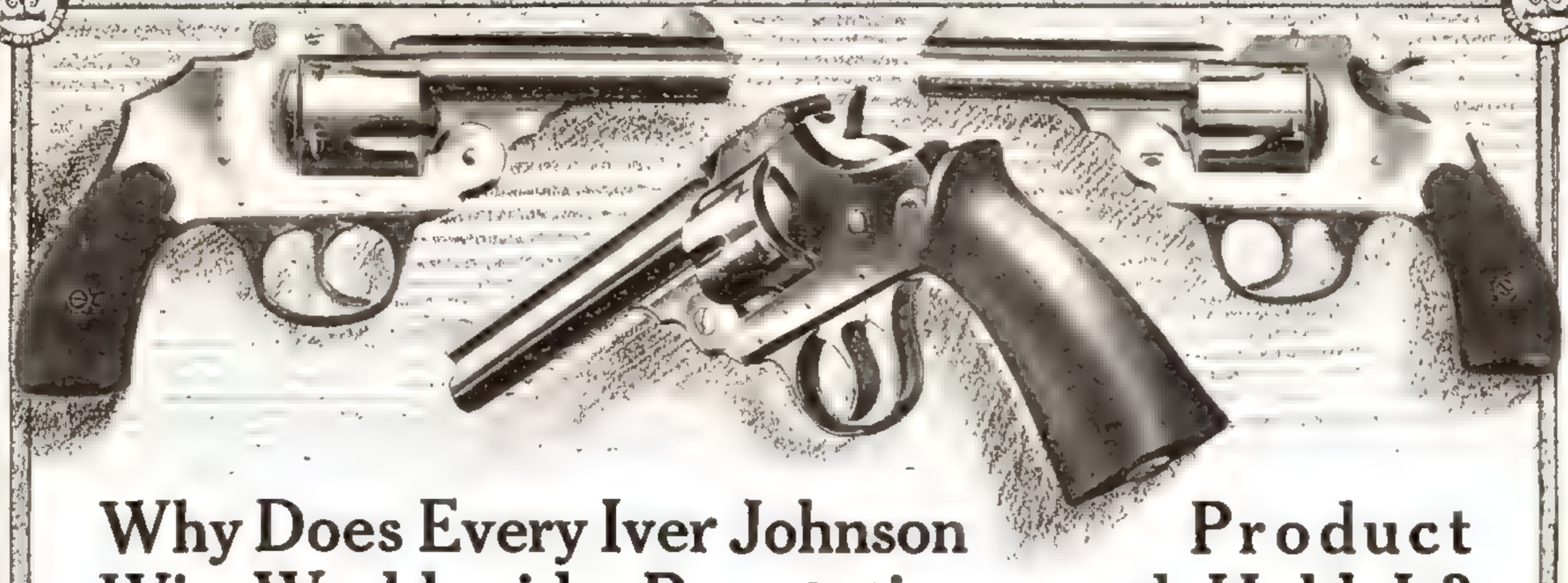

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We have produced the most perfectly designed and accurately made motorcycle in the world. It has tremendous speed, is easy riding, very quiet and practically fool proof. 4 to 5 horse-power. Speed of 50 to 60 miles per hour. Has a free engine clutch of our own design, Schebler carburetor, Bosch high tension magneto, Person's saddle, Spartan V belt. 175 miles on one charge of gasoline. Every detail is explained in our 1912 catalog M.

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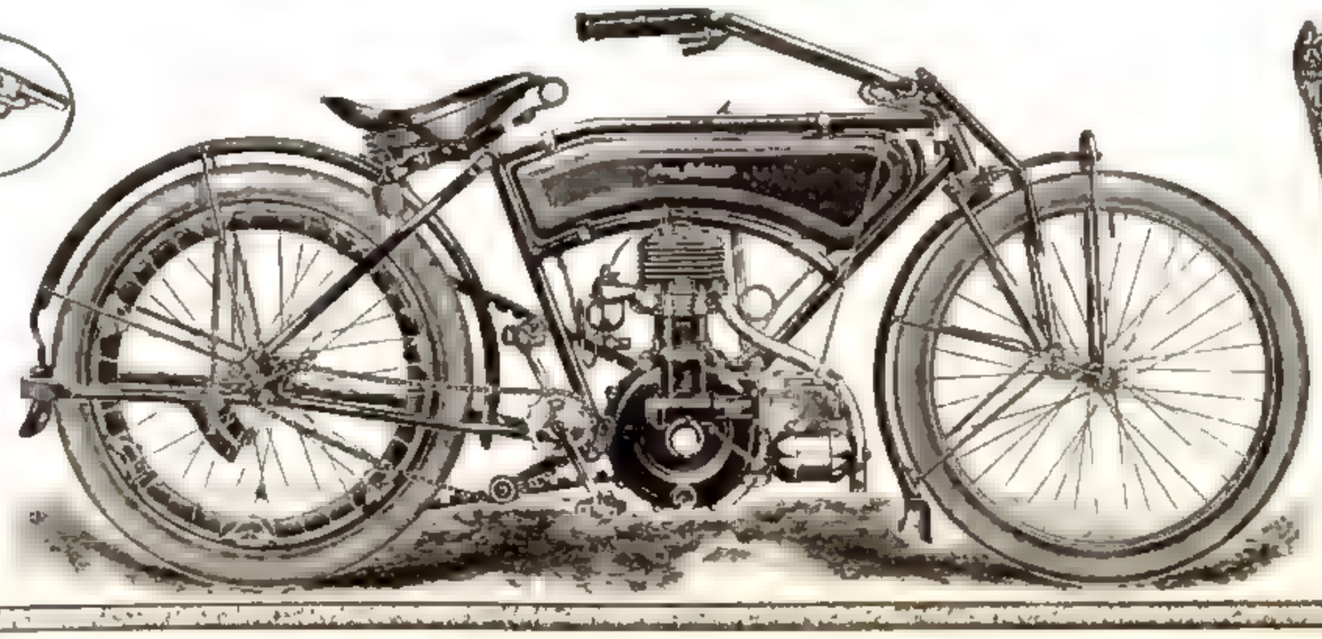

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Wm. Barker Co., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

(Continued from Page 21)

like the trained, supercilious Norah than Harlem is like Fifth Avenue. She was, in fact, a Finnish edition of Lena, our old Ohio bodyguard. The cap and apron that Jennie put on her were the first that Olga had ever known. Her wages were eighteen a month.

Jennie still insisted on aprons and caps. She also set out at once to put Olga through an involved course of sprouts, a process of training and refining. In the culinary department Olga's art had advanced possibly as far as the art of boiling a potato; beyond that was a deep and comprehensive void. So instead of wasting time on this branch of domestic science—in revealing to Olga, I mean, the mysteries of pot, kettle and casserole—Jennie gave all her effort to making Olga a waitress.

We gave dinners—yes. They were dinners, too, that were not unlike our former dinners, the squab and mushroom kind. Jennie cooked them herself. Clad in a wrapper, so that the scent of the cooking should not get into her clothes, she hung over the gas cookstove; and at the last moment she would dash into her bedroom and fling herself into a dinner dress. When the first guest arrived she was to be found sitting negligently in the drawing room, either turning the pages of a novel or dawdling over an embroidery hoop.

The first of these dinners we tried on the Hodges. Fortuitously more than once disaster faced us, but each time Jennie's wit somehow saved us. The first time was when the still verdantly impulsive Olga brought in the fish before the soup. She got no farther than the pantry door, however, when Jennie adroitly and secretly waved Olga off stage with a soup spoon. The signal was understood. Olga and the fish effaced themselves and the incident passed unnoticed. Later Olga served Amy the filet on the wrong side. Amy struggled awkwardly. "Jim!" cried Jennie; "move your chair, won't you? Don't you see Olga can't serve Amy properly?" With all her greenness Olga was clever, and again she understood; in fact, it was the girl's cleverness that had commended her to Jennie. "Finnish girls have few airs," Jennie explained; "they're eager to learn and ask little while they're learning."

"I see you have a new servant," remarked Amy.

"Oh, yes," Jennie answered indifferently. "Norah didn't like our mode of life."

Amy at once replied: "Just like a servant! They always hunt a new place after Christmas."

"Oh, but Norah was all right," responded Jennie. "We just didn't suit her."

"Pretty good Chianti this," said Hodge, smacking his lips appreciatively.

A great weight was instantly lifted from my heart. That so good a judge of vintages as Hodge should praise it made me joyous. The Chianti had cost only a dollar a bottle at an Italian restaurant in William Street and I'd brought it home that evening under my arm. I'd brought home also the four perfectos, one of which Hodge lighted and also praised. "Gad! the real thing!" he remarked, as he blew out a cloud of smoke.

"Oh, I dunno," I drawled easily; "I've been having bad luck with cigars lately—rather gone back to my pipe, you know."

We were alone at the time. Whether Hodge knew I was bluffing I can't say, but the pipe was only another economy. Hodge took another puff. Pinching the weed between his fingers he held it to his nose. "Rotten market we're having lately, ain't it?" he remarked. Arising, he added: "Well, let's join the ladies. They'll want a little bridge."

The last thing Jennie and I wished was bridge, especially the Hodges' sort at a nickel, even a dime, a point. "Bridge? Oh, really now," said Jennie languidly; "just let's sit and chat for a change."

Once more I breathed freely. The day before I'd raised three hundred and fifty dollars on furniture—at three per cent a month, incidentally—and with this had paid the most pressing of our bills. At the moment I had exactly seven dollars cash in the world. One rubber at bridge, should the cards fall wrong, might easily wipe this out. Moreover, at a pinch Jennie and I could subsist for a week on the amount; that is, the seven dollars would meet all such obligations as needed actual cash.

I no longer lunched in Fulton Street. In fact, I lunched nowhere. At the noon hour, like my fellows I left the office, yet not to eat. Instead I departed merely as a bluff. Sometimes I sat on the Battery sea-wall and watched the ships go by. At other times I sat out the hour in Trinity Church, where in a corner pew, alone and unobserved, I took the leisure to think. My thoughts, if not devotional, were at least sane. I piously wondered, perhaps, why I'd made such an ass of myself. I wondered—with equal piety—why all those round me also made such asses of themselves. Were Hodge, for example, to live modestly, to save some part of what he made, he would already be free from the chance of ruin that daily beset him in Wall Street. As for myself, the most holy thought I had was in a prayer that I might not only escape from my perplexities but escape New York as well. I hated the town—and yet New York is a good town. New York is only wrong when one tries to live in it wrongly. Be that as it may, though, I would willingly have gone back to Ohio.

But I could not. I must still hang on to my five-thousand-dollar place as long as I could draw the monthly part of five thousand. For only in this way could I pay my debts. Only in this way could I gain my freedom.

In the first month Jennie, by a thousand and one artifices, saved a hundred and twenty-five dollars—that is to say, she reduced our living by that amount. In the second month she did even better, for our net gain was approximately one hundred and fifty. But do not think that either she or I achieved this with ease or in comfort. It was done by the most rigorous self-denial only. Often it entailed pain, physical fatigue of the most arduous kind. I saw that hollows had begun to grow in Jennie's face. She became pale and listless. One night I noticed her hands—they were red and raw.

"What have you been doing?" I exclaimed, and grasped her hand before she could draw it away.

"Nothing, it's nothing," she protested, trying to free herself.

Eventually I got the truth from her. She had been doing the bulk of the housework herself—the heaviest part of it, moreover. Not only had she swept and dusted, she had done a part of our laundry and oiled our hardwood floors herself.

"You've done that!" I ejaculated.

Jennie did her best to laugh. "Yes, but only on Olga's day out," she answered. "If I did it other days Olga would find out."

I laughed too. My laugh, however, lacked merriment. I looked about our garish drawing room, at its extravagant decorations, its show of style and smartness, then I laughed again. The grim humor of the situation forced itself upon me. I was living in a fourteen-hundred-dollar home, and because I was my wife had to scour her own floors and do laundry work as well.

"My soul!" I cried.

"But it wasn't much, Jim, don't you understand?" Jennie protested. "I just washed and ironed a few table things and a few of my own clothes."

I was hurt and shamed. I wondered if any other woman in that big and showy house had ever been forced to such menial labor to save a dollar or two. They? Why, there was hardly one among them that lacked a maid to wait on her slightest wish!

"It's just this, you know," explained Jennie—"Olga can't do heavy work if she has to look neat at the door—not in this house anyway. We've got to look smart even if we're not. As it is," added Jennie; "those servants downstairs either know or suspect. Already they've begun to sniff and grin and stare."

"Oh, let's quit and chuck up the game!" I growled savagely. "I've had enough of it!"

To be sure I had had. At first the drudgery of saving had not seemed so hard. That bit by bit I was beginning to pay off my bills had vastly encouraged me. Indeed at the end of the first month I became even enthusiastic. At the end of the second month, however, my mind less easily escaped the fact that it was drudgery. Now, well on toward the end of the third month, the effort had grown burdensome. It seemed almost as if I were engaged in the endless task of pouring water into a rathole.

"Yes, I've had more than enough, Jennie," I added; "we'd better chuck it now. We'll be dead before we break even."

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It prevents report noise and reduces the tendency to flinch when shooting.

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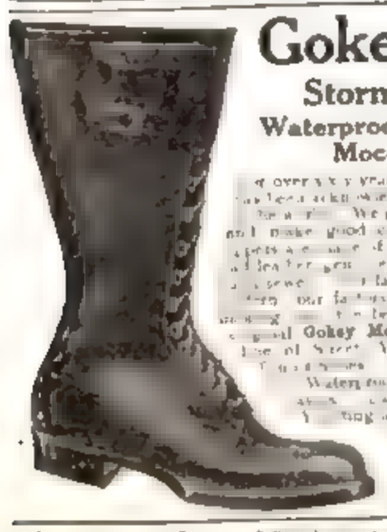

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"What! Give in?" she exclaimed. "Not much, Jim! Not when I've at last begun to see daylight."

Eagerly she brought out and showed me a little slip of paper. It was a list of the bills we owed. Some, a few, had been crossed out. These had been paid in full. Others showed where she had paid something on account. I looked at the list and scowled. The paper, this list with its erasures, looked to me exactly like one of those calendars convicts keep. For each erasure meant that by so much or so little we were nearer to our freedom.

"Keep up your spunk, Jim," comforted Jennie; "we'll be out of the woods in no time at all."

A question sprang up in my mind. As I say, we were striving for our freedom. But after we had it, what then?

"What? Why, we'll just keep on living simply," answered Jennie. "First of all, we'll move to that cheaper home we've talked about. Then, too, we'll find other friends, ones better suited to ourselves, our means." Upon this she added something I'd already learned. "I don't want friends for what I can selfishly make out of them," she said; "not even to help you in your business. Even if I did, Jim," she added, smiling, "I wouldn't look for anything from Sam Hodge or from his chums. They can't help you. Even though they could I doubt if they'd do it. They're too busy helping themselves to think of helping any one else."

Jennie's figures showed that in three months more we'd be practically free. At all events my indebtedness would be so reduced that I need no longer fear my creditors. "I don't think you need fear them anyway," observed Jennie, smiling. "They all seem to feel sure they'll get their money. . . . Why, do you know," she laughed, "Lowenberg, our butcher, when we paid him something yesterday patted me on the arm. 'You're all right,' he told me. 'I wish all my folks was like you!'"

I growled morosely. "Pretty cheeky, I call that!"

"Not at all! He meant it kindly," returned Jennie; "in fact, he as much as told me he was owed nearly a thousand dollars in this one house alone, and not a small part of it by—well, never mind."

As Jennie involuntarily looked upward, indicating certain neighbors, friends of ours, I guessed clearly whom she and Lowenberg had in mind. But away with these others! My own affairs were far more than enough to occupy me.

I felt better though. I saw that alone, unhelped, I was working out my own salvation. It gave me a sense of pride—real pride, I thought.

"And now that you're over your fit of the blind staggers," said Jennie, playfully pinching my cheek, "I'll promise not to play char-lady or laundress any more than's necessary. As for you, you be cheerful, do you hear?"

I promised. Things were not so bad after all.

"And now that that's settled," added Jennie, "I have a little surprise for you."

"A surprise?" I echoed.

"You remember Mrs. Parmlee, don't you?" Jennie replied. "Well, unbeknown to you I've been seeing a good deal of her lately. Jim," added Jennie seriously, "if we'd tied up to her months ago, instead of to Amy and Amy's friends, we'd have escaped all this mess."

Astonished, I demanded: "Mrs. Parmlee? Why, what made you think of her at this late day?"

Jennie said she supposed she might as well confess. The fact was, she had been going to Mrs. Parmlee's ever since our trouble first began.

"You see," explained Jennie, "I got so sick of restaurants and bridge and Broadway that I was just dying to see a home, a real home. So I called on her again. You know how she knows everybody? Well, she was sitting in her parlor with the woman we saw that night at Sherry's—the one at whom Mrs. Figler stared so enviously. And what do you think Mrs. Parmlee was doing?" Jennie demanded breathlessly. "Why, I almost laughed outright! I had a picture of Mrs. Figler – Amy, either—doing it, even if they knew how!"

"Doing what?" I grumbled, puzzled.

"Darning stockings!" cried Jennie, giggling.

This entirely domestic episode, however, was the least of it. Jennie, after a very pleasant hour, had returned a week later. Then and there she had made to the older

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woman a clean breast of all our difficulties. Mrs. Parmlee listened intently, kindly, too, I may add, then had expressed herself. Furthermore, at what she'd said I marveled. "My dear," she'd advised, "you mustn't feel ashamed at what you're doing to get on your feet again. It is a struggle, as you say, to strive to keep up appearances, but half New York's doing it. I'm doing it myself!" Jennie had exclaimed "Oh!" in doubting tones; Mrs. Parmlee, however, vouchsafed no explanations. I recalled, though, something that Ainsworth had told me. Parmlee, the husband, was a confirmed stock gambler, and I knew what that involved. It meant that his wife, like the wives of all stock gamblers, could never be certain of the next month's living expenses. But unlike Amy Mrs. Parmlee had not lived either on credit or at the top notch, looking to some lucky stroke to pay their obligations. The appearance she was keeping up was a strict show of honesty, respectability. There was no shade of sham about it.

What Jennie had to tell me, though, had nothing to do with this. Already I'd plumed myself on what I'd done alone to put myself on my feet. The confession that Jennie had to make was in consequence like a blow in the face. The shame, the pain of learning that my wife had been playing laundress and charwoman to herself was as nothing in comparison. Jennie, however, told what she had to tell with pride and satisfaction.

"Jim, you've talked a lot about opportunities. Well!" she cried; "I've got one too—a real one. Mrs. Parmlee's offered it to me!"

"An opportunity?" I echoed. "What do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say," Jennie answered; "an opportunity to make a little money. Just think how it'll help you."

"Make money?—you?" I ejaculated.

"Real money," announced Jennie. "I can make twenty-five dollars a month."

The announcement staggered me. "Twenty-five a month? How?"

Jennie explained briefly, clearly proud. A place in the Church Aid Society had been offered her. She need work only on afternoons. The duties were those of a clerk. That they were—that she, too, was to be a clerk—was another slap in the face.

"I can begin tomorrow if I want," said Jennie.

I arose heavily. I knew my face was white. "No, you won't!" I ordered.

"No? Why not?" demanded Jennie.

It was the last straw, the last blow to my pride—or so I thought then. I told her I would not be shamed like that. I told her I'd let no woman, least of all my wife, work to pay my debts. The fact that Jennie was toiling as hard, if not harder, here in her own home for that very purpose somehow escaped me. All I could think about was the spectacle of my wife working publicly for money. To the last, as you see, I was keeping up appearances—not the right kind, but the other, the vain and ugly kind.

It was of little matter either one way or the other. I might have spared myself my breath. For on the day following the crash came.

Frank's note was very brief:

"After the first of next month I regret to say we will no longer require your services. Yours very truly."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Matheweon's Fault

SOON after the baseball season opened last spring Christy Mathewson, of the New York Giants, received a letter from a gentleman in Texas, reading after this fashion:

"*Dear Sir:* Will you kindly give me some advice right away? With the bases full and Hi Hecker, the demon batsman, at the bat, I contend that I ought to throw him my slow out drop. My manager insists that I ought to give him my high in up. This emergency is liable to arise at any moment and I would like to hear from you right away."

Mathewson forgot to answer; and three weeks later he received this letter from Texas:

"*Sir:* I asked you an important question, like a gentleman, and I expected that you would answer it like a gentleman; but you did not do so, and what is the result? With three men on bases I threw Hi Hecker my high in up, and he knocked the ball over the fence. I hope the next time you face Joe Tinker he bats you out of the box!"

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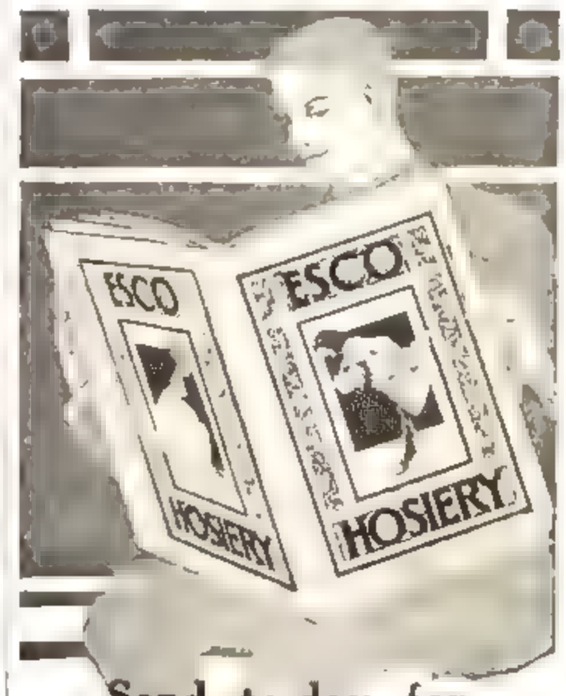

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Those of the older generations know that the name **1847 ROGERS BROS.** has for over 60 years stood for quality in silver plate. It is the highest grade of silver plate made. Guaranteed by the largest makers. Look for this trade mark

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Prince Albert is prepared by an exclusive, patented process that takes out the bite and leaves the tobacco unusually rich, fragrant and mellow. Avoid substitutes. All tobacco shops sell P. A. in 10c tins, 5c cloth bags, half-pound and pound tin humidors and the handsome crystal glass humidor mentioned above.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY

Winston-Salem, N. C.

GOLD-BRICK PUBLISHING

(Continued from Page 14

For sales that count, you know, are not made every day—no, nor every week, nor every month, nor even every three months! The game must be sighted first, then approached, then landed; and the hunter is often mistaken in the sighting and makes many mistakes in his approach. And often, too, game landed after months of careful work proves to be worth little in the picking.

Great is the competition, too, when two or more hunters discover each other on the same trail after weeks or months of approaching under cover. The sensible thing in such a case is to "whack up," of course, but often they don't. Instead, they scare the game for everybody in the scramble.

Once get into familiar touch with the gossips of the book-agent world and you will hear countless stories of the clever devices of these special operators in the expensive and the luxurious. In this company they are a class apart, despised by the sellers of sound values, yet possessed of something of the freebooter's glamour.

And yet many of them make frequent sales of sound values when opportunity happens within reach—and, on the other hand, there are agents doing a regular business in sound values who are not above taking a flyer of this other sort when they find they have hooked a specially "easy one." Human nature doesn't vary much.

The Quest of the Golden Girl

No doubt there is something of the pleasure of the hunt in this stealthy and careful approach to a possible big sale. No doubt the man who, after much minute inquiry and tactful manipulation, finds himself an unsuspected guest at some gathering where presently he will be introduced socially to his quarry feels, while he puffs a cigarette in the dressing room before descending into the gay throng below, much as the hunter feels when after hours of careful stalking he sees the antlers of his approaching prey outlined over the bushes—almost within range.

And how pleasurable to him who enjoys winning by indirection and deceit must be the skillful play of bookish conversation most cunningly designed to inspire desire and to suggest that in him, the talker—himself a modest but learned collector of the rare and beautiful—is to be found a sure and friendly guide into the connoisseur's Heaven! It will be time enough when her eyes brighten with the lust for possession to suggest that he sometimes also executes commissions—but of course only occasionally, and only for valued friends!

Then there is the "strong-arm game"—but you must leave publishing people of all kinds and degrees wholly out of that! It is conceivable that a publisher with different business ideals from yours and mine may be sincere about his own very different definition of value; and if you have a good imagination you may understand how an agent whose personal and public standards are—oh!—so different from yours and mine may take genuine pride in landing, by the exercise of wonderful patience, a big order from a customer who doesn't want what she's ordering, but doesn't know it. The strong-arm game, however, is something that has nothing to do with publishing or selling and about which two opinions are not possible—for it is simply swindling. The perpetrators are just crooks; and the thing would not be mentioned in such a paper as this if it did not constantly appear in the newspapers in connection with books and agents and publishers.

It is very simple and you ought to understand it.

Bill, a clever crook, goes to Mrs. Jones, a not too scrupulous capitalist, and lies something like this:

"I'm a book agent; and I've got a customer, Mr. John Brown, a scandalously rich chap who lives at the Blank Hotel in Cincinnati—and he wants a set of the Royal Purple Dickens so bad that he's willing to pay twenty thousand dollars for it. Just crazy for it, you know! Wired me again this very morning. Now I happen to know that the Oliver Twist Association—that publishes it—has got just one set left; and, say, the price is only five thousand dollars! Think o' that—eh? Fifteen thousand profit—clean! That's seventy-five hundred each for you and me—eh?"

"What do you mean?" asks Mrs. Jones. "Where do I come in?"

"Why, I'll tell you. I'm down on my luck and haven't got the money to buy that Royal Purple, and the Oliver Twist people won't trust me because of a little row we had a couple of months ago. And I can't trust them because they're slick and would gobble the sale themselves in a minute. See where we're getting to?"

"No, I don't -quite," says Mrs. Jones, beginning to be interested.

"Why, it's this way: I don't ask you to trust me at all, but just to finance this thing yourself and—when the profits come—share up with me. See? It's all in your hands. Seventy-five hundred dollars' profit for each of us; and all you've got to do is to put up a couple of thousand until Brown's check arrives—not more than a week in all."

"But why two thousand? Why not five?"

"Because I went to see Smith. He's the Oliver Twist Association—see? And I asked him his best terms, and he says: 'I'd take two thousand down and the rest in notes; but I wouldn't take your notes—not if they were due in one minute!' says he. So you'd have to give him notes for the other three; but, you see, you'd take 'em right up—just as soon as you got Brown's check."

Mrs. Jones is impressed. Then she's tempted. She doesn't know or care anything about books, but she does know that some idiots pay fortunes for them, for she reads the newspapers. It is an easy profit. She thinks hard.

"You stay here!" she cries.

Then she goes to the telephone in her library and calls up the Blank Hotel, Cincinnati. Mr. John Brown? Certainly. He's got our best suite. Can he be seen? Just wait. Mr. Brown presently assures her that he'll remit her a certified check for twenty thousand dollars on receipt of the books. Then she calls up the Oliver Twist Association. Yes, they have one set left of the Royal Purple—only one unsold in the world! Yes, they'll take two thousand cash and notes. They'll be glad to take her notes. They'll be proud to have her for a customer.

"But look out you don't let on to 'em about Brown!" cautions Bill.

Book Collectors and Book Lovers

When the sale is completed Bill goes to Smith and gets in cash—as is the custom the twenty-five-per-cent agent's commission, twelve hundred and fifty dollars in crisp bills. Bill is never seen again.

When the Blank Hotel, of Cincinnati, replies to Mrs. Jones' urgent wire that Mr. Brown has sneaked off without paying his bill for the best suite in the house she summons her lawyer. There is no fraud in the sale, however, and the publisher wins the suit she brings for the recovery of her notes. It is no fault of his that she was swindled in a transaction that, after all, didn't exhibit a great deal of highmindedness on her part. Bill was no agent. He was simply a crook.

Why, I hear you ask—Why on earth should any one want to spend a thousand dollars or a thousand cents for a book which may be purchased in much more desirable form for reading—clear, beautiful type, handsome paper, tasteful margins, perfect printing and ample, beautiful binding—for two or three dollars?

Ah, but that very question establishes your status!

You, my dear sir, are nothing but a booklover! It is perfectly apparent that when you speak of a book you mean, first of all, its soul and then its body. If you were a book collector instead of a booklover you would mean, first of all, its body and then its body. Maybe not at all its soul—except for a general impression that it has one.

The frenzy of the collector, my dear sir, I fear you will never appreciate. To you it will always seem a strange passion. Here is a true story:

A young lawyer, just beginning to be prosperous, contracted the habit of dropping into a small but celebrated bookshop not far from Fourth Avenue, New York, to look over the choice and rare editions that passed in and out. The shopkeeper was a wise practitioner in human nature and never

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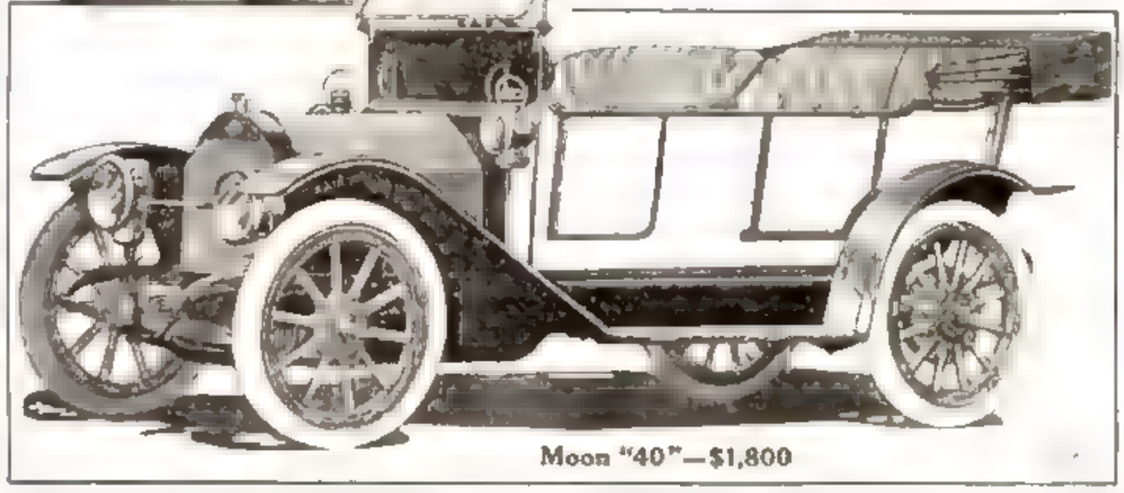

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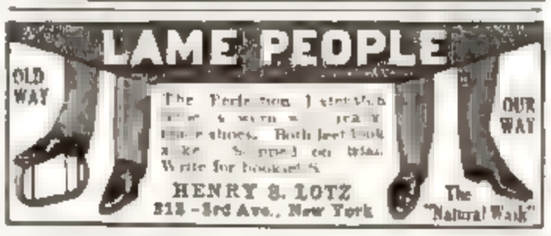

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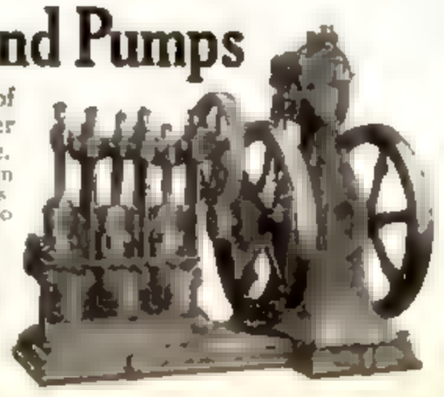

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pressed him to buy. He treated him with a pleasing distinction, answered his many questions untiringly and always had some new treasure ready to show him. One day he invited him to a conspicuous book auction and the young lawyer fell! After the first small purchase he became a steady though occasional purchaser—but always of modestly priced books. His greatest treasure had cost him ninety dollars. It was weeks before he made up his mind to the purchase.

The years passed. The young man married and prospered. One day he paid three hundred dollars for a treasure, and did not come again for many weeks. He resumed his visits, but it was long before he purchased again. By now, however, his fate was settled. He was a doomed collector.

One day, in the fullness of time, the bookseller led him into his private office and showed him a wonderful Caxton. The young lawyer gasped. He said nothing, but the bookseller noticed his absorption and tiptoed out of the room. Within a week he was back and asked to see the Caxton again. The bookseller spread it out upon his desk and left him with it. He remained in the room an hour. A week later he spent another hour with it. Then he whispered a question about its price and said nothing when the bookseller replied that he must get six thousand dollars for it. He left markedly depressed and did not return for three weeks. When he did he walked into the private room directly; and the bookseller, without asking a question, laid the precious volume before him and left them alone together.

Months passed, but there was never a week that the young lawyer did not stop at least once. Sometimes it was in the early morning—before hours. He and the bookseller never talked now. They nodded and the bookseller closed the door upon the man and the book. About this time the lawyer began to look harassed and nervous. He had surprised some one else looking at the Caxton.

One afternoon soon after this he came in late. His face was pale and his mouth shut close. His eyes were expectant. He asked:

"Is it sold yet?"

The bookseller shook his head.

"Give it to me," he whispered. "I want it."

And he handed the bookseller a certified check. He carried the book reverently into a waiting cab.

Two days later a young woman entered the shop, whom the bookseller recognized as having once been there with the lawyer. He surmised she was his wife and became sure of it presently because of her nervous uncertainty. She asked for novels, but the bookseller did not keep them. Finally she said:

"I think you charge very high prices for your books."

"No, madam," he said—"not for books of this character. You know they are property. Most of them increase in value."

"Is that really so?" she asked.

He reassured her and gave one or two small examples.

"Well, that book my husband got the other night," she said hesitatingly, "that cost a great deal of money—more than we could afford. Are you sure that would bring its price?"

"Perfectly certain, madam," he replied.

"Really?" she asked, brightening. "I was afraid he'd been foolish. Are you really certain he could get a hundred dollars for it?"

The bookseller gasped—but collected himself. "Madam," he said quietly, "I will give him a hundred dollars for it at any time!"

Simplest and Best

A FRESH young recruit from the woods broke into fast company in the middle of last season and in his very first game was called upon to face Napoleon Lajoie, the great Cleveland slugger.

As the mighty Napoleon advanced to the bat the new man glanced about desperately and his eye fell on Umpire Bill Evans, who has a kind and gentle face.

"Mr. Evans," said the scared young pitcher, "this is my first game in the big league and I don't want to be beaten too badly. Please tell me what sort of a ball I ought to throw to Mr. Lajoie."

"Son," said Evans, "my advice to you is this: Say the Lord's Prayer, put the ball straight over the plate—and fall on your face!"

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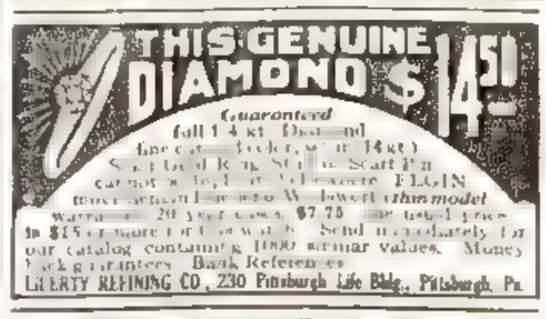

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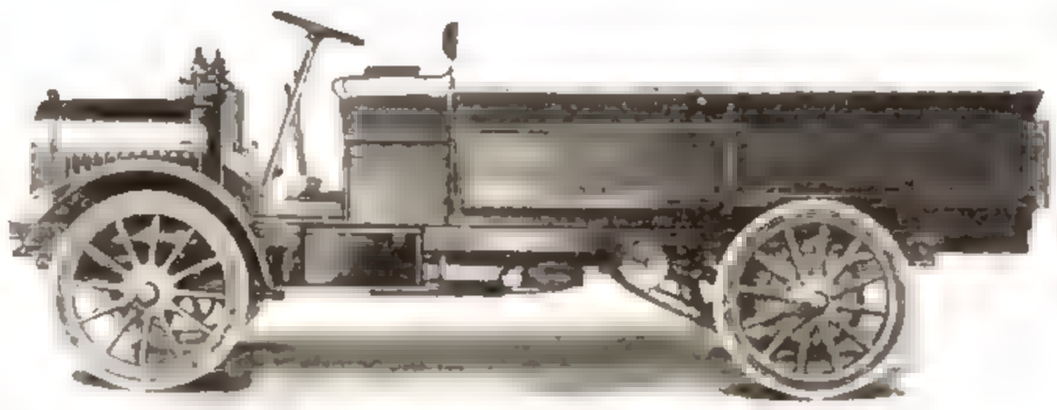


This is the new one-ton model

Kelly Motor Truck

If your business requires motor trucks, it requires a truck that "measures up" to the Kelly. And what other truck will?

Your problem is not merely to know motor trucking as compared to horse trucking. That's settled. Your problem is to choose *the* truck as compared to other motor trucks.

As is well known, the Kelly Motor Truck has walked away with prizes in every important contest held during the past two years—whether for economy, reliability, endurance, or hill climbing. As is also well known, the Kelly Truck's actual service records in various industries extend back over the past six years, confirming the records established in motor truck contests.

The following is the "*reason why*" behind the superiority of the Kelly—*plus* the latest developments as expressed in the new 1-ton model.

The primary cause of Kelly consistency both in contest and in service, is the work that goes into the truck before it leaves the factory.

Jewelers' Measurements

Gauges used in cylinder grinding

There are 200 operations in the production of a Kelly Truck, in which the limit of error is held to 1-1000 of an inch; 20 operations in which the limit of error is between 1-1000 and 1-2000 of an inch; and 30 operations in which the limit of inaccuracy is 1-4000 of an inch. To the layman, unaccustomed to the tools and gauges used in this work, such measurements do not seem possible—nor do they seem *necessary*. Yet it is just such microscopic points as this that make the great difference in motor trucks' operating costs. To attain such results it is necessary to have special jigs, fixtures, and gauges for every machine operation on the car.

Interchangeability

With the exception of the spring clip where compression of the springs will vary a little, every cotter hole in every bolt on the Kelly Truck is drilled on a jig before it goes to an assembly floor. The sound of a file, chisel, drill, or emery cloth is seldom heard on any erecting floor in the Kelly factory. This means not only added life, reduced friction, and, therefore, reduced wear, but it also means that if at any time it is necessary to order a repair part this part will fit into place perfectly without adjustment.

Load Distribution

There has been a great deal of argument between truck manufacturers in this country and abroad regarding the advisability of putting the motor under the seat, or in front under a hood. Everyone is willing to admit that a motor under the hood is more accessible. This means that the average driver will give the motor more attention than if the motor was placed under the seat, because he can do so with less trouble to himself. The real arguments for and against motors under the hood versus under the seat have always been based on load distribution. Therefore manufacturers building cars with motors under the hood have carried from 85% to 95% of their load on the rear wheels—and have claimed that by so doing they increased traction. Anyone who is thoroughly familiar with motor trucks will know that this is not true, and that when pulling in deep mud, deep snow, or deep sand the rear *wheels will bury themselves* and the truck will be unable to lift itself out. Also the wear on the rear tires is greatly increased, thus increasing the upkeep of the truck to a very marked degree.

In our new 1-ton model we have succeeded in keeping the load distribution exactly the same as on our two and three ton models, namely, 78% on the rear wheels, and 22% on the front wheels. Seven years' experience and the Kelly Truck records have proven conclusively that this load distribution is *best* to keep down wear on tires and to enable the truck to pull itself out of bad places. In the recent Chicago to Detroit and return Endurance Run, in which our 3-ton truck took first prize against a large field, over some of the worst roads in the United States, after 700 miles of the hardest kind of usage, the tires on this truck show scarcely any appreciable wear.

If then we have built a truck with the *motor in front* and *still* keep the load distribution the same as with the motor under the seat, have we not produced something that is far in advance of other motor trucks—from the load distribution standpoint alone? If anyone doubts that we *have* produced this, all that is necessary is to load the truck up evenly and run the front and rear wheels alternately on a scale.

Simplicity

Another very important thing to consider at the purchase of a motor truck is simplicity. The Kelly has fewer parts than any other gasoline truck ever produced. Anyone that has ever used a truck or pleasure car appreciates the fact that if a car is equipped with a pressed steel frame and very few cross members the car will ride much easier than if the frame were rigid and braced in many places. The possibility of shaking loose or twisting out the rivets is brought down to a minimum on this model. You can run one rear wheel up onto a bank *two feet higher* than the other wheels and the frame will adjust itself to conform with the unevenness of the place in which it is standing; if the truck is run back to even ground it will immediately resume its natural shape. The frame used on this car is of very heavy section pressed steel with only *three* main cross members.

Every moving part of this car is supplied with a ratchet type grease cup. These grease cups are all easily accessible and plainly to be seen, thus minimizing wear on all working parts. Both front and rear axles are "I" beam section drop forgings with the spring seats forged integral, thus obviating slipping or shaking loose of the spring blocks. The spindles are fitted with double taper roller bearings.

Jack Shaft and Transmission Assembly

Jack Shaft, transmission and differential housing

Our jack shaft and transmission assembly is original and has many excellent features. The first is simplicity. The entire assembly can be dropped out by taking out six bolts. The transmission is mounted directly *on the jack shaft* and is supported on the center cross member by means of a slip-yoke and torque tube. By putting in a double universal joint between the clutch and the front end of the torque tube, we obtain a perfect universal motion and the motor can be cranked easily with the car twisted as far out of line as it can go without upsetting.

Also gears can be shifted with the car in this position, showing that there is no cramp on the gear shifting levers. By using a stacked transmission, that is, by having the countershaft underneath the main shaft instead of at the side of it, and by having the levers on top of the transmission case instead of on the side, we do away with a great many parts heretofore found on a car constructed with the transmission and jack shaft mounted together. With this transmission we are enabled to put the cover plate *on the side* so that it can be taken out and transmission inspected without removing body or touching any other part. This cover plate is equipped with a filler plug at the correct oil level so that it is impossible to put in any more oil than should be used.

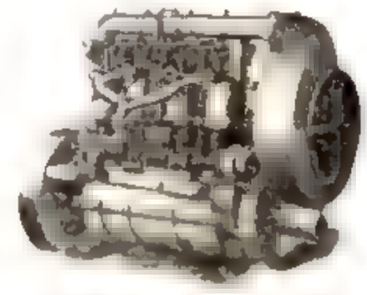
The jack shaft is of the built up variety, making replacement much cheaper and easier; either the top or bottom half of the differential housing may be removed easily and quickly. By loosening a lock nut on either side of the differential housing the shafts can be drawn out. The jack shaft is of the semi-floating type, absolutely dust proof. The shafts are upset on the ends, and the sprockets bolted to them. This construction is found on few other trucks. Yet its value can be appreciated at a glance, as the drive is through six bolts, obviating key-ways or squared ends which are apt to get loose. The rear sprockets are bolted onto the brake drums, making replacement easy. Ordinarily, with trucks of this type, the sprocket is *cast* onto the brake drum so that when it is necessary to replace a sprocket the entire wheel must be disassembled, and the cost of replacement is more than tripled.

Radius Rod Construction

Service brake on rear wheels showing unique radius rod construction

Anyone who has had anything to do with the care and upkeep of motor trucks knows that at one time or another it is necessary to adjust and tighten the adjusting screw on the radius rod. In nearly all trucks the emergency brake only is mounted on the rear wheels, and the only braking strain that the radius rod screw is compelled to take is when the emergency brake is put on. As this brake is used very little in comparison to the service brake, it can easily be seen that if *both* brakes were mounted on the rear wheels with the *ordinary* type of radius rod construction it would be practically impossible to keep these screws tight. This is the main reason why nearly all truck manufacturers carry their service brake either in front of the jack shaft or on the jack shaft sprockets. Brakes on rear wheels are much more efficient than on either the drive shaft or jack shaft, as in either case it is necessary to brake through the sprockets and chains, and wear on these parts is more than doubled. Besides, the construction is much more complicated than with the brake on rear wheels. In this Kelly model we have large brakes on both of the rear wheels, 16" x 2". These brakes are so powerful that it is possible to slide the wheels with either brake when the truck is going down an *18% grade at 20 miles an hour* with a full load. In order to obtain this result it was necessary to design the radius rod along an entirely different line. This radius rod is made in one single piece, the sprocket end of which is split with a tongue and groove and then bolted together. The adjusting block fits inside of this and the adjusting bolts placed on either side of the adjusting block. By this construction all of the braking strain is taken on a solid forging.

Motor



The famous Kelly blower-cooled motor

The Kelly motor can be removed by simply taking out the bolts which hold it to the frame and disconnecting the clutch. This is an unusual feature which is found on but few trucks in this country.

The motor is our well-known blower-cooled type, the cooling being obtained by a centrifugal multiple-vane blower in connection with air jackets over each cylinder. These jackets distribute the air evenly around each cylinder, making the cooling even and positive. This system prevents over-cooling as well as overheating.

The work done on this motor we believe to be the most painstaking and accurate in the world. Our cylinders, for instance, are made of the very best quality gray iron. We first give them a water test, then take a rough cut-out and anneal them—so that if any dirt is in the casting it will be burnt out. They are then given another water test. If no defects have been discovered the valve holes and flanges are machined, and the finish cut is then taken on the inside of the cylinder. It is then reamed and ground, then "finished ground," and the final water test given. The valve holes and flanges are then inspected with special gauges. For the inside of the cylinder three gauges are used, having a difference of 2-1000 of an inch in diameter. The small gauge *must* go in the large gauge must *not* go in; if the large gauge goes in the cylinder is discarded, if the small gauge does not go in the cylinder is re-ground. After the cylinder has passed this test it is then *tested with a special micrometer* on which the divisions of 1-1000 of an inch are represented by an eighth of an inch. This is an inspection which most factories do not use, but one which we consider necessary, as a block gauge will not show up hollow places in the cylinder.

Ignition

The magneto on this car is Eisemann High Tension automatic, which automatically advances and retards the spark. With this automatic attachment the spark on low speed is as hot as on high speed, and the angle of advance is greatly increased. One of the greatest sources of abuse on the average truck is due to the fact that the driver will continuously run his spark too high, or fail to pull his spark down until he is giving the motor a hard pull.

Clutch

The clutch used on this car is our own special design, made from a cast aluminum spider which gives the least possible weight, the outside being faced with a special grade of leather, fitted with springs under the end. This clutch we believe to be the superior of any other clutch ever produced—it being possible to start with full load on high speed so gradually that it is impossible to tell when the clutch has come fully into place.

Bodies

In a large number of cases the bodies for this truck are constructed with a half seat built in the body, thus aiding the driver to step back into the wagon and take out his load easily, saving quite a bit of time each day. Style of body, however, is chiefly up to the purchaser, as equipments vary so widely.

The Kelly Motor Truck is built for *your business*. We have full information on what the Kelly is doing in *your own line*. Write us for it today.

KELLY MOTOR TRUCK CO.

200 Burt Street Springfield, Ohio

31 Million *Welsbach* Mantles Sold Last Year

BECAUSE—They satisfied. They proved our claim that *Welsbach* stands for dependable service.

They lasted longer. They gave a brighter light than it is possible to get from an imitation mantle.

The genuine *Welsbach* is sold in a box bearing this "Shield of Quality."

Buy the *Welsbach*—it makes good.

INSURES Welsbach SERVICE

Welsbach Company

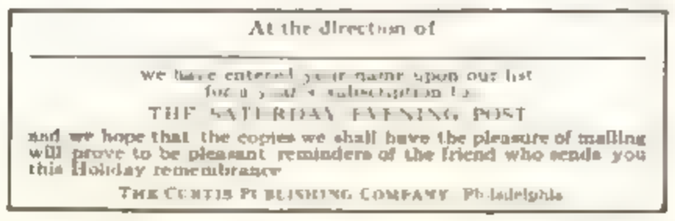
Sold by all Gas Companies and Dependable Dealers.

Ask your dealer for our free booklet, "Making a Gas Mantle."

Your Christmas Money Will Go Round

Wouldn't you rather have a year's subscription to a good periodical than most of the presents which you receive? Well, most of your friends feel just as you do. Just sit down and make out a list of those to whom you want to send presents of a year's subscription to *The Saturday Evening Post;* mail a check to us and we will attend to the rest—you needn't even write to your friends. There is no gift which at an equal expenditure will bring so much pleasure.

The Post's way of announcing the gift adds immensely to its value. This year we have prepared a beautiful reproduction of Emlen McConnell's picture in all the soft, dainty colors of the original. This is "tipped" on the third page of the four-page announcement. The first page bears this announcement in illuminated design:


At the direction of

we have entered your name upon our list for a year's subscription to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

and we hope that the copies we shall have the pleasure of mailing will prove to be pleasant reminders of the friend who sends you this Holiday remembrance

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY Philadelphia

One of these announcements, bearing the name of the person who orders the subscription, will be mailed in a sealed envelope so as to be received on Christmas Day by each person for whom a subscription is ordered along with the current copy of *The Post.* Give your own name and address as well as the names and addresses of the recipients.

Order at once, sending $1.50 for each subscription. Do not delay. Many thousands of orders will be received between now and Christmas. By sending promptly any possible delay will be avoided. The announcement will be held and mailed, however, so as to be received on Christmas.

Subscriptions for *The Ladies' Home Journal* may be ordered in the same way. *The Journal* announcement has the same beautiful colored reproduction on third page, but the decorations are entirely different and of course it bears the name of that magazine.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CORNERING THE NEWS

By William P. Helm, Jr.

WHEN a captain of finance seeks to create a corner in a commodity or stock, his first act is to acquire control of the visible supply. The thoroughness with which he obtains such mastery spells success or failure for his project.

As with the man of millions, so with his poor relation, the newsgatherer. A corner in the market means that fortunes are in the balance; a corner in the news often means that some man's safety and even his life have been thrown into the scales with fate for the brief control of the secret. There are also points of variance: the financier conserves his commodity, hoards and guards it until he has forced the market to the top rung of the ladder—the newsgatherer blurts his secret to the world in scareheads so high that he who runs may read; the financier reaps wealth—the newsgatherer only the intangible shadows of thrills and satisfaction.

News ages more rapidly than any other article known to mankind. Born in the morning, a story reaches maturity in midforenoon, shrivels at the meridian and dies on an inside page of the baseball extra. The grass, which grows up in the morning and is cut down in the evening, has the longevity of Methuselah compared with an ordinary news story unsustained by the pap of increasing developments. What you read today is forgotten next week. If you don't believe it try to buy last Friday's newspaper. Yet thousands of men in every part of the world worked feverishly to make last Friday's paper possible.

The old day of journalism, when the editor thundered his message in burning philippics, has gone forever. Today Rome talks with New York, New York with the Golden Gate, and San Francisco with the Far East, almost as quickly as you talk with your neighbor over the telephone. A million strands of copper wire, dropped in a tangled net over all Christendom, have utterly annihilated time and space. It is possible for an event of great magnitude, occurring anywhere in the country, to be known in every newspaper office in America within a few seconds and to become the property of the entire nation within less minutes than you can count twice round on your fingers. Public opinion is molded by the first-page stories; and the editorial, stripped of its fire, is harmlessly relegated to the last place where the reader will see it—the middle of the paper.

Nowadays exclusive possession of a great story for more than an hour is almost impossible. Plans are carefully nurtured for weeks to "beat" the opposition by a few minutes and to have one publication get news of a worldwide story on the street ahead of its competitors. The hour of yesterday is a minute today in the field of journalism, and keen is the fight for supremacy. Yet the trained newspaperman will risk his life, if necessary, for a beat. He has done it time and again. Witness the night, a little more than a decade ago, when three hundred of the best reporters in the world charged the bayonets of the United States infantry to get the story of a President's death!

The Death-Watch at Buffalo

When William McKinley lay dying in the home of John G. Millburn, in Buffalo, an army of reporters kept the "death-watch" outside. Big news agencies, metropolitan dailies, alert city editors from far and near dispatched their pick of staff to "cover" the story. For a time it seemed to rain reporters in Buffalo. It was a gathering of the clans from America's four corners, and the burning ambition of each man there was to get first and exclusive news of the President's death.

Such an invasion was not without its embarrassments. After a few days a guard of honor was sent from the Ninth Infantry to draw a cordon about the Millburn home. The house sat back a hundred yards or more from Delaware Avenue and even farther from the intersecting streets. A personal interview with each of three hundred reporters on the story was impossible because of their very number.

As the end drew near it was decided that three men—representatives of the New York Sun, the Associated Press and the Scripps-McRae League, respectively—should be permitted to remain constantly at the Millburn home to "flash" the news of the President's death. These men, representing the telegraph service of practically every daily newspaper in the country, were permitted to pass through the cordon of troopers; but their less fortunate brethren were balked by the guard.

On the evening before the President died the guard was strengthened, a step necessitated by the desperate attempts of the waiting reporters to pierce the circle. At eleven o'clock that night, George B. Cortelyou, afterward in Roosevelt's Cabinet, called the three news-agency men to him.

"I fear the President will die tonight," he said. "If he does you know what will happen outside. I would suggest that you pass back and forth between the house and your telegraph operators beyond the lines frequently during the evening, so that when the President's death is announced you can walk apparently without concern to your operators and flash the news. Then tell the other men what has happened. Also tell them that their city editors all know it. It will probably give you your only chance to get the news off quickly and save your operators from being overwhelmed."

The Loss of a Poker-Face

The suggestion was adopted. The three men passed through the lines at short intervals without exciting undue suspicion, and all might have gone well but for the fact that one of the three was recalled at the last moment and a substitute sent to the Millburn house. The man recalled was a quiet, sphinx-faced chap; the substitute was an impulsive six-footer. The other two men knew that the six-footer would never walk the hundred yards from the house to the wire without betraying his secret. They took him into their confidence, however, and warned him, of all things, to walk slowly to his operator when the news came, and as if nothing had happened.

The Scripps-McRae man mistrusted the six-footer's ability to do this to such an extent as to arrange with his operator to signal the news of the President's death from the porch of the Millburn house.

"Keep your eye glued to the front door," the reporter told the operator. "When you see me come out, take off my hat and wipe out the sweatband with a handkerchief, get back to your instrument as quickly as possible and send this message."

The reporter handed the operator a slip of paper on which was written: "The President died at —— o'clock!"—leaving the time to be filled in by the operator as of two minutes before the reporter's appearance on the porch.

At two-fifteen in the morning Mr. Cortelyou came downstairs from the President's bedside and announced the death. Immediately the three men prepared to saunter over to their instruments. The six-footer was beginning to tell, even then, under the strain of the story. As they stepped out on the porch the Scripps-McRae man took his hat off and under the electric light wiped the sweatband with his handkerchief. He saw his operator run to the key and knew that all was well. The trio then walked for the lines.

The six-footer trod nervously half the distance, wavered and then broke for the line on a dead run. He was wildly excited as he reached the troops. As he sped through the line the waiting army of newsmen didn't have to be told why he was running. It was written in scareheads all over his face.

In less time than it takes to tell, the street was choked with a riotous, running mob of reporters. They stormed the lines of khaki-coated regulars again and again, vainly battling to reach the Millburn home. They swept the three agency men from their feet and the operators from their keys. One of their number, a photographer, kept his head and made a flashlight. His picture stands alone in the art, for it portrayed a sight never witnessed before—several hundred of the finest newsgatherers in the country gone mad over a story.

In marked contrast to this was the group of English reporters who received first word of the death of Queen Victoria at Osborne House on the Isle of Wight. These men, trained with a sense of news from the stolid English standpoint, had waited but a short time when the Queen's chamberlain stepped from the castle.

"Gentlemen," he said as tears brimmed his eyes, "it is my sad privilege to announce that the Queen is dead."

The chamberlain retired with his grief to the castle. The reporters turned about face, removed their caps, held them respectfully on their left shoulders and walked slowly through the castle grounds to the roadway beyond. The journey was three miles long, but not once on the way did an Englishman quicken his gait or replace his cap on his head. When the road was reached each went slowly and solemnly to the nearest telegraph office and filed his story.

Had it not been for an American, the foreign correspondent of a big New York news agency, the world would not have learned of the gentle Queen's death for more than an hour. As it was, however, the entire civilized world knew it before the group of English reporters had written a word.

The American was among the waiting group at the castle. He saw the chamberlain approach with faltering step, marked his grief and heard the brief announcement. The moment the worthy gentleman's back was turned the American was gone. His English comrades, absorbed in grief and etiquette, gave him no further thought for the moment; but had they seen him they would have beheld him in an awkward and undignified attempt to lower the world's three-mile running record in a mad flight for the nearest telegraph operator.

English News Via America

Long before the Englishmen had shaken the dust of the royal roadway from their feet the American's complete story had been flashed to New York. New York shot it back to London within three minutes after it was received, flashed it to the Pacific Coast in less time still, and a few moments later sent the tidings speeding under the Pacific to the Far East. London, knowing that the best of English newsmen were at the castle, shrugged, incredulous, at the news from New York, but printed it and sent it whirling through Europe for what it was worth. When the British reporters sat down to file their stories most of London knew the news through the extras and tens of thousands of mourners were gathering in the streets.

Thanks to the progressiveness of the lone American, who did what almost any other American reporter would have done, the New York news agency that employed him scored a clean beat of an hour over its rivals and gained advertising of incalculable benefit throughout the world.

Now and then the world hears of the brilliant journalist making good in another field, but this is seldom. The reporter who enters the game for the stakes drops out early, or at least after he has realized that his chief compensation is the pleasure derived from the work and the thrills which accompany it. A level-headed fellow is pretty sure to land a comfortable berth in political or commercial life if he wants it, but the brilliant man—the man whose work is uniformly superior—stays in the service forever. You can find them by the score, these brilliant men, in the newspaper rows of large cities. Some are in their prime; others have only the memory of bygone glories and generally a love for the cup that cheers. They know no other trade; they want to know no other. After they have outlived their excellence you will find them working still in the smaller cities, always hopeful of "coming back," and never doing so—but faithful to the calling unto the bitter end.

The reporter who is worldly-wise closes his ears to the siren and quits after he has accumulated an all-round experience that lays the foundation for success in other lines of endeavor. Notoriously, his pay is small when compared with salaries in more prosaic callings.

The Diamond you can trust

The diamond ring—whether you wear it yourself or whether you give it as an engagement ring—ought to be the best your money can bring.

A fine solitaire engagement ring, solid 14 karat gold mounting . . . $150

If it is a Lambert Diamond you'll know it is.

For back of every Lambert Diamond, whether its price be $10 or $1500, is the Lambert reputation for guaranteed quality and value—built up by thirty-five years of genuine value-giving.

Dignity and elegance of style in this ornate [illegible] solid 14 karat gold mounting. A real investment value . . . $75

Lambert Bros. import their diamonds direct from Amsterdam, the world's diamond market—thus saving you the importer's profit. And even amid the keenest competition in the world—that of New York City—Lambert Bros. have made themselves known to the people of New York as the greatest value-givers in the jewelry business.

Superb white diamond [illegible] best system making a price $100

That is why you can trust a Lambert Diamond—or any piece of Lambert jewelry—to be exactly what it is said to be and all the value in jewelry that your money can possibly buy.

A diamond of good size and fine quality [illegible] solid 14 karat gold mounting. $50

Sit down now, before you make any jewelry purchase and write Lambert Bros. for their sample sheet of Diamond Rings.

A fine diamond, directly imported, handsome solid 14 karat gold mounting $25

With this in your hands, even though you are a thousand miles away, you may purchase of us just as safely and satisfactorily, at the same price, as though you were in our own store.

Send for our 168 page catalogue at once.

Lambert Bros.

Established 1877

3rd Avenue Cor. 58th Street

New York City

THE Santa Claus of childhood days, the fairyland of childhood dreams, were not more wonderful than the *magic* of this modern equipage, which takes you in tranquil luxury wherever fancy directs.

What more exquisite expression of the Christmas spirit could you give to wife or daughter than a Detroit Electric.

It carries throughout the year—from Christmas to Christmas—the holiday spirit. In it Milady travels through the cold of December or the heat of August in stately comfort and independent privacy.

Thomas A. Edison has chosen the Detroit Electric exclusively *as the one car properly made to use efficiently the tremendous capacity of the Edison battery. The Detroit Electric is the only electric pleasure car allowed to install his famous battery.*

Think what this means! The Edison battery in a Detroit Electric saves 325 pounds in weight over the lead battery and still gives much greater permanent capacity The Edison battery is an investment—not a running expense.

For 1912 we build one chassis in four sizes, 85-inch, 90-inch, 96-inch and 112-inch wheel base, all with drop frames, permitting low hung bodies. Ten stunning body designs.

All body panels are of aluminum. They do not check, crack or warp. That means long life, continued beauty of finish and easy repair. All fenders are of aluminum, full skirted to protect car from dirt.

All models equipped with our Direct Shaft Drive—"Chainless."

Brakes are extra powerful with double safety device (patented), operated by either hand or foot, or both.

Wonderful springs of improved design smooth over any unevenness of the road. Ball bearing steering knuckles make steering remarkably easy.

Your choice of Pneumatic or Motz Cushion Tires.

BATTERIES:—Edison—nickel and steel; Detroit, Ironclad or Exide lead. Edison and Ironclad at additional cost.

Do not hesitate to write us for any information you may desire. Art Catalog now ready. Sent on request.

THE Detroit ELECTRIC Shaft Drive Chainless

Anderson Electric Car Co.

401 Clay Ave., Detroit, Mich.

BRANCHES:—

New York, Broadway at 60th Street
Chicago, 2416 Michigan Avenue
Buffalo Brooklyn Kansas City
Minneapolis Cleveland St. Louis

Selling representatives in leading cities

When detectives fail, call in the reporters. This has resulted in the solution of more than one mystery.

On Christmas Day, 1907, a boy in Newark, New Jersey, slung his new skates over his back, crossed the dirty Passaic and went to the marshes and ponds beyond in quest of ice. He skirted the banks of the river for a quarter of a mile and, three hundred yards away, caught the glint of the sun on the frozen marsh. He ran to the spot and sat down to buckle on his skates; but he got no farther, for, protruding above the thin skim of ice and discolored by the black mud, he saw two human feet!

Two boatmen living hard by helped him break the ice. They pulled from the marsh the nude body of a woman. There were no telltale marks of violence, but they found a ring, a cheap, gold-plated band, upon the proper finger of the left hand.

One of the boatmen tramped a mile to the police station and told of the gruesome find. The police of Harrison -the suburb in which the marsh was located promptly clapped both boatmen in jail. They took the body to the morgue and the coroner's physician declared that the woman was alive when thrown into the water. The body was placed in the morgue while the police set about establishing the woman's identity.

Meantime the thick waters of the Passaic yielded the victim's clothing—a cheap hat, a muff, a worn fur stole, undergarments and the skirt and jacket of a red worsted suit. There was nothing in these finds, surrendered piecemeal by the river, to aid in identifying the body, for the murderer had slushed the maker's name and every other distinguishing mark from the garments. They were placed near the body.

New York reached across the state line and sent its brightest newspapermen and its saffron-hued newspaper women to help. For days the metropolitan papers printed columns of the strange case. Reporters and police apparently were at a standstill; but while they marked time a keen-witted reporter of the New York World worked out the riddle in the factories across the Hudson.

This journalistic Solomon turned for his clews to the dead woman's clothing. He surreptitiously cut a sample from the cloth of the red skirt; and, failing to pilfer a bit of the black silk braid ornamenting the bottom of the skirt, he photographed it. Then he went back home. He took the photograph of the braid to every manufacturer listed in the directory and found the man who made it. The manufacturer looked over his order book for the preceding year and gave the reporter the names of customers who had bought that design of fabric. To these the reporter turned, taking the bit of red worsted. By elimination he found the manufacturer who had sewed the braid on the red skirt. He, in turn, reviewed his order book and gave the reporter the names of department stores and suit houses which he had supplied with red suits bearing the braid on the bottom of the skirt. One of them was a Brooklyn department store, and to this the reporter turned first.

"Yes, we bought a dozen of those red suits from Mr. So-and-So," said the buyer, "and we have sold them all. So I don't see how we can help you further."

The End of the Trail

As the buyer smiled, the reporter suggested that they trace the skirts, if possible, by means of the daily sales slips. It was a herculean task, but they did it. They found the names of the purchasers. The reporter went to eleven houses and found eleven red skirts. When he visited the twelfth no one answered the doorbell, and a neighbor told him the woman he wanted to see had been away from home for more than a week.

The World put a watch on that house. They learned that the woman and her husband quarreled frequently; that he often beat her; that she sometimes remained away from home for days. They sent a man to interview the husband—a motorman on a shuttle "L" train. The husband said she was visiting relatives in the state of New York. He named the town and the World rushed a man there to verify the story, but he failed to do so. Instead, he brought back with him the woman's parents and started for the Harrison morgue. Meantime another reporter had induced the husband to visit the morgue—"just to see if the body there was that of his wife."

The husband reached the morgue first. He didn't think the woman was his wife. She had no clothing like that near the body, and he couldn't recall a ring such as that worn by the dead woman. A short time later the parents arrived. They fell sobbing across the cold form. The riddle had been solved.

Deduction and elimination of possibilities solved this problem. Sometimes, however, a stroke of luck, an accident—call it what you will—will so cross the reporter's path as to give him a notable beat. When the reporter thus favored by fate possesses more than the ordinary endowment of brains and wit he can turn the opportunity to extraordinary advantage. Such a case was the beat scored by the Associated Press in publishing the contributions to the Democratic National Committee's campaign fund in 1908 three days before the committee intended it to be published.

One of the Democratic challenges during the autumn was: "Publish your campaign contributions!" Mr. Bryan announced his determination to publish the Democratic contributions on October 15 and repeatedly called upon President Roosevelt and Mr. Taft to do likewise for the Republicans. As the appointed day drew near Mr. Bryan became more insistent in his demand, and political America's attention was concentrated upon the situation.

The Associated Press sent a man with Mr. Bryan and another from New York with Norman E. Mack, the party's national chairman. Mr. Mack and his reporter, through long companionship on the road, came to know each other pretty well.

Mr. Mack's Secret List

On October eleven, four days before the heralded day of announcement, a confidential stenographer, trusted and unapproachable, prepared three lists of the contributions. One was given to Mr. Mack, who placed it next to his heart, in his inside coat pocket; the second was sent by registered mail to Colonel Moses E. Wetmore, the St. Louis millionaire who headed the finance committee; and the third was sent, also by registered mail, to Hermann Ridder, treasurer of the national committee, at New York.

At noon the next day the Associated Press reporter and a companion from the Chicago office strolled through the offices at headquarters. Leaving his companion in a hallway, the reporter slipped into a deserted room, lifted a deskpad and there found the rough draft of the list. He knew it would be there, for a tried friend and true who simply couldn't see the reporter beaten on the story had told him so. Incidentally, this friend was a man high in Democracy's councils, who had assisted in drafting the original copy. The only stipulation he made with the reporter was that his name, for a time at least, be withheld. For twenty minutes he worked rapidly at the desk, copying the list on scratch paper, tearing the small leaves from the pad as he filled them and stuffing them in his coat pocket.

There was little time lost in getting to the Chicago office of the Associated Press. There the reporter so timed his story as to make it impossible for the opposition to pick it up in New York after it was printed there and send it back over the wires in time to catch the Western editions. Then he stood by the operator and called New York.

"Tell them," whispered the reporter as he leaned over the key, "that I have the list of Democratic campaign contributions, and that I want to put it on the wire under a New York date to conceal the source of the story."

"Go ahead! Congratulations!" came back.

A few moments later the wires throbbed with the story. The list was complete down to the contributions of one hundred dollars each and every name went on the wire. The three o'clock extras in New York shouted the story from the first page, but not a line did the opposition have.

When the reporter reached headquarters at seven o'clock that night he found Mr. Mack the center of an indignant group of newspapermen. He had been explaining all afternoon and was still at it. The Associated Press man added to his troubles by upbraiding him.

"Here I am," he said, "beaten on the story after traveling round with you for three months just to get it. I suppose now I'll be fired."

There was no answer. Palpably, the story had originated in New York. Mr. Mack lamented the fate that had outwitted him; also vowed inwardly and otherwise to see that Mr. Ridder's secretary was properly punished.

"It couldn't have been given out by anybody else," he said.

A week later the reporter was Mr. Mack's guest at dinner. Meantime the committee had made the list public on October fifteen, true to promise; but there was not a paper that wanted it, for it was stale news.

"Never mind," said Mr. Mack consolingly; "when I get to New York I'm going to see that Ridder's secretary is fired. I've been thinking it over and I don't see any other loophole."

"Don't do it, Mr. Mack," smiled the reporter. "I got that story and put it on the wire."

"Did you, old man?" asked Mr. Mack, beaming.

"I did," replied the reporter; "but you must never ask me how I did it."

A similar beat was scored by the New York Times in the same campaign when it published the text of the Republican platform the day before it was adopted by the national convention.

Two years previously to this, New York Republicans met at Saratoga to nominate a candidate for governor. Frank Wayland Higgins, now dead, was then the chief executive. President Roosevelt had a personal candidate for the nomination, and Charles Evans Hughes, with newly plucked laurels as an insurance investigator, had to be reckoned with; but Higgins could have had a renomination if he had wanted it. There was the rub. No one apparently, including Governor Higgins himself, knew whether he wanted it; consequently the convention marked time, not knowing whether to nominate Higgins or not. Everybody waited to hear from Higgins.

At one o'clock in the afternoon the reporters at Saratoga were told that Governor Higgins would shortly issue a statement outlining his position. The governor was then at Albany; and, with a solitary exception, the reporters stormed the state capital. The exception was the United Press representative. He reckoned that the governor would communicate with the party leaders at Saratoga before he passed the word out to the reporters at Albany. He picked State Senator Tully, of Corning, as the man most likely to receive first news from the governor.

The Senator Cornered

"Senator," he said, "you will doubtless hear from Governor Higgins soon, and I'm going to follow you round, if I may, to get in on the secret."

"Yes, I expect to hear from the governor within half an hour," replied Senator Tully. "Stick round, if you want to."

The Senator's shadow followed him no more closely than that reporter did for the next half-hour. When he went into a telephone booth to call up Albany the reporter stood at the door. When he emerged the reporter met him at the threshold.

"The governor has declined to run again," he said.

"All right, Senator," replied the reporter fervently. "For Heaven's sake, keep that under your hat for a few minutes, will you, please?"

Senator Tully promised and laughed as the reporter walked away. The newsgatherer strolled to the hotel door, paused, looked out for a moment and walked slowly and abstractedly to the corner. He turned the corner at an even gait, and—presto!—he immediately became a thing of life. He ran three blocks at top speed, burst into the office of the Saratogian and sped to the telegraph operator.

"Put on a bulletin," he panted.

A bulletin has precedence over everything else on the wire. The operator opened his key and the reporter beside him dictated the story. In it the reporter forecast the nomination of Hughes. At three o'clock the United Press papers from Buffalo to Manhattan flooded the state with extras carrying the story. A crowd of frantic newspapermen beat upon the doors of the executive mansion at Albany, trying to confirm the news. The opposition didn't have a line, nor did it get the news until four o'clock, when the governor handed out a typewritten statement of about twenty words saying that he had declined a renomination. Meantime the leaders at Saratoga had fixed a slate, with Hughes leading the ticket.

Do You Judge a Cigar by Pennies or Satisfaction?

Too many smokers think of cigars as "five cent" cigars or "ten cent" cigars or "six for a dollar" cigars. A few men speak of "domestic" cigars—"Key West" cigars—"seed tobacco" cigars—"Clear Havana" cigars, etc. These men come nearer to knowing what they are talking about. They base their judgment of a cigar on what it is made of—not what it costs.

Shivers' Panatela EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

The fact that my Shivers' Panatela can be sold by my plan at $5.00 per hundred does not deter thousands of wealthy business men from smoking it. Able, if they wished, to smoke cigars that cost a dollar apiece, they buy their cigars by mail, direct from my clean Philadelphia factory, because they have found my cigars greatly to their liking.

On the other hand, there are scores of men who buy my cigars because their knowledge of selling conditions convinces them that my plan enables me to sell the 10c cigar of the trade for five cents. I have eliminated all the selling expense that distributing through usual channels entails, and every business man knows what a saving this is when applied to a cigar.

MY OFFER IS: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatela Cigars to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* express prepaid. He may smoke ten of these cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

Should you accept this offer, be pleased with the cigars and pay for them, my real profit on the sale would be nothing. I absolutely depend on the quality of my cigars to induce a repeat order, and in most cases it succeeds. Repeat orders are the back-bone of my business. You, of course, are not under the slightest moral obligation to re-order from me at all unless you want to. I leave all that to the capacity of my cigars to please you. In ordering please state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars, and use business stationery or give reference.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
913 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Annex

Sits close at top.
Has ample tie space.
Is easy to button.

Corliss-Coon Hand Made Collars
2 for 25¢

Style book sent on request
Corliss, Coon & Co., *Makers*, Dept. V, Troy, N.Y.

A PRACTICAL PARCELS POST

(Concluded from Page 8)

In view of the demonstrated fact that the mail-order houses of the United States have grown up without the aid of a modernized parcels post, it is manifestly impossible to ascribe their success to a governmental service or to assume that their continued success would be materially affected thereby. An inquiry into their methods of doing business proves that their success, so far as it relates to transportation, has been achieved through use of freight rather than mail service. These establishments get their orders by mail, but they ship their goods by freight or, in the case of small shipments, by express.

It is true that the mail-order house has an advantage in the fact that its catalog, even if weighing five pounds, can be sent through the mails at one cent for two ounces, or eight cents a pound, but this is not a parcels-post rate. A package of merchandise must be limited to four pounds and postage thereon paid at one cent an ounce or sixteen cents a pound.

Instructions given in the catalog of every mail-order house show the methods by which these enterprises have developed their business. Customers are urged to ship by freight, and since railroads make a minimum charge based on a one-hundred-pound shipment, purchasers are encouraged to order goods enough to make a one-hundred-pound shipment or get their neighbors to join in the order and thus secure the relatively low freight rate. One resident of a community thereby becomes a solicitor of business for the firm he wishes to patronize. This would not be true if he could secure his goods in small shipments.

Under a general parcels post, as at present, many of the forces influencing human action would favor the country storekeeper rather than the distant metropolitan store. A customer desiring any particular article usually wants it as quickly as possible, and whenever he can obtain it there the local store will have his patronage.

The average person would rather inspect his purchases before finally accepting them, and this he can do more conveniently by trading with the local dealer. He would rather use the telephone or give his order personally than write a letter. Presumably he will have less trouble in buying on credit from his neighbor and friend than in borrowing the cash at a bank or in opening an account with a large metropolitan store. Most customers realize that they can return an unsatisfactory article more easily if they buy it locally on credit than if they pay cash for it and its return means retransporting it a considerable distance.

The country merchant, furthermore, would participate in an improved and cheapened method of transportation which would enable him to conduct his business with less capital or to carry a greater variety of goods.

Even if country merchants were not mistaken in the position which many of them have taken and would, in fact, be injured to the full extent of their fears, I should not consider their antagonism as necessarily fatal to parcels-post legislation. In my opinion the desideratum of all legislation should be improvement of the general welfare—the greatest good to the greatest number. The rights and interests of individuals must be considered. Whenever it is clear to the mind of the legislator that an improvement can be made that will greatly benefit the general welfare of the whole community, although its adoption means injury to individual interests, his action should depend solely on whether, in his opinion, the general welfare is sufficiently compensatory to justify the individual injury.

Improved transportation is one of the chief factors in advancing civilization. Our Post-Office Department is our largest governmental enterprise. We are proud of it as a means for the transportation of letters and papers, and I hope soon to see the day when we shall be proud to compare our parcels post with that of any other country. I believe absolutely in the practicability and desirability of a general parcels post at least equal to the best enjoyed by any country. As long as I remain in Congress my vote and efforts will be steadfastly directed toward the development and improvement of this governmental function to which, in my opinion, the people of the United States are entitled.

$369 net per Acre from Onions

Mr. C. C. Pugh writes—"The results from my onion crop, raised on the Mercedes Canal, in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana, figured on an average basis are as follows: 576 bushels per acre; cost of growing, including crates, $218.88 per acre. Gross returns, f.o.b. Mercedes, were $588.00 per acre, a net profit of $369.12 per acre." Has not Mr. Pugh a message for you? It is a message most any grower in the

Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana

could send you, for down there men make good. Any man with ordinary intelligence can make a good living in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana. He can market his crops out of season and get fancy prices for them. Better investigate this at once. Don't wait until someone else gets your job before you break away. Go down to the Gulf Coast Country and become your own boss. Lead a healthful, out-of-door life on your own land and lay money away in the bank.

Investigate This Wonderful Country

The trip down there, via the Frisco, is worth the little cost of going. On the first and third Tuesdays of each month, round trip fares, via the Frisco lines, to the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana are very low. From Chicago, $37.50; from St. Louis and Kansas City, $32.50; Birmingham $37.50; New Orleans and Baton Rouge $20 or less. To many points fares are even less.

The Frisco Lines operate splendid, electric lighted, all steel trains, daily, from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Birmingham and New Orleans. Every day of the year these trains carry through cars to the Gulf Coast Country, and on excursion days tourist sleepers.

FRISCO LINES

Three Splendid Books FREE

One on the mid-coast country of Texas, one on the lower irrigated sections of the Rio Grande Valley, and one on Louisiana. They show scenes in actual colors, and describe the country and crops, giving personal statements by men who have gone there and made good. Write for your free copies today while you think of it.

A. HILTON, General Passenger Agent, Frisco Lines, 1425 Frisco Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Corner the Fun Market!

Box Ball has taken **fun lovers** by storm—is cleaning up from $400.00 to $600.00 a month clear profit for many **Managers.** One man with four alleys **made** clear

$680.00 in 30 Days

Be a **Manager.** All you need is **energy,** and on a **small investment** you may make the same profits, if not greater ones, right in your own locality.

Box Ball is a clean, moral game—an **exercise** that fascinates the best class of men and women everywhere. New improved alley—noiseless, fast, irresistible. Big, regular-shaped ten-pins set automatically by the players—you just take in the cash. No help needed to operate—no expenses of any kind except rent.

Our Guarantee—You can set yourself up in a permanent, big-paying business on an investment as low as $120 to $300. If you are not satisfied after 30 days we take back the alley and refund what you paid us unless what you took in. Write for our proposition at once.

American Box Ball Co., 370 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

JUST THE THING!

Gift time's coming. Here's a handsome and useful gift that readily suggests itself.

A BADGER ALBUM—bound or loose-leaf for **unmounted photographs.** The very thing for preserving pictures of vacation and outing days, home gatherings, friends and travels. Flexible binding in black cloth or leather, with 50 leaves in black, gray or sepia. Here are some of the most popular Bound Albums.

	Cloth	Leather		Cloth	Leather
5½x 7	$ .50	$1.00	9x15	$1.35	$2.75
7 x10	.75	1.50	10x12	1.25	2.50

They're made right. If your dealer can't supply you, send us the price and we will—prepaid.

For 10 cents we'll mail you an attractive Badger Gem Album (state size of print).

Album Catalog sent on request.

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10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We **ship on approval** without a cent deposit, **freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT** if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY *a bicycle or a pair of tires* from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our latest art catalogs illustrating every kind of bicycle, and have learned our *unheard of prices* and *marvelous new 1912 offers.*

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you **free postpaid** by return mail. You will get much valuable information. **Do not wait, write it now.**

TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries at *half usual prices.*

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Great Farming, Manufacturing and Industrial Possibilities in all sections of the South.

WOULD YOU NOT LIKE TO **Know the South-East?** ALONG THE SOUTHERN RY. SYSTEM

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Rugs. Carpets. Curtains. Blankets

From the Mill We Pay Freight

Manufacturers' prices. We give guarantee of satisfaction and save you 33 1-3%. We have 25,000 satisfied customers. The well-known **Regal Rug,** 6 x 9 feet, reversible, all-wool finish, **$3.75. Our Brussels Rug,** 6 x 9 ft., the greatest value known, **$1.98.** Splendid grade **Brussels Rug,** 9 x 12 ft., **$11.** Famous **Invincible Velvets,** 9 x 12 ft., **$16.** Standard **Axminsters,** 9 x 12 ft., **$18.50.** Fine quality **Lace Curtains,** 45c per pair and up. **Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleums** at mill prices.

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Absolutely safe. Makes and burns its own gas. Brilliant 500 candle power light. **Casts no shadow.** Costs 2 cents per week. No smoke, grease, nor odor. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog.

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Print Your Own

Cards, circulars, books, newspaper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Big profit printing for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, &c.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut

If You Care for Your Own Car, You Positively Need a Warner Auto-Meter

The popular priced car which is systematically taken care of will outwear and outlast the high priced car which is neglected

THIS HAS BEEN DEMONSTRATED TIME AND AGAIN

The Warner Auto-Meter is the reliable daily reminder—telling you what your car needs from day to day to keep it running smoothly—sweetly—powerfully at practically no upkeep cost.

A few drops of oil should be applied and Grease Cups given a half turn every *so many miles*. To drive the car farther without this regular attention means WEAR, and continued wear quickly means Big Repairs and a noisy, ice-wagon car.

Once a week or month won't do—the car is driven farther one time than another.

Larger quantities of oil or more grease don't help—for a bearing will hold just so much—no more.

The Warner Auto-Meter, always accurate, always reliable, and so durable that it will remain good as new during the life of many cars, is so designed that this systematic oversight is easy—a pleasure instead of a task.

You need the Warner for other important duties

Those whose mileage without a cent for repairs is so remarkable as to seem overdrawn, and who have demonstrated that a car can be operated at *far less than the cost to keep a horse*, habitually use the Warner to know when to oil and grease—when to change the grease in transmission and differential—when to transpose the front and rear tires—when to look to connecting rod bearings and when to examine contact points on the coil—in a word, when to check up and adjust all the parts which wear or get out of adjustment through use.

It saves them big, round dollars to do this *beforehand* by Warner instead of waiting for the blowout, the knock, the pound, the squeak or the missing engine—which indicates that *the injury has been done*. The Warner way is the "stitch in time" way which catches trouble *BEFORE* it comes.

It keeps a car like new for years and years.

On many 1912 cars you can secure a Warner as regular equipment

The most far-sighted dealers have forecast the fact that 1912 will be the beginning of the *QUALITY era in the automobile industry*, and are already equipping their 1912 cars with the Quality Warner. Other makers of good cars are waiting until the shows to see whether the ultimate in Quality will be expected in 1912 or if they can *safely wait until 1913* to make their cars complete with a High-Grade, Reliable Warner.

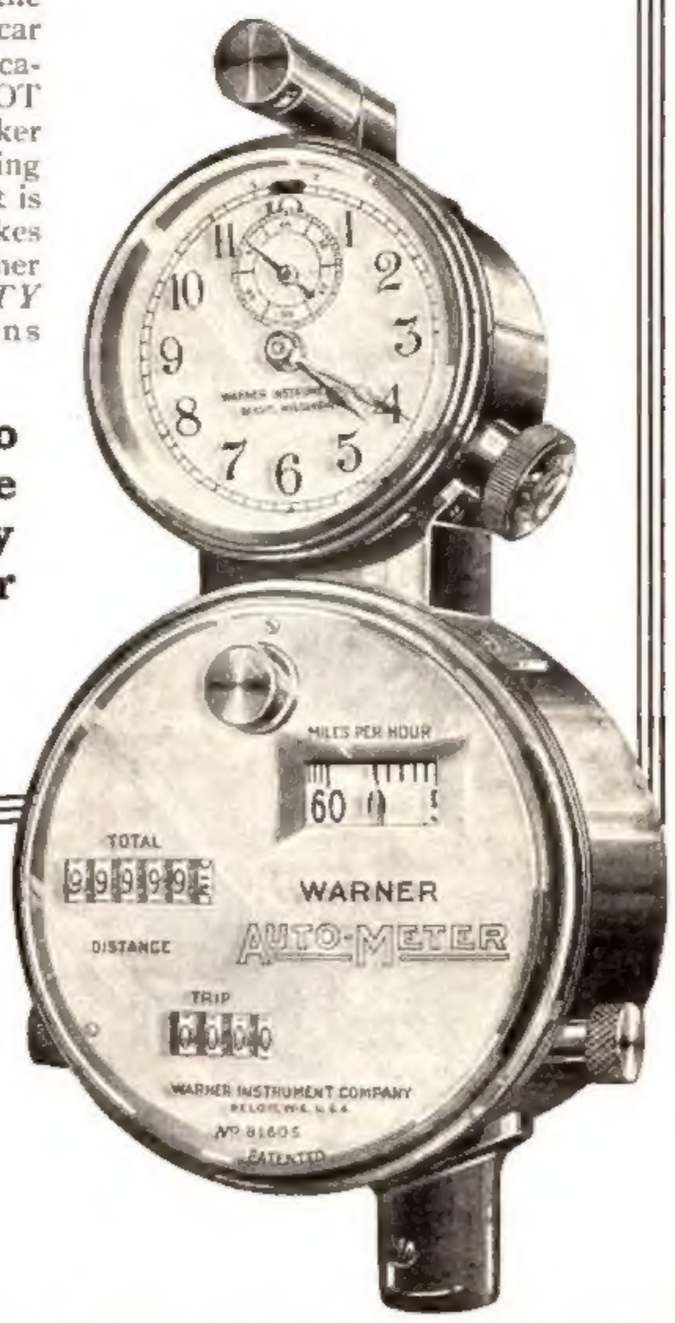
They are not to be blamed for hesitating, for the Warner will add from $10,000 to $75,000 to the cost of their season's output

For it must be remembered that the Warner is a true *instrument*—always accurate—always reliable—and so well made that it will outlast any car that it is used on, no matter how high grade. Such supreme quality naturally costs more money than one-season indicators can be secured for. Yet the higher price is no bar to those who are sincere in their claims that nothing is too high in grade or too refined in construction to be used on their equally high grade and refined cars.

A car costing $1,000 or more is not complete without a Warner Auto-Meter on it

So when deciding on your new car, don't be satisfied with the salesman's assertion that his car is equipped with "A Speed Indicator." That means that it is NOT Warner-equipped. The maker who uses a Warner has nothing to excuse or apologize for. It is BEST and *he knows it*, so he takes pride in pointing to the Warner as a proof of the *QUALITY POLICY* which maintains throughout the entire car.

Even if you have to pay for it—don't be without a Quality Warner on your 1912 car



WARNER AUTO-METER

"The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators"

The Warner can be secured through reputable Automobile dealers in any city or town in the United States. Warner branches are maintained in all the principal cities for the convenience of these dealers and their customers. Inquiry to Beloit or at our branches is invited for Warner literature.

Warner Instrument Co. Main Offices and Factory 1214 Wheeler Avenue Beloit, Wis.

FREE TO AUTOMOBILISTS. A vest-pocket "Automobile Expense Record" tab indexed for conveniently keeping account of tires, gasoline, oil, repairs, etc. Address S. E. Pate, Booklet Department, Warner Instrument Company, Beloit, Wis. (151)

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Atlanta	Cleveland	Kansas City	Pittsburg
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Buffalo	Detroit	New York	San Francisco
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Model M2, Price $125

Other Models from $50 to $145. See Catalogue

The Gift Brush in a Gift Box

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

Is He a shaving man? His ambition is to own a RUBBERSET Brush of a quality he

hesitates to "blow himself to." The dollar brush is good enough when he is pleasing himself—he knows that it will last a lifetime. The more luxurious brushes at $2, $2.50, $3, $5, $6 and $7 are of proportionately superior quality—abundance of real badger hair and rare grades of handles are put together with the care, the quality and expert labor that would mark the shaping of a diamond. It is this out of the ordinary brush that guarantees the extraordinary service. What a lifetime of luxurious lather making!

The woman purchasing a RUBBERSET Brush need have no hesitancy about choosing any one of the higher grade varieties. Each RUBBERSET Brush is made with *all* the bristles gripped in hard, vulcanized rubber, so that the bristles cannot come out. All you have to look for is the name "RUBBERSET" on the ferrule—it is the same as the "mint mark," for security. Each RUBBERSET Brush is sold in a fancy Christmas box for gift giving, but the usual carton in which RUBBERSET Brushes are individually boxed is a welcome sign to any man.

Almost every Specialty Shop, Druggist, Hardware Store and General Store sells a good variety of styles of RUBBERSET Brushes. The prices range from 25c upwards to $7.

If you have the least trouble in securing RUBBERSET Brushes in your town, send direct to the makers, for catalog; or enclose remittance to the amount for brush desired.

RUBBERSET COMPANY, Factories and Laboratories, Newark, N. J.
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Two styles—white bristle—extra soft or medium; Alberite base. Prices $1.50 to $2. At Department, Drug and Specialty Stores.

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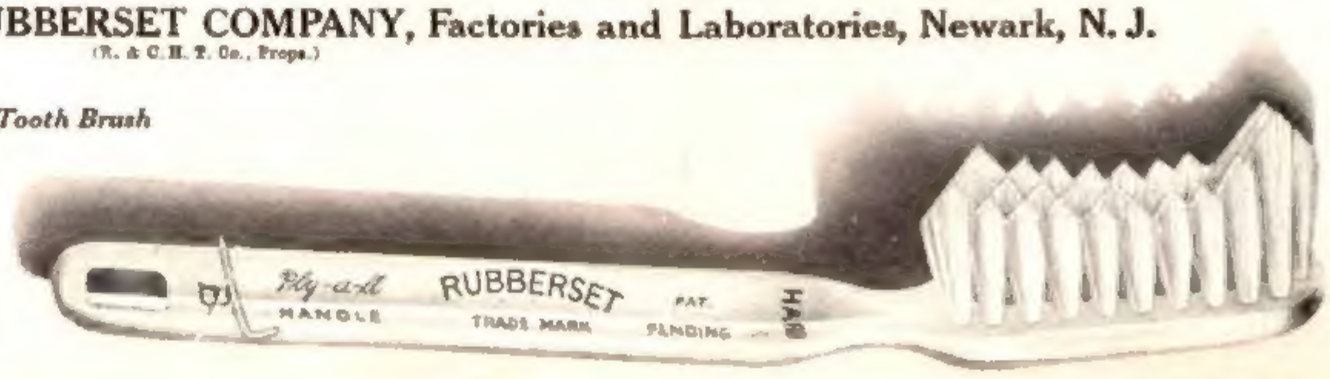
Two sizes—black and white combination of bristle and Alberite base. Indestructible. Prices $1 to $1.50. At Department, Drug and Specialty Stores.

The Safety Tooth Brush

Every scientific variation of tuft and handle. Individually boxed. 35c each. At Drug, Department and General Stores.



I am your Christmas wish, the realization of your Christmas desire. I am the voice of Slezak, the soul of Sylva, the dramatic art of Sarah Bernhardt—I am the laugh of Lauder, the coon shouts of Stella Mayhew—I am Sousa and his entire band, Herbert and his orchestra—I am the

EDISON PHONOGRAPH

I hold, on a little sapphire button, scarcely bigger than the point of a pin, the ability to produce exactly the kind of music you and each member of your family like best. No one in your family is too young, none will *ever* be too old to enjoy my presence. I am supreme as an entertainer—the greatest *kind* of Christmas gift—a gift for *all* the family.

And I am the greatest Christmas gift *of its kind*. For I have four great advantages: Exactly the right volume of sound for your home; the sapphire reproducing point that never wears out—no needles to be changed after each record; Amberol (four-and-one-half minute) Records rendering every composition *completely*, without cutting or hurrying; and home recording. This is a great feature: Talk to me, sing to me! I answer you back in your own words, in your own voice. I, the Edison Phonograph, am you *yourself*.

Go to an Edison dealer and hear and see me—be sure to have me in your home on Christmas Day.

There is an Edison Phonograph at a price to suit everybody's means, from $15.00 to $200.00; sold at the same prices everywhere in the United States. Edison Standard Records, 35c; Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long), 50c; Edison Grand Opera Records, 75c to $2.00.

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